

# Collier's

TEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 24, 1945

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DE GAULLE CHALLENGES TH

By William L. Shire

Feb. 24, 1945

DRAWING BY WALT DISNEY. PHOTO BY PAUL HESSE

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# VITALITY IN GLASS:

A LIFT TO LIVING



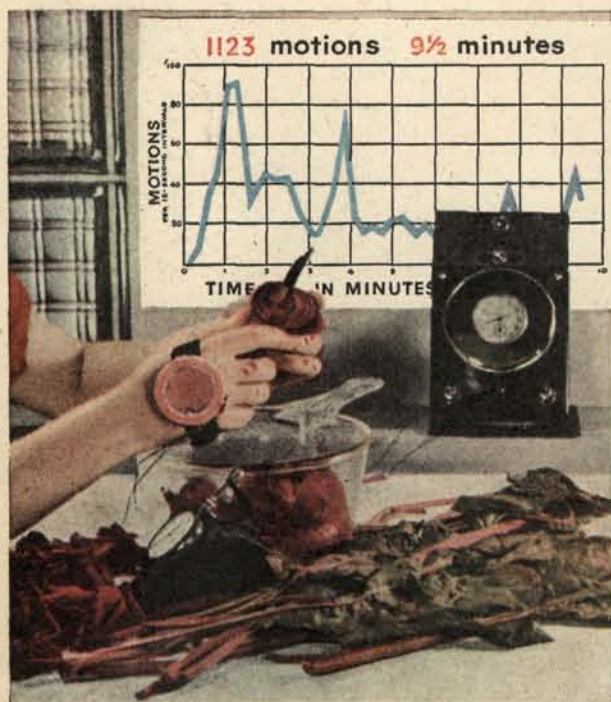
Picture-Quiz: Vitamin A in your diet prevents

(a) Rickets (b) Night-blindness (c) Jitters (d) Hairsplitting

Carotene—the "pro-vitamin A"—prevents night-blindness. Bomber pilots stoke up on "A" to have "cat's eyes" at night. And glassed vegetables bring you vitamins galore; because they're harvested at the peak of their goodness, packed immediately, under scientifically gauged heat and pressure controls.



NBC's Mary Margaret McBride says: "Even a child can prepare a salad with ready-to-eat, glassed vegetables; the work has all been done!" What's unused can be refrigerated in the jar—saves washing extra storage dishes. And when you buy your foods in glass, you see at a glance when to reorder. Mary Margaret McBride loves food; makes listeners' mouths water as she broadcasts over WEAF. "Glassed vegetables look so appetizing. They're downright pretty," she says. "And when little guests drop in, see how we whip up a delectable luncheon—quick as a wink!"



Mercury light switch reveals how glassed foods save time, work, mess. The stop watch on the table is set; the mercury switch on the lady's hand is connected by electric wires to the dial you see by the chart. Each motion of her hand is clocked on the dial. Score (see chart): preparing home-cooked beets, 1123 motions, 9½ working minutes; glassed beets, 62 motions, 20 working seconds! This experiment\* shows how buying vegetables in glass saves YOU time, bother, waste. They're quick, easy to prepare—and so delicious!



\*54488, done by the United States Testing Co., Inc., N.Y.C., October 16, 1944

Economical, truthful glass containers look so attractive, we're apt to forget that they are made mostly of sand—one of nature's most abundant materials. This, plus the uncanny speed and skill of modern glass-making techniques, makes possible the low cost of these protective, convenient, modern containers.

Enjoy Fred Waring and his tuneful Pennsylvanians every Thursday; Coast-to-Coast, Blue Network—EWT 10 PM, CWT 9 PM, MWT 8 PM, PWT 7 PM.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY... TOLEDO, OHIO—makers of containers that give a "lift to living."



**Duraglas**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A NAME THAT HELPS  
YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY!



# "Can ya 'magine? Aunt Judy of all people!"

**JOAN:** Yes, isn't it *terrible*—brushing her teeth without massaging her gums! Think Aunt Judy doesn't *know* ...?

**JANE:** Guess not, Sis. Better tell her this minute how we learn in school to exercise our gums. Jeepers, if she wants her *teeth* to stay healthy, you'd think she wouldn't go skipping her *gum massage*!

**AUNT J:** All right, chicks—*give!* What's all this talk about gums—and massage?

**JOAN:** Oh, Aunt Judy—you must be fooling. *Everybody* knows about today's soft foods not exercising gums, often letting gums get tender and flabby. And so you better massage them every time you brush your teeth because, well . . . Aunt Judy, don't you know that "pink" on your tooth brush is a *sign*?

**AUNT J:** Sign? Sign of what?

**CHORUS:** *Sign to see your dentist right away!*



**I**N THOUSANDS of America's schoolrooms, children now learn the importance of gum massage to sound, sparkling teeth.

Also, according to a national survey, 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby, tender gums and safeguard your teeth.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore this warning. It means *see your*

*dentist right away*. He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to wake up circulation in the gums, help them to firmer health. Is it any wonder a nation-wide survey shows twice as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice! Remember then . . .

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush" **WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE**



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this week

any week

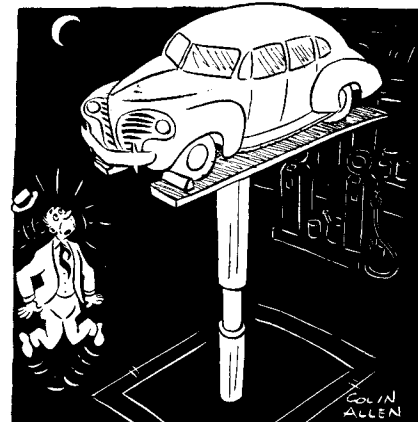
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WITH a passport to Australia in his pocket and a war correspondent's patch on his shoulder, Mr. Walter Davenport is off to you know where as a you know what. This means we are taking over this department for a few weeks. Don't stop writing letters on that account, or W.D. will be very nettled upon his return. In the meantime, we will, too, so keep 'em coming.



FROM Hollywood, an operative reports the dilemma on the horns of which Mr. Phil Scheuer, picture reviewer of the Los Angeles Times, recently found himself. Driving to near-by Westwood to preview an epic, Mr. Scheuer left his car in what appeared to be a dark parking lot and went to the movies. When he emerged, he was not at first able to discern his car, but by craning his neck slightly, he quickly realized that (1) he had parked in a service station (2) over a pneumatic hoist which (3) the irritated station operator had (4) raised to its fullest extent before (5) locking up and going home. It took considerable of Mr. Scheuer's time and nickels in a phone booth before he tracked down the lubricatorium's proprietor and had him unhoist the car.

IF CARTOONIST RUBE GOLDBERG pays any attention to Mr. I. G. Thompson, of Albuquerque, N. M., there will be little reason for Mr. Davenport to return to this office from the wars. In his complaint addressed to our Squawk Club, of which Mr. Goldberg is president, Mr. Thompson states he does not like the names of Collier's editors. "They sound," he specifies, "like elves, crapehangers, soap peddlers and other lunatics. I wish you would hire a complete new staff." We hope nothing comes of this.

BUT regardless of the elfin or soap-peddler names, the staff lacks nothing in zeal. One of the editors just limped in to announce that he had dislocated a vertebra while reaching for a pencil.

(Continued on page 58)

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# Are YOU as healthy as you'd like to be?

**Y**OU KNOW, *protecting* your health isn't enough—you have to *build* it, too.

If you eat the same foods that most Americans eat, you're not likely to be a victim of "deficiency diseases" like beri-beri, pellagra, or scurvy. You're not apt to die of malnutrition, either.

But perhaps you get tired easily...have occasional indigestion...a pasty complexion...unhealthy teeth and gums...or other minor troubles. Many folks have such annoying little ailments. You may think this is only natural but it isn't.

Did you ever stop to think that maybe a better *diet* would make you feel better—and look better too?

Medical scientists are investigating the possible effect of food upon those organs whose proper functioning is necessary to good health—whose improper functioning may lead to various diseases.

Consult this chart of basic daily requirements. Does *your* diet contain them all? Remember, it's a *balanced* diet that counts. Not a lot of some foods this week, and a lot of others next week—but *all of them regularly!*

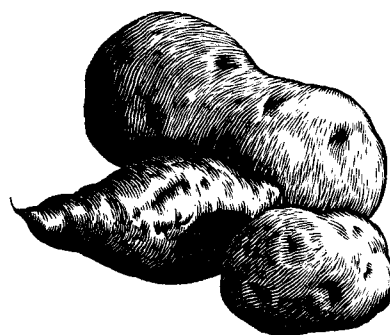
Proper cooking is vitally important to nutrition, too. The new Metropolitan Cook Book contains many suggestions for making food healthful and attractive. Write for your free copy.

*Every Day  
you need...*



## MILK

Adults need a pint, children a quart, as a beverage or in foods



## POTATOES

The normal requirement is one or more servings



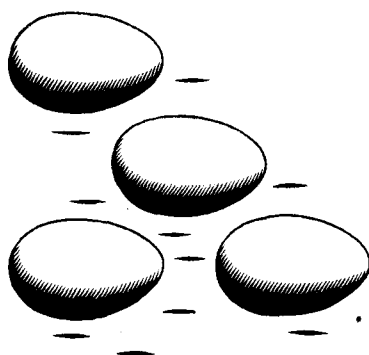
## OTHER VEGETABLES

Two servings—some raw, some cooked—fresh or canned. One green-leaf vegetable



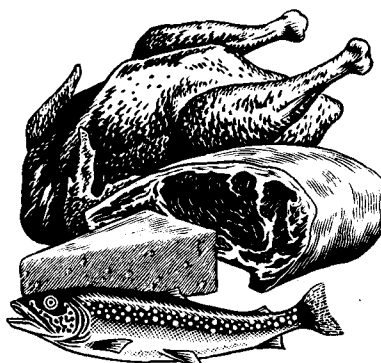
## FRUITS

A citrus fruit—orange or grapefruit. Other fruits, raw and cooked, including tomato



## EGGS

For an efficient diet at least four eggs a week



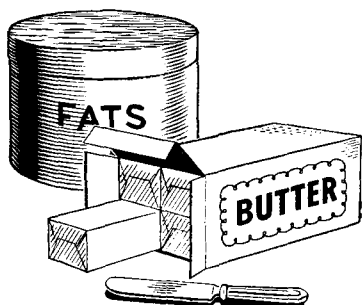
## MEAT, FISH OR POULTRY, AND CHEESE

At least one healthy serving a day



## BREAD AND CEREALS

One or both at every meal, either whole-grain cereals or enriched bread



## BUTTER AND OTHER FATS

Two or three tablespoonfuls as a spread or in cooking



## WATER

Six to eight glasses throughout the day

Health authorities believe that all these foods are needed to fulfill normal nutrition requirements. If your diet contains them *all*, and you *still* feel tired, nervous, and lack resistance, then you should have a thorough physical checkup by your doctor.

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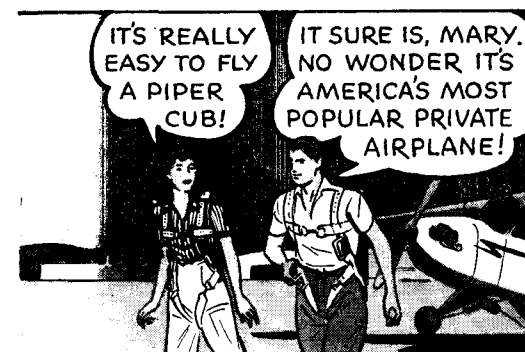
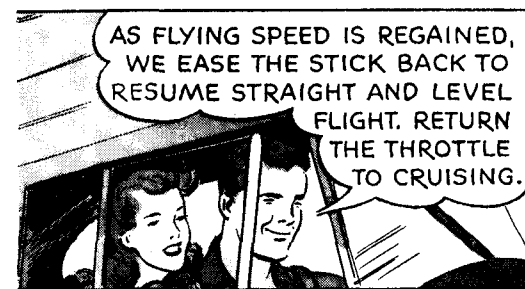
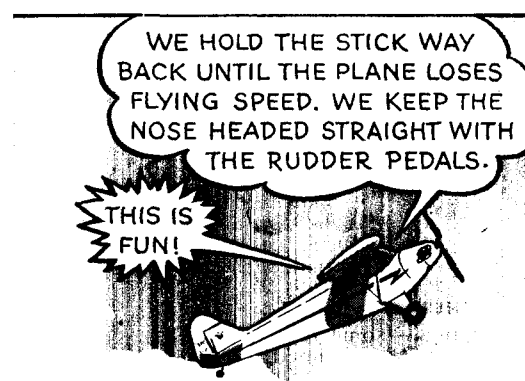
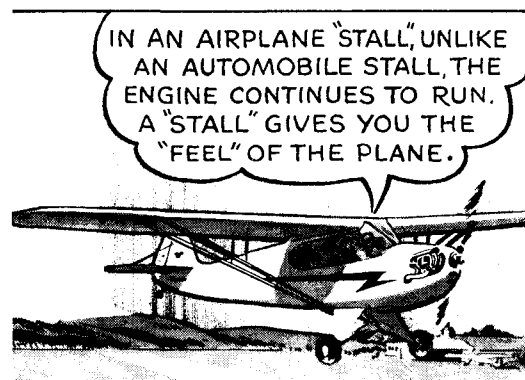
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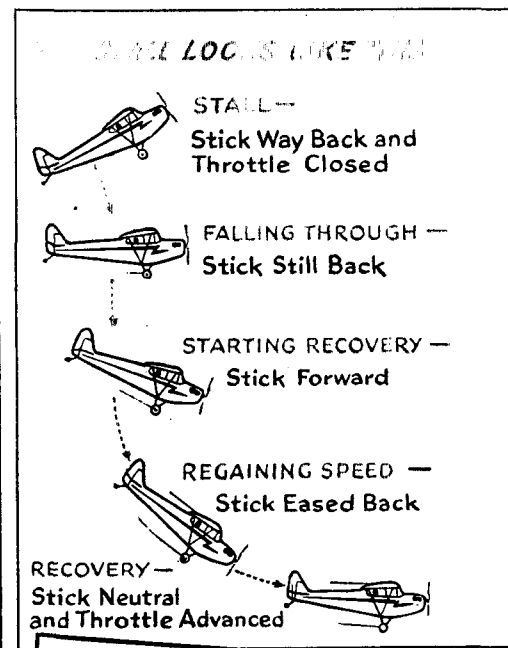
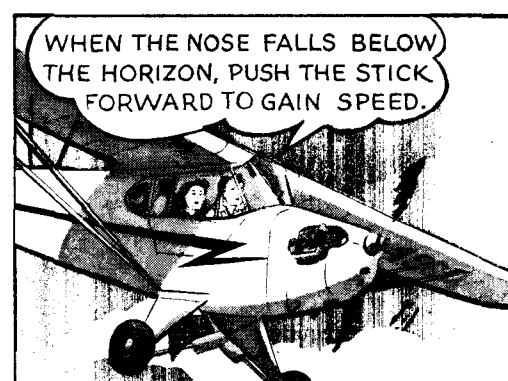
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- How long does it take to learn to fly a Piper Cub?  
8 hours instruction required before soloing.
- Is travelling in a Piper Cub expensive?  
No, it's the most economical of all accepted forms of transportation.
- Will peacetime Piper Cubs be sold on the installment plan?  
Yes, like the auto, one-third down, easy monthly payments.

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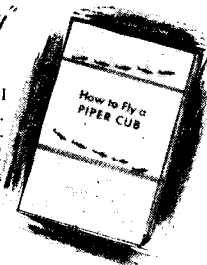
This lesson and others that will follow explain only the fundamentals. See your Piper Cub dealer for actual flying instruction. Write us "Plane Quiz" questions you want answered.

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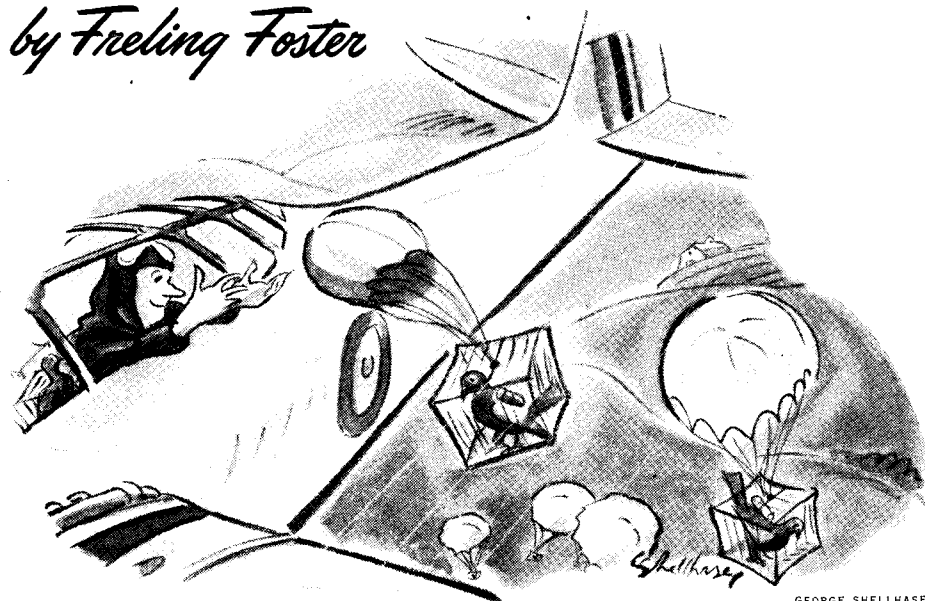
Describes and pictures all the basic steps in flying. Over 50 step-by-step photos. Many other facts and full-color pictures of Piper Cubs. Write Dept. R35, enclosing 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling.



### IS YOUR TOWN READY TO FLY?

FREE Booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age," illustrates and describes various types of landing facilities. It will help your community plan an inexpensive landing area now! For your copy, write Department R35W.

by Freeling Foster



GEORGE SHELLHASE

## Keep up with the world

So far in this war, the RAF has dropped some 17,000 carrier pigeons, each in its own container with small parachute, to Allied soldiers, agents and patriots in enemy territory. Yet 16,000 of the birds failed to return to England, having been captured or having lost their way in bad weather. Of those which did fly home safely, several made incredible speeds, such as William of Orange, which brought a message from the troops at Arnhem, a distance of 260 miles, in 265 minutes.

Not long ago, Hitler's private "greatest art museum in the world" at Linz, Austria, published a catalogue of its acquisitions and thereby boldly revealed that they include many of the famous paintings stolen by the Nazis from family collections in the invaded countries. Among them are Rembrandt's "Hendrikje Stoffels," Breughel's "Harvesters," Watteau's "Dance" and Vermeer's "Artist in His Studio."

A new fuse now fitted to the nose of all U.S. high-explosive projectiles, from 75-mm. to 240-mm. in caliber, enables them to penetrate as much as seven feet of reinforced concrete before exploding so they can do the utmost damage. In tests from 40 to 50 yards, with 155-mm. (95-pound) shells equipped with this fuse, only two were required to demolish large concrete pillboxes.

Although London had heard rumors of an impending armistice in the early fall of 1918, most of its people did not understand the signal at 11 A.M. on November 11th, announcing that it had been signed. As Big Ben had been silenced for the duration and its action could not be restored by that hour, police and fire stations set off explosives that boom like cannon and which had been used through the war as air-raid warnings.

Many German submarines are equipped today with the Schnorkel Spirall, an exhaust and fresh-air periscope, which enables them to recharge their batteries while submerged without suffocating the crew with Diesel-engine fumes. Therefore, these U-boats can now remain under for three or four weeks.

The Tanaka Memorial, a document published in 1927, was reputed to contain Japan's plans for world conquest as formulated by Baron Tanaka, then Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs. The program called first for the conquering of Mongolia and Manchuria, then China, all Asia and Europe. Although the Japanese have always denied the authenticity of the Memorial they have followed it as well as Hitler has followed *Mein Kampf*.

In Madura, India, the grounds of the great Hindu Temple of Minarchi have nine massive, elaborately sculptured gateways, the largest of which is 13 stories high and is covered with more than 30,000,000 figures of gods, animals and mythological monsters.

During the Nazis' recent mobilization of their Volksturm or People's Army, they combed every home, business and organization in Germany for males to bring the strength of the new fighting force, the *Volks-grenadier*, up to 2,000,000 men, taking young and old and even inmates of institutions for defectives. For instance, only a few weeks ago, French forces near Strasbourg captured a whole company of deaf mutes.

African lungfish, from three to six feet long, lie in a torpid state each summer, deep in the baked mud of dried-up lakes and can remain in this state of estivation for as long as five years. During such periods, they live on their own fat and protect themselves against moisture loss by secreting a slime that hardens and forms a sealed shell about their body, except over the mouth which is left open for breathing.

Between June, 1941, and November, 1944, during the Nazi occupation of Belgrade, all of the 12,000 Jews in this Yugoslav capital were killed or sent away except a handful which included a clever shopkeeper, one Gabriel Cohen. He paid a friendly superintendent of a city cemetery to keep him locked in a family mausoleum and supplied nightly with food and periodicals during the 42 months.

The most sacred temple of the world's 200,000,000 Buddhists is the Dalada Maligawa in Kandy, Ceylon, because the eyetooth of Buddha has been enshrined within it for 350 years. Concealed under a gold bell on a glass-enclosed silver table, this 2½-inch tooth is rarely shown to anyone, except visiting monarchs.

A newspaper notice that a husband will no longer be responsible for the debts of his wife has no legal value. . . . For several years after the Great Geyser of Iceland had virtually subsided in 1910, it would erupt when primed with some 35 pounds of soap. . . .

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Wednesday night (at 9:00 E.W.T., 8:00 C.W.T., 7:00 M.W.T., 6:00 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network





Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

FM Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty.

CARMEN MIRANDA—currently appearing in "SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS," a 20th Century-Fox Technicolor production.



## Carmen Miranda's voice in natural color — a thrill only FM radio captures!

More exciting . . . more charming . . . more "zing" than ever! You hear her sing with a living, breathing realism unmatched on any other radio. This is Carmen Miranda on "natural color" FM!

Compare this with conventional radio—which misses more than half the overtones. Tone color is lacking. It is radio only in "black-and-white."

But General Electric FM (Frequency Modulation) is radio in glorious "natural color"! You hear thrilling new tones as Carmen Miranda sings—full and perfect overtones that give her voice its dynamic appeal—vital tones that also endow each musical instrument with its own personality. And only when

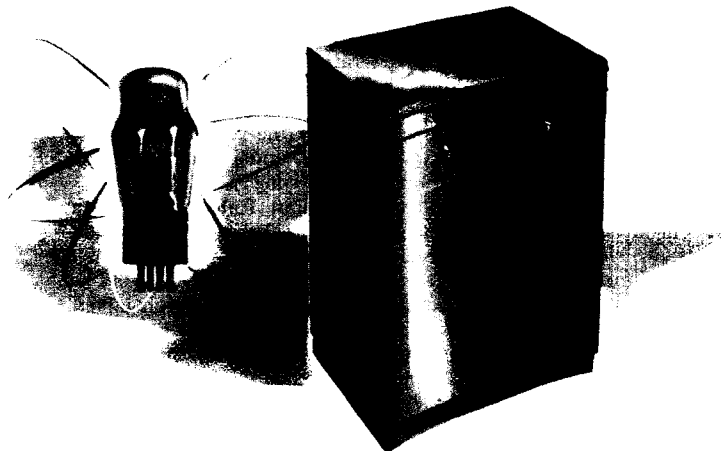
you hear these overtones can you experience all the delight and inspiration music was meant to give.

This is General Electric FM radio in "natural color" . . . reception of unequalled clarity and realism, now virtually free from static and station interference . . . your after-Victory radio.

General Electric built the first FM sets for the public . . . operates its own FM broadcast station . . . and is the only manufacturer to build FM complete . . . from station equipment to the radio set for your home. This unmatched experience in Frequency Modulation is your assurance that the coming General Electric FM will embody all that's best in radio.

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Hear the G-E radio programs: "The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., EWT, CBS.



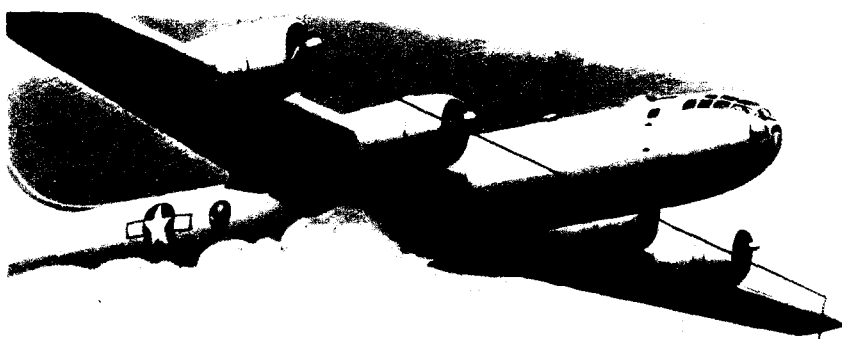
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## AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUGS

WITH

### AIRCRAFT PRESTIGE AND EFFICIENCY

Bringing the same performance, dependability and extreme quality to automotive spark plugs that are required of spark plugs for a high-flying Super Fortress is the achievement of Champion Spark Plug engineers. Champion's research and engineering background, because it is exclusively devoted to the production of better spark plugs, brought invaluable experience to aviation from the automotive field, particularly from the field of racing where Champions have long been champions in fact as well as in name. But war-time aviation put spark plugs to many extreme tests—stratospheric flight, supercharging, violent temperature fluctuations, 100 octane gas—all of which Champion-Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs met with extraordinary success. Today these same qualities, the same basic materials, precision manufacturing and design are yours in spark plugs for your car. Demand Champion Spark Plugs, the spark plugs of aircraft prestige and efficiency for automotive engines. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.



BUY MORE AND MORE  
WAR BONDS UNTIL  
THE DAY OF VICTORY

DEPENDABLE

# CHAMPION

# SPARK PLUGS



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

This Hellcat pilot is lucky. Lt. Johnny Johnson had to bellyflop onto his carrier, hydraulic system out, wheels stuck and flaps not working

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC: In the Pacific, you keep meeting men who have absolutely no right to be alive. Such a man is Lt. John B. Johnson—Navy fighter pilot. To call 26-year-old Johnson a hero would be to do him an injustice. Johnson is a typical Navy pilot, no better than hundreds of others, and he would be the first to admit this, for although he is a confident and daring pilot, he is a modest man as well as an intelligent man. I tell his story not because it is so exceptional but rather because it is typical; his story is typical of men who have no right to be alive.

Johnson is tall, well-built, and he has blue eyes. He reminds you a lot of Billy Conn, the fighter; he has the same soft voice and quick smile that Conn has. When Johnny was at Hollywood High School he once caught a forward pass tossed by Red Jarrett and he scored a touchdown against Los Angeles High, and that still remains his greatest thrill.

But back to Johnny in the Pacific. First, he was shot down by a Zeke while flying a Hellcat as a member of Fighting Squadron 13, a squadron by now very well and favorably known out here for a strike against Iwo Jima. His plane sank in about ten seconds, but he escaped in his rubber life raft. Then he was strafed three times by another Jap plane and escaped only by diving into the ocean and getting under water as far as he could. Rescued and taken to Saipan, he just missed being killed by a sniper after he and a seaman named Red Hollis had captured a Jap in a cave-studded cliff while acting as a two-man expeditionary force on the island. It was Hollis who spotted the sniper drawing a bead on Johnny and yelled. It scared the Jap and he ran like hell.

Then, they flew Johnny to Eniwetok to rejoin his carrier. When the boys got the word to go to work on Clark and Nichols fields, they knew that the Philippines had a very high priority and that it wouldn't be long now.

It was a few days later that Johnny got it again. The Nips were throwing everything at them that afternoon over Manila Bay. They had Zekes and Tonys up, and six Zekes came out of a cloud. One got in Johnny's sights, which was the last mistake that monkey ever made. Johnny squeezed the trigger, and the Zeke went screaming down with bursts of flame coming from its engine. But then angry tracer bullets started hailstorming on Johnny's wings, and things looked bad. Johnny was sweating it out, for there isn't much you can do when a Zeke gets on your tail. But Jim Wilson, above and behind the Zeke, fell on him with all he had.

"We're trained like that," Johnny said. "If one of us gets in trouble, there's always

someone else there to take care of him. Jim got that Zeke just before the Zeke got me."

But Johnny wasn't through yet. Maybe Lady Luck was yawning or looking the other way, because a second Zeke came from nowhere to rake Johnny with his guns and a 20-millimeter shell exploded in the cockpit. It didn't matter that Wilson was still on the job. It didn't matter that he brought that Zeke down in a million bits.

Johnny was there—stunned, half-conscious, and with a strange numb feeling in his right arm and his right leg. He shook his head to clear it. He looked at his arm and saw blood soaking through his sleeve. That 20-millimeter shell had ruined his instrument board. It was just a mass of tangled wires now. His radio was out. He found that his hydraulic system was out. You can't lower your wheels with that out. You can't lower your flaps. His electric system was shot. The only thing on the plane that was working was the engine. He'd dropped five thousand feet before he gained control of the Hellcat. He tumbled into a white, fleecy cloud and hugged it around him for protection.

WITH his instruments completely gone, Johnny didn't know where he was. He was off Manila Bay; that was all he knew. Somehow he'd have to get back to the carrier. But how? His plane felt heavy. Then, in the distance, he saw another plane approaching. That was a bad moment. If it was a Zeke, Johnny was done. He couldn't take evasive action. The plane got closer, and he saw the familiar square wing tips, stubby nose and white star. This was another Hellcat from his own carrier. Its pilot saw that Johnny was staggering all over the sky. He came closer and Johnny recognized him as Willie Gove.

"There was no one in the world I would rather have seen," Johnny said fervently. "I was lucky there, because Willie is not only one of the greatest guys that ever lived but one of the greatest pilots. He flew alongside of me, and I told him in sign language what was wrong."

Johnny followed Willie, and they headed for the carrier. Willie talked to the carrier and told them the situation. They approached the carrier.

The captain himself talked to Willie Gove. "Have him make a water landing," he ordered. That was sound, because there were still more than twenty of the carrier's planes airborne. They had to land. If Johnny crashed his ship on the flight deck, it would probably mean that none of the other planes could land at all.

"Johnny is injured," Willie Gove reported, (Continued on page 51)



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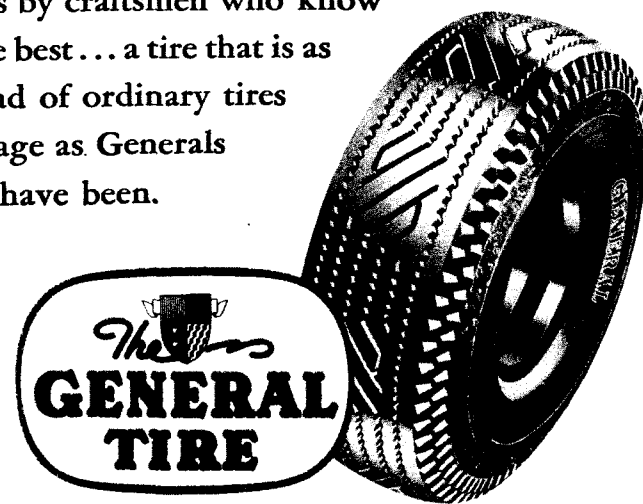


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*— goes a long way to make friends*



# DE GAULLE CHALLENGES THE FUTURE

BY WILLIAM L. SHIRER

France is being renovated. The resistance forces are instituting wide democratic reforms under the leadership of shrewd—and greatly underrated—General de Gaulle

A FEW heads are rolling again in France, and the citizens, a little hungry still and shivering through this severe winter in their unheated homes and shops, are crying for a few more.

Physically, they have been more miserable in this sixth and coldest winter of the war than in any other. There was no coal or wood at all. Food was scarce; meat and milk were rarities. In January, even potatoes disappeared from the market. This was a serious hardship for the French people, for the Germans had already undermined their health by depriving them of sufficient and proper nourishment.

And yet, with the Germans gone and France's precious freedom returned, there is a kind of glow in French hearts that, while it does not heat the home or nourish babies, makes life livable again and feeds a fierce resolve to see France born anew.

The old ways, the corrupt and unjust and treasonable ways that helped bring France down to defeat, humiliation and four years of Nazi bondage, are being swept away with a sharp, steel-like broom. Jacobinism has

come back in twentieth-century form. The success of the barricades in August has been intoxicating, like that of the barricades of 1792.

People in the narrow streets of Paris speak lustily of "The Revolution." On the broad, elegant boulevards or behind the shutters of the palatial salons, the privileged and the rich also speak of "The Revolution." Their thin voices, their pale faces, are full of fear. This fear, I found during a recent trip, is echoed in certain drawing rooms in London and New York and Washington, in not a few Anglo-Saxon countinghouses on both sides of the ocean and in dusty corners of the Foreign Office and the State Department.

In my opinion, it is without justification. I return from a sojourn in liberated, renaissance France convinced, above all else, that France is not going through a revolution but a renovation, albeit a sweeping one.

It is, in many respects, France's New Deal. It is not going to destroy France's institutions. It is going to reform a good many of them radically. If the present mood of the overwhelming majority of Frenchmen is sustained, the reformation will be thorough. It will be carried out, as General Charles de Gaulle emphasized in an interview with Allied correspondents, in the political, economic, social and moral life of the Republic.

That interview, incidentally, was a memorable one. I don't think I have ever heard President Roosevelt at a White House press conference prodded with so many pertinent questions for so long. De Gaulle, contrary to all expectations, seemed to relish them. He

Reminiscent of the barricades of the French Revolution, the Resistance set up this one on the Rue de la Huchette



had finally learned, one French newspaperman explained to me, how to get along with the press. At first, press conferences annoyed the general; he thought he was being baited by his interviewers. Gradually his attitude changed, until today he is as swift and sharp in repartee as President Roosevelt, with a similar sense of humor and penchant for irony.

Last fall, when a correspondent asked him to comment on the formal recognition—by the Big Three Allies—of his regime as the French provisional government, he replied, "The French government is naturally pleased at being called by its right name."

At any rate, he used the newsmen's questions to give, in his answers, the most complete exposition of his ideas on France, past, present and future, that he has ever made in public. This interview, like his speech at Lille on October 1st, I believe, was never fully reported abroad.

We cannot understand the road that France is taking in this confused world until we have examined both these pronouncements and another remarkable document that for some reason has escaped notice abroad: the program for the French Republic solemnly drawn up before the Allied invasion, under the very nose of the Nazi oppressors. It was framed by the National Council of Resistance, governing body of the entire French resistance movement, under the presidency of Georges Bidault, leader of the Catholic Christian Democrats, who is now Foreign Minister.

For the future of France, I am firmly convinced, will be determined largely by two forces: General de Gaulle and the resistance.

This flat statement may surprise many Americans whose government was so skeptical of De Gaulle and who heard recently from Frederick C. Crawford, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, that the resistance movement or underground, as he called it, was composed largely of "Communists, young people and underworld ex-convicts."

The resistance, of course, includes the Socialist and Communist masses. But it is silly to assume that it does not include more. Fundamentally it is made up of those Frenchmen of the left, center and right who fought at home for the same objectives that De Gaulle was fighting for in exile.

One must explain why it is important to pay attention to the utterances of De Gaulle. We have not only underrated him and occasionally misrepresented him, but we have badly misjudged him. How many times when De Gaulle was busy building up his Fighting French organization in London, one heard complaints that the general was under the illusion that he himself was France; that he aspired to be a dictator. Yet in 1942 he stated to the press: "The true representation of the French people is naturally in the French people. We, a handful of men, cannot claim to constitute it."

### The Man Behind the Myth

De Gaulle has, we concede, become something of a symbol and a myth in France; this is one source of his strength. But I was impressed not so much by the symbol as by the shrewd politician and statesman. Few of us realize that this austere general gave evidence of possessing a first-class political mind as far back as the last war, and very few of us can grasp the tremendous hold which De Gaulle has on the French people, regardless of their political allegiances.

Whether he keeps it will depend on how he copes with events and with the complexities of French thought and temper. But there is no doubt that he had it as this year opened, even though now France is going through a grave economic crisis and privations that in many ways are worse than during the German occupation. I myself became a little tired of hearing a conservative at lunch or a Communist at dinner make the identical re-

mark: "If we didn't have De Gaulle, we would have to invent a De Gaulle." But admittedly it expressed a view widely held in France, of the man's indispensability.

The week in December that De Gaulle left for Moscow to negotiate the Franco-Russian alliance with the Kremlin, I dined in Paris with a veteran Socialist leader. I had just flown back from the front and I remarked about the atrocious flying weather.

"I hope nothing happens to De Gaulle," he said. "A lot of us wish he hadn't flown. If anything happened to him now, we would be lost."

When the reporters in Paris bluntly put their questions as to the direction France was taking, De Gaulle did not stutter or beat about the bush or overwhelm his questioners with decrepit clichés, as did the old French politicians.

"First of all," he said nimbly, "the French people will never accept a dictatorship of any sort from anyone. They insist on the rule of democratic institutions. Next," he went on, "they wish to re-establish themselves not as they were, but under new forms—from the economic, political, social and even moral point of view. In an orderly way, France will take the road of the new democracy."

"What do you mean, General, by 'the new democracy'?" one skeptical reporter interjected tartly.

"I believe . . . Oh!" De Gaulle stopped himself and smiled, not wanting to seem pontifical or didactic. Finally he said, "I believe that the democracy which the French want to have is a political system in which so far as possible—because human beings remain human beings—the abuses of the former parliamentary system will be abolished."

I doubt whether De Gaulle has worked out in his own mind specific political reforms which will give the parliament of the Fourth Republic the stability which that of the Third so conspicuously lacked. He insists that this should be the job of the Constituent Assembly, to be elected as soon as the 2,500,000 French prisoners and slave laborers return from Germany. But one political reform already has been carried out without them; its possible effect on the political life of the country confounds the most astute politicians. I refer to woman's suffrage. For the first time in French history, the women will vote in the municipal elections scheduled for this spring.

### Specific Plans for Reform

On economic and social reforms, De Gaulle has been more specific, partly because the Constituent Assembly is less concerned with them. The new economic and social structure is already being hammered out. What is it like?

So far as De Gaulle himself is concerned, he committed himself to a new pattern of economic life for France in his speech at Lille. For those who had hoped that somehow France would go back to her old ways, it was something of a bombshell. For he came out flatly for a planned economy—planned, that is, by the state. He served notice that the day of the French trusts was over; that there would be a certain amount of nationalization "of the great sources of common wealth."

If there was any beating of breasts at this startling news, it was not reflected in the French press. Whether we like it or not,

France, with the overwhelming endorsement of its citizens, is taking this economic road. It will be the road, I gathered in my travels, that will be taken more or less by all the democratic countries in Europe, including the United Kingdom. There will be capitalism still, but not that unrestricted kind which apparently went down the drain when Europe blew up in 1939.

How did General de Gaulle justify the new economic structure of France? His speech is considered in France as a pledge.

" . . . We want it to be the state which conducts, for the profit of all, the economic effort of the entire nation. . . . For this planned economy," he went on, "there are certain conditions to fulfill. The first, obviously, is that the collective—that is, the state—take over the direction of the great sources of the common wealth, and that it control certain other activities without, naturally, excluding . . . initiative and just profits."

"We will not realize this program throughout in a few minutes," he added. "But we will realize it."

Informed circles in Paris believe that France eventually will have three distinct divisions in its business structure. The first will consist of nationalized industries—communications, heavy industry, mines, public utilities and possibly—though it is by no means sure—banks and insurance companies. The second will include businesses which the state thinks it necessary to regulate and con-

**Right: Resistance forces, some of whose fighters here snipe at Nazis, are determined to remain united, to insure a new and better France**



Acclaimed by the enthusiastic and long-suffering French, General Charles de Gaulle, accompanied by Georges Bidault, marches through the streets of freed Paris





PIX



PIX

Members of the Resistance scramble to see De Gaulle go by. From them—Catholics, Protestants, conservatives, Communists, professors, workers, hunted people with prices on their heads—the general received much of his support



SOVPHOTO

French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault signs treaty of alliance and mutual assistance with USSR as Stalin and De Gaulle look on. Crux of the pact is a common determination to keep German aggression curbed—for good this time

control but which will remain under private ownership. The third, mainly enterprises producing consumer goods, will remain free of any state control.

Nationalization of heavy industry has already begun. The De Gaulle government lost no time last fall in nationalizing the coal mines in the Pas-de-Calais and Nord districts. (Mines in Lorraine will not be taken over until the war moves away from them.)

Coal came first because it is France's basic industry, and undoubtedly it will set the standard for others. After the departure of the Germans, the mines were in a chaotic state. France was desperate for coal in order to get its transportation system, public utilities and factories going again, and its public buildings and homes heated. Private ownership was in no condition to resume operation. So the government stepped in.

Profits of the nationalized coal industry will be divided among the state, the employees and the social services. Mine owners, with the exception of those convicted of collaboration, will receive compensation—not yet calculated—for their property.

Management of the mines is in the hands of a "consultative commission"—a new kind of board of directors. Nine of the twenty-

four members will be representatives of the state; eight of the employees; five of the consumers; and two of the former owners.

The pressure today for nationalization of business enterprises comes not only from the masses organized in the Communist and Socialist parties. It comes from the resistance, from which De Gaulle derives much of his support—the same people whose main purpose was to prevent France from surrendering morally and spiritually to the domination of the German, and to Nazi and Pétainist Fascism. Although their political and economic beliefs were poles apart, they gave a good deal of thought, during the long, cold years of the occupation, to the causes of France's downfall and to the remedies that would have to be adopted if France were again to become great.

By spring of last year, they were ready to get together to draw up a common program. Meeting in great secrecy in Paris on March 15th, the National Council of Resistance, the supreme organ of all the underground movements, unanimously adopted what it called its Program of Action.

It is inflammatory and radical, to be sure, as Jefferson's draft of the American Declaration of Independence must have seemed to

many good people of his time. But most important is that all the diverse groups represented solemnly proclaimed that they would remain united after the liberation in order to see that their new France became a reality.

The three principal demands were for political, economic and social reform. They form a sort of Resistance Charter for the future France. There is not space here to give them in detail. The essentials of political reform were: the establishment of a democracy based on universal suffrage; freedom of thought and expression; freedom of the press; right of assembly; security of the home and the person; and absolute equality of all citizens before the law.

The economic reforms considered indispensable are: the establishment of a true economic and social democracy, with the abolition of trusts; the nationalization of certain industries; the development and support of co-operatives; the right of qualified workers to be employed in the management of enterprises and to participate in the direction of the economy.

#### New Deal for the Workers

The social reforms included the right to work; a decent wage level; the guaranty of national purchasing power through stabilization of the currency; reconstitution of trade unions with a greater participation in economic and social life; a complete system of social security; improvement of the lot of the farmer and the farm laborer; the extension of political, economic and social rights to all colonial peoples; and the guaranty of an education to all French children regardless of financial circumstances.

General de Gaulle has never promised to carry out every paragraph of this program, but his acts indicate that he will make it the basis of French reconstruction.

His government has already thoroughly cleaned that Augean stable which was the prewar French press. In the old days, anyone with money—Nazi agents or oil merchants or anyone—could buy the news or editorial columns of all too many French newspapers.

Those days are gone forever. A completely new, honest and independent French press is evolving. Havas, a monopoly which not only

furnished news but advertising to French papers, has been liquidated. So has Hachette, which had the exclusive right to distribute newspapers and magazines in France. Havas has been replaced by a news agency which is being organized on a co-operative basis, using our Associated Press as a model. Probably a national advertising agency and a national distributive agency will be organized on similar lines, since French publishers prefer one big company for each function.

If the French press has been drastically freed from the pressure of economic and financial interests, as Henri Teitgen, the Minister of Information, recently proclaimed, it is also true that he is aware of the danger of state interference with the press. At the moment, all French newspapers are dependent on the state for newsprint, as well as for the presses belonging to suspended newspapers, on which they are printed.

The Paris dailies and weeklies of today are a pleasure to read. There isn't much news in them; the shortage of newsprint limits dailies to two pages and weeklies to ten or twelve. But they are fresh, alive, fiercely independent—and new. The great prewar Parisian dailies are gone, and a government decree forbids even the revival of the name of any publication which continued to publish under the German occupation. Thus such names as *Le Journal*, *Le Petit Parisien*, *Le Matin* and *Paris-Soir*—all great metropolitan dailies with huge circulations—are only memories now.

A few of the old newspapers, chiefly party organs, have returned to business, because they ceased publication with the arrival of the Germans. Thus you see on the kiosks of Paris, the Communist *L'Humanité*, the Socialist *Populaire*, *L'Aube*, representing Catholic Democratic thought, and *Ce Soir*, an independent left-wing evening journal. *Le Figaro* evacuated to Lyon when the Germans came to Paris and ceased publication when the Germans came to Lyon. Today it is a very lively organ of what might be termed conservative resistance thought, and its well-edited columns contain articles by such prominent writers as François Mauriac, Georges Duhamel and Paul Valéry.

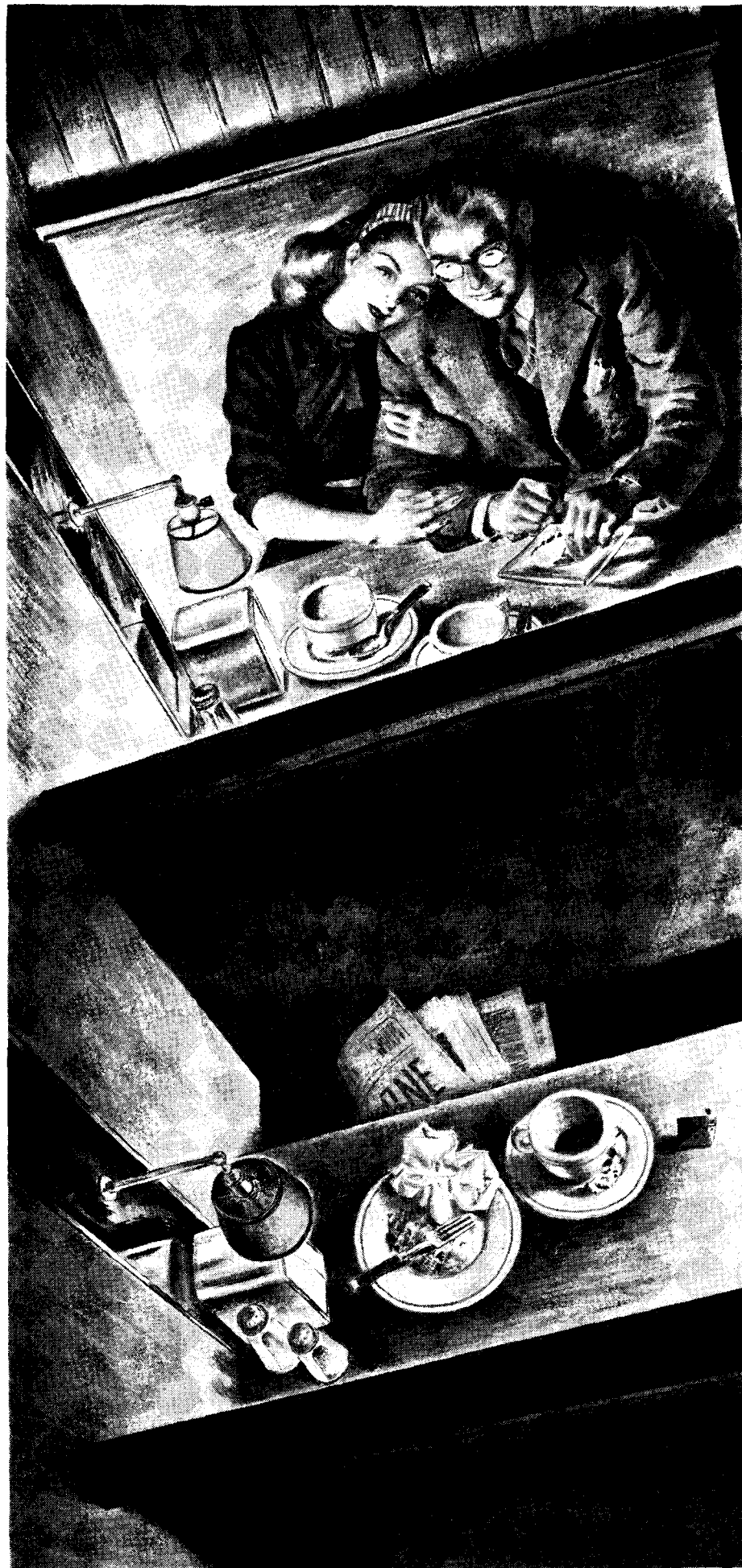
Most of the new Parisian dailies spring  
(Continued on page 73)



# SO LONG, BABY!

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



AT TWO o'clock in the afternoon, the Carioca Club was a glamorous hag with her make-up off. Her chairs were up on the tables and her green-and-white palm trees were exposed as papier-mâché in the glare of the naked light bulb beside the portable piano on the dance floor.

Eddie Burke sat with Heywood at a small table on the dais above and behind the empty bandstand. He sat there gulping his breakfast of Scotch and plain water, and tried not to hear what Heywood was saying, because Heywood was saying that Vi had the face and the body and the poise, and that she was probably going to turn out to be just what he had come East in search of.

"All I got to do is look at her, Burke, and it hits me here." Heywood tapped the stomach beneath his plaid jacket with a well-manicured hand. "I got a feeling she's it, and when I get a feeling I play it. The foundation is there—the youth, the shape, the beauty. I take her back to Hollywood, the studio gives her the routine build-up and she's Lamour, Grable, Turner—anything and everything she wants, in the palm of her hand. It's all hers, Burke, with me back of her, if she's got the voice that goes with it."

So long, Baby. Eddie looked down at the dance floor where a girl in purple slacks was leaning over the piano while Al flicked the keyboard with a few bars of Brazil. He says it's all yours, Baby, provided you've got the voice that goes with it, and all that you've got, Baby, is the zing of a Merman and the throb of a Garland and the blues notes of a Bailey and the softness of a Shore and the smoothness of honey and velvet and a perfect sense of timing. So . . . so long, Baby. Give my regards to Vine Street and say hello to Wilshire, too.

"I only got a couple of minutes, Burke," Heywood was saying. "I got time to hear one number. And I want to be convinced, so have her do her best one."

So long, Baby. He just wants to hear one number to be convinced, so write yourself a one-way ticket with Body and Soul or As Time Goes By or Night and Day or Blues in the Night, and have a good time, Baby, have a wonderful life . . . with options. And don't do anything without telling Louella first and be nice to Hedda and Skolsky and Fidler and give my regards to the fourteen-room shack in Glendale or Burbank or Beverly Hills. And say hello to Gary and Cary and Harry and Linda and Lana and Louis B. Mayer, and don't fall into your swimming pool, Baby.

"Whaddaya say, Burke?" Heywood was shaking his arm. "Listen, Burke, I'm telling you. I haven't got all day. Are you going to put this on for me or not?—because there's plenty other places I ought to be, right now."

"Yeah. Sure." Eddie got up slowly. "Pardon me a minute. I'll go right down and tell her."

"The best one in her repertoire, Burke."

"Sure," Eddie said.

SURE, I'll get along all right, Baby. I'll get someone to fill your spot in the show. There're new ones coming along all the time. I'll write to you every week, and you'll write to me, and it'll be just the same as you and me sitting here between numbers at our little table, dreaming out loud and holding hands like the customers and kissing in front of waiters. We'll use air mail, Baby, special delivery, and it'll be just like the drives through the country and that strange thing called fresh air and the house we were looking for and the look in your eyes and the first time you let me kiss you. I won't forget you, Baby, because you were the only girl who was ever good for me, so don't elope to Yuma too many times and watch out for

those Mexican divorces and be sure to look me up whenever you make a personal appearance in New York. I'll see you often, Baby, from a loge seat, in Technicolor. I'll be okay, Baby.

He walked past the empty tables toward the dance floor, and he tried not to think of that morning's rehearsal, but Al's words kept coming back again and again, and he knew then what was creeping into his mind.

"This ain't for Vi, Eddie," Al had said, tapping the sheet music of Wherever You Are. "Maybe if you let me play around with it a little . . . rearrange it and key it down. But now, it's bad for her. She don't sound like the same Vi. She's high and thin and watery. No oomph. No good, Eddie. Forget about this number. Just write it off till I can get it in shape for her."

AND now he couldn't forget about it, because it was all so simple. He'd say to her, "That's Jerry Heywood, honey. He wants to hear you do Wherever You Are. He asked for it special." And she'd look surprised and she'd say, "But, Eddie, that number is no good for me. And besides, I've hardly rehearsed it." And he'd say, "I know, honey. I've told Heywood that, but it's still what he wants. He'll make allowances." And no one would ever know. She was for him and he was for her, and that was all that mattered, so he'd better play it right, because there'd never be another girl for him. Not like Vi, never.

He walked across the dance floor and she smiled at him when she saw him approaching. He was just a little guy crowding forty with the gray nibbling at his hair, a guy with horn-rimmed glasses and a hungry look on his heart. And she was bright-eyed and auburn-haired and shining with loveliness and 'way out of his league, and he knew just what to say to give his impossible dream a chance, so he took her hand and he looked into her eyes and then he heard himself saying,

"That's Jerry Heywood, honey. He's practically sold on you for Hollywood, and you know what that means. You leave in a couple of days provided he likes your voice. He's got time for one number, so give him your best—your very best."

She said, "All right, Eddie."

He patted her hand.

"So long, Baby," he said softly. He looked away quickly, and as he walked back, he heard Al toying with a few chords, and when he sat down at the table, Heywood was still looking at his watch.

Then she started to sing. When he heard her he wanted to say something to Heywood but he couldn't talk for the lump in his throat and the tightness in his chest.

He sat there listening to her voice, and they were alone together again in the last booth at Charlie's at three in the morning, and her hand was in his again and her head was on his shoulder, and he was filled with her sweet fragrance and they were saying foolish things to each other, and he was young again.

He looked away to a dark corner of the Carioca Club because there was a cinder in his eye, and now all he could hear was the echo of his own loneliness.

Then Heywood was getting up, as she finished the song, and Eddie got up with him and walked with him up the carpeted stairway to the street, and Heywood was saying to him, ". . . perhaps in a couple of years . . . a little more experience . . . the foundation is there . . . someday, Burke . . . thanks a million . . ."

"Sure," said Eddie.

"What was the name of that number?" Heywood was getting into a cab.

"Wherever You Are," said Eddie. "It's a kind of love song."

*A short short story complete on this page*

They were alone together in the last booth at Charlie's at three in the morning, and her head was resting on his shoulder and they were saying foolish things again



# TROUBLE AFOOT

BY ELSIE  
MC CORMICK

(After interviewing Dudley J. Morton, M. D., Associate Clinical Professor, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University)

The human foot is one of the most important parts of the body, structurally beautiful and extremely efficient. Here's how it works and how to take care of it

IF YOU are past thirty and have never remarked that your feet are killing you, you are a fairly rare American. Even in peacetime, seventy per cent of our adult population suffered from foot troubles. Today, with vast numbers of former sedentary workers standing at machines or marching in the Army, with millions of cars out of service, and with most housewives completely deprived of help, the number of tired and aching dogs has reached behemoth proportions.

Although, for some unknown reason, foot trouble has always been considered rather funny, this is actually a serious situation. It has been responsible for countless lost working days, for inefficiency on vital jobs and for numerous discharges from the armed services. It has even had an emotional impact. The irritability produced by aching feet has turned many a home into a battlefield, and has caused thousands of nerve-ridden wives to hobble to the nearest divorce court.

Medically speaking, the feet are just about the most neglected part of the human frame. According to Doctor Dudley J. Morton, who has spent over twenty-five years studying the pedal extremities, entirely wrong ideas about them have flourished even in the medical profession. Treatments based on these concepts have been so disappointing that hundreds of doctors lost interest in their footsore patients.

The human foot certainly doesn't deserve this neglect. Aside from its practical value, it has a structural beauty as great in its way as that of Brooklyn Bridge. Engineers who have studied it go into ecstasies about its ability to absorb shocks, to endure strains and to bear weights out of all proportion to its size. Each foot consists of twenty-six bones, so joined and arched as to make an extremely resilient and flexible structure. Strong ligaments hold the bones together; tendons and muscles control their motion. In addition, the joints, tendon channels and little sacs called bursae contain a lubricating fluid which keeps the working parts properly oiled.

The rear section of the foot consists of seven irregularly shaped bones dovetailed. The largest one, which is the heel bone, rests firmly on the floor; the others rise to form an arch. Beyond are the five metatarsals—long bones that you can feel in the front half of your instep. Their heads, which form the ball of the foot, rest on the ground when you walk. Extending beyond the metatarsal heads are the shorter bones, called phalanges, which form the framework of the toes. The heel bones and the metatarsals—not the toes—are responsible for the tremendous job of bearing the body's weight.

So beautifully is the foot mechanism adjusted that these rather small and delicate metatarsal bones can carry burdens that would stagger a piano mover. The four smaller metatarsals are no thicker than lead pencils; the largest, which lies behind the big toe, is about the width of a slim cigar. When you stand, your weight is equally divided between these bones and the heels. In

walking, however, there is an instant when one foot swings in the air, and the heel of the other is lifted off the ground. Then five slender bones bear your hundred or two hundred pounds all by themselves. Actually, this is the ideal situation.

In considering the total poundage carried, we get an even more startling picture. These small bones support one's weight for an instant; then it is transferred to the foot on the other side. If we add up the repeated burdens they bear in the case of an average-sized individual taking a walk, we find that it amounts to 250 tons for a single mile!

If you possess the most common form of pedal trouble, you have pain in the balls of the feet and calluses on their surface. Before a day of extraordinary activity is over, you feel like a Hindu fakir walking across red-hot stones. Every nerve cell you have is screaming with fatigue.

Probably you think, as you ease yourself into an armchair, that your arches are falling, and that they will soon flatten out suddenly, like a couple of dropped pancakes. Your dark picture would be quite wrong. Though feet do break down completely sometimes, this condition is rare. "Falling arches" is an old-fashioned and misleading term.

You may believe that your feet already have two strikes on them because your arches naturally are lower than normal. This worry is also groundless. People are born with arches of various heights, just as they come equipped with noses of different lengths. These measurements have little to do with performance. Many high-arched feet are painful and inadequate, and many low-arched ones can do miles of window shopping with impunity. Doctor Morton knew a marathon runner with feet as flat as a board. This condition had existed from birth, and it never gave the man a moment's pain.

Perhaps you have been told that your transverse or metatarsal arches are giving way. They won't, Doctor Morton says, because arches across the balls of the feet simply don't exist. Instruments registering pressure have proved conclusively that the heads of all these bones rest on the ground when the foot is in use. The transverse arch is a hard-dying misconception.

But if "falling arch" isn't the right term, just what is happening inside that painful foot? To understand, it is necessary to go back to the question of how weight is distributed. If we suppose the weight to be divided into twelve units for each foot, six

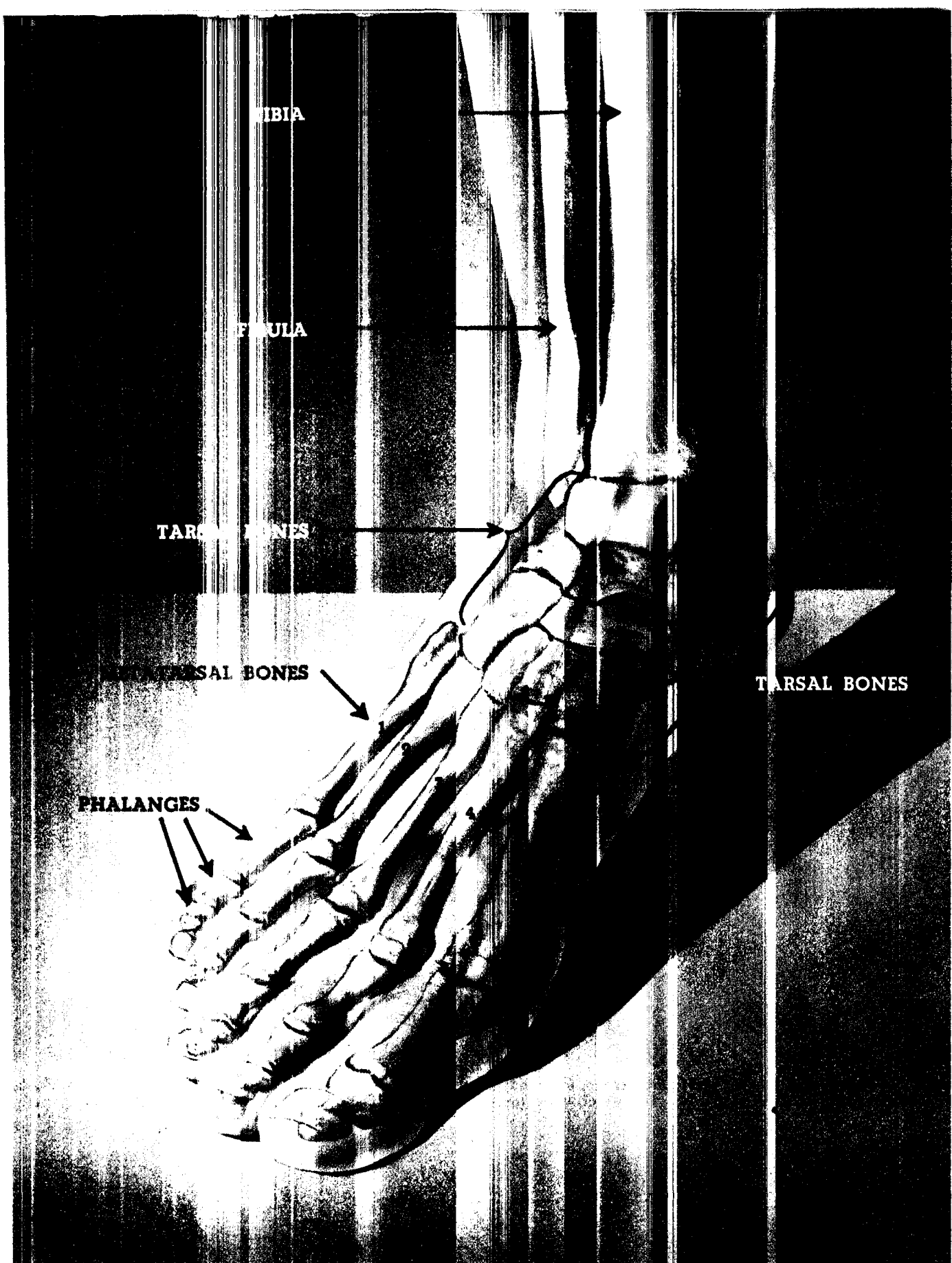
Study this diagram, after reading the article, and you'll get a good idea how your feet work. Maybe it will make you take care of them

would be borne by the tough, self-sufficient heel, two by the bone behind the big toe and one by each of the other metatarsals. In walking, the metatarsals catch all the weight at times, but the first one still bears twice as much as any of the others.

This is the normal situation. But unfortunately, a great many feet aren't normal. A number of them include throwback features from the days when everybody drummed on his chest and did swinging leaps from tree to tree. Then the so-called "big toe" was shorter than the others and resembled a thumb. A long series of X-rays has shown that about forty per cent of those who suffer from functional foot troubles have first metatarsals bequeathed by their tree-dwelling ancestors.

Though the big toe itself may be of normal length, the bone behind it is shorter than the

(Continued on page 59)



DRAWING BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Charles C. Wall, superintendent of Mount Vernon, every day makes a tour of inspection of the grounds. The piazza overlooks a wide sweep of the Potomac and was the center of social life in Washington's day. It is paved with stone quarried in England; the Windsor chairs replace those that the general purchased in Philadelphia in 1796

## Soldiers' Shrine

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF—PIX

**Through the efforts of American women, the home of George Washington is kept as it was when the first President lived**

ONE moonlit night in 1853, a steamboat chugged up the Potomac. As it passed Mount Vernon, the ship tolled its bell in the customary signal of respect for the great man who had lived and died there.

One passenger, a young invalid named Ann Pamela Cunningham, had visited Mount Vernon as a child, and had often heard her elders say that the place ought to be preserved, somehow, as a memorial to George Washington. Before the trip was ended, the bedridden Miss Cunningham resolved that she would start a campaign among the women of the United States to buy Mount Vernon and restore it as nearly as possible to the condition it was in when George Washington lived there. She dedicated her life to that purpose.

Years later, Mount Vernon, now a national shrine, welcomes a steady stream of visitors. Each year more than 750,000 visitors cross broad lawns and enter the stately white mansion; go from room to room, viewing the desk where Washington worked, the bed where he slept, the household

ornaments that were his treasured possessions. They feel a closeness to the man who was the Father of his Country.

A tour of Mount Vernon is for every patriotic American a memorable experience—as Ann Pamela Cunningham hoped it would be.

Responsibility for the upkeep of Mount Vernon is vested in the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, founded by Miss Cunningham. This nonprofit organization is made up of representative women from various states, and since 1943 has been headed by Mrs. Lucien M. Hanks of Madison, Wisconsin. Support comes mainly from the admission fee of twenty-five cents.

There are about twenty-five buildings on the Mount Vernon estate: the mansion, office, kitchen, butler's house, gardener's house, spinning house, smokehouse, springhouse, milkhouse, servants' quarters—two houses—a corn house, laundry, coach house; north gate—two lodge houses, pavilion on the Potomac; west gate—two lodge houses and a barn. All of these have been restored and put in perfect condition.

In immediate charge of the estate is Charles C. Wall, resident superintendent for the past seven years. Mr. Wall and his family live in a house in a secluded part of the grounds. Aided by a staff of 40, he supervises the care of the mansion and of the 475 acres of meadow and woodland, and acts as official host.

If anyone suggests that he leads the life that George Washington used to lead, Mr. Wall is horrified by the "disrespectful" comparison. Nevertheless, his daily routine bears a close resemblance to that recorded in Washington's journals. Each morning he rides horseback over Mount Vernon's acres. He looks to the gardens that provide his table, checks farm implements, sees to the repair of a leaky roof. He must keep meticulous financial accounts—just as Washington did. When kings, prime ministers, generals and admirals come to pay homage to the nation's first President, Mr. Wall greets them.

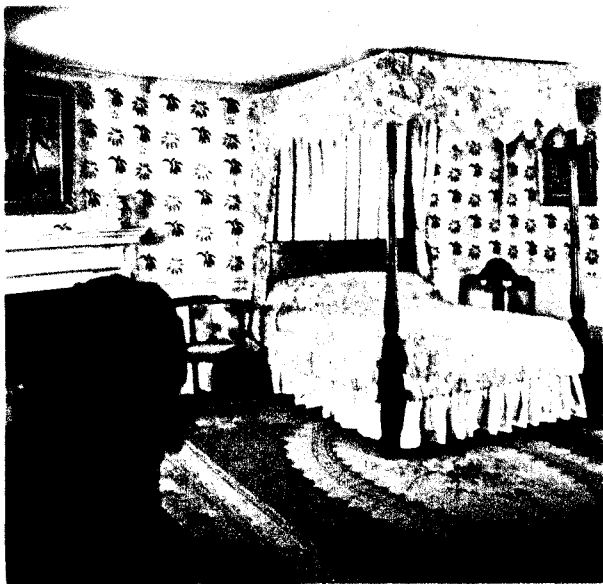
Almost everyone who goes to Washington tries to make a pilgrimage to near-by Mount Vernon, and now a large proportion of its visitors are men and women in uniform. Men from neighboring camps often pause there during routine marches. In their heavy boots, helmeted, with packs on their backs, they step softly through the rooms George Washington knew. Soldiers of Australia, Brazil, France, England, join the quiet procession.

Among wartime visitors were Prime Minister Churchill and General de Gaulle, who placed wreaths on Washington's tomb.

In Washington's time, Mount Vernon was a meeting place for those who labored for freedom. Today, more than ever, citizens of the United States and of the United Nations are drawn to this symbol of union and of peace.

*by Ulrich Calvosa*

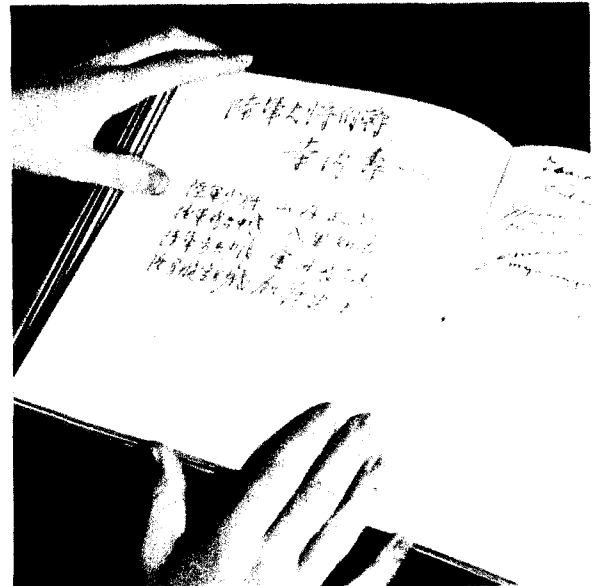




The Lafayette room is one of six bedrooms on the second floor of the mansion. The Marquis de Lafayette, a close friend and frequent guest, slept here



Here, one of the workers dusts the music room. President Washington imported the harpsichord from London in 1793 for his stepdaughter, Nelly Custis



The guest book includes this page of friendly sentiment written by Jap General Terauchi in 1939. He now is a commander in chief of Pacific islands



A Marine and his wife look into the family dining room. Of the eight original chairs, four belonged to a numbered set; the mirrored plateau came from France. The Washingtons entertained continually and the President once wrote, "Mrs. Washington and myself will do what I believe has not been done within the last twenty years by us—that is, set down to dinner by ourselves." Below, the kitchen garden remains substantially as originally laid out



This portrait of General Washington by Peale hangs in banquet hall with painting by Stuart. Below, Mr. Wall pauses to point out to a visiting couple the coach house and smokehouse on the south lane







### The Story:

The pain and tragedy of war struck at a small family in a small American town when eighteen-year-old JENNY WINGATE fell in love with STEVE DILLON, Marine private. Forbidden by her parents, TOM and HELEN WINGATE, to marry STEVE—because she was so young—she saw him leave for overseas service, then learned he was missing in action. The shock forced her to turn from her parents' pity and the indifference of her older sister, ANNE, who was impervious to everything but her approaching marriage to wealthy KIP ROGERS. Neither could she go to STEVE's parents who had been set against her by CHARLOTTE PRESTON, ANNE's red-haired, sharp-tongued friend. Her most understanding friend, ALICE ACTON, long-time neighbor of the WINGATES, was away; only RICK HADLEY, Lieutenant in the Air Corps, could help. In love himself with a girl he couldn't marry, RICK sensed JENNY's need for understanding, and drove her to a friend's home, where in loneliness they turned to each other, overcome by their mutual need for love. Dazed and ill, JENNY could think only of STEVE, but two months later, when she knew she was going to have RICK's child, the terrifying implications of her situation became clear. She could not tell her family—their position, their standards forbade that. Numb with fear, she racked her brains, trying to find a way out.

## II

I ALMOST told him . . .

Jenny Wingate folded her hands in her lap to keep them from trembling. Realizing how close she had come, she hardly dared breathe. In another fraction of a second it would have been too late. If her father hadn't said how wonderful he thought she was, how proud Steve would have been of her too, she would have told him. If she had, he wouldn't be sitting there like that, looking pleasantly up at Charlotte Preston coming in from the dining room with a bottle of Coke in each hand. Jenny didn't dare think how he might have looked just then if she hadn't caught herself on the broken edge of time.

She was only dimly aware of Charlotte sitting down on the sofa, smiling the way she always smiled for older people.

"Oh, you're not going, Mr. Wingate?" she cried. "I didn't mean to drive you away!"

"I should have been off half an hour ago," Tom Wingate said, putting his pipe and tobacco pouch in his pocket.

He glanced at Jenny. She looked so shaken and

vulnerable, sitting there in his big worn leather chair, that he hated to go and leave her with Charlotte. He hadn't liked Charlotte before, and he was coming to the point now where he acutely disliked her. It seemed to him there was something in her attitude toward Jenny in recent weeks that was getting pretty hard to take. It was a kind of impudent familiarity that was damned annoying. And her attitude toward Anne was even worse except that it was the direct opposite—a slavish adulation heaped on with a broad shovel, so thick he wondered how even Anne could stick it. There were times when Tom Wingate decided it would be a hell of a relief when Anne was finally married and out of the house so they could settle down to peace and quiet once again. The fact that Charlotte Preston wouldn't always be there every time you opened a door was not the least of the joys he found himself looking forward to.

As he passed the hall table and picked up his hat he looked at himself in the gilt mirror above it. He gave himself a sudden sardonic grin. It must be the war, he thought—or maybe he was just getting old and crotchety. Everything seemed to be getting under his skin lately. Helen was right. He ought to pull up his socks and quit letting small things irritate him.

Jenny listened to him call upstairs to Helen that he was leaving and then go out the front door. He was whistling cheerfully as he closed it. He wouldn't have been whistling if she had told him. . . .

I must never tell him, Jenny thought. He mustn't ever, ever know.

"Do you ever hear from Rick, Jenny?"

She was aware of Charlotte's voice cutting across the dazed circuit of her mind. Something inside her sounded a sharp, intuitive warning. Charlotte was watching her. Her voice was casual but there was nothing casual in the bright eyes fixed on her over the Coke bottle.

"You've asked me that a dozen times," Jenny said calmly. "And I've told you. I got one letter from him down in Texas. I should have answered it, I suppose, but I didn't. I haven't heard from him again."

"I said I didn't think you were hearing from him."

Charlotte put her moccasin-shod feet up on the back of the sofa and looked knowingly at Jenny.

"It's such a bore, the way people are always prying into your private affairs, isn't it?"

The warning was like tiny drops of corrosive acid pricking Jenny's mind again.

"I didn't know they were," she said.

"Oh, I don't suppose it's prying, actually. I suppose they're really interested. And it's natural since

# THE STORY OF Jenny Wingate

BY ZENITH BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Fairfield's such a small town. Everybody just has to know everything about everybody else."

Maybe it's my guilty conscience, Jenny thought. Maybe I just think she's watching me.

"And especially Mrs. Dillon," Charlotte said. "I guess it's pretty hard for her to understand how you could come over to their house, then get all dressed up and go out on a date with Rick, and then fly around to the movies and what not with Bill Acton the next week. There's no use trying to explain to her that it wasn't as if you'd actually been engaged to Steve. She just can't see it."

She put her empty Coke bottle down on the floor. "That's a terribly cute house Molly and Stu Johnson have, isn't it?"

HER swift change of subject without change of voice or manner left Jenny bewildered. Molly and Stu Johnson. Jenny tried to think. She didn't remember ever hearing their names before.

"I don't know," she said. "Is it? I don't think I've ever been there."

Charlotte's head turned a little on the cushion. Her penciled brows rose slightly. "Really?"

"Really," Jenny said. "Ought I to have seen it?"

Charlotte shrugged. "I wouldn't know. Most people see the places they go to."

"But I've never been there."

Charlotte looked at her again, smiling.

"Oh, it's all right, Jenny. You needn't worry. I wouldn't want Mother and Dad to know I was out there either. Though we just went for a bottle of beer after the dance."

They heard Anne running down the stairs. Charlotte got up quickly.

"All I mean is, you can quit playing the starry-eyed innocent to me." She glanced back from the door. "Or, as Mother says, still waters run deep. . . . Hi, Annie!"

"Come look, Charlotte! Look at what Kip's aunt sent me! It's in here!"

Anne's voice and the rustle of tissue paper and then Charlotte's "Oh, Anne—how divine!" came through the open door to where Jenny sat silently, not moving, in her father's chair. Now that she remembered, now that she understood what Charlotte had implied, it wasn't a shock—or not much of

one. At the moment it seemed she couldn't feel any more. But she was aware that it made a difference.

After she went up to bed and switched off her lamp, she lay looking up at the ceiling, her eyes following the moving pattern of light and shadow made by the street lamp on the corner and the tree outside her window.

Until then any danger to her from without had been nebulous and rather negative. Now it was sharply positive and symbolized by Charlotte Preston. In a sense she was typical of Fairfield and of what her mother had meant, a long time ago, about the people moving because they could never live down their disgrace in Fairfield.

Jenny had never thought before of how Mrs. Dillon must have taken her going out that night with Rick, because she had not thought about her ever knowing it. But she should have realized that everybody in town would find out. They always knew everything as soon as it happened. It made her a little sick thinking about it, knowing there was no possible way to explain what had been in her heart that night.

Only Steve Dillon would understand. Somehow lying there in the semidarkness, that was the only frail straw of comfort Jenny could cling to. Steve wouldn't be proud, the way her father had said, but he would understand. He would know she had not been unfaithful to him. In some kind of simple and mystical way she was certain that Steve was with her, knowing everything, understanding everything.

Then suddenly her heart went cold, frozen, again. The difficulty lay not in what Steve would know and understand. It was what Fairfield would think—if Fairfield knew. They mustn't ever know. Not her father or her mother or Anne or Tommy or Alice Acton, or anyone she loved. And, above all, not Fairfield. She had to do something to keep any of them from ever knowing.

Face to face with that inexorable necessity and with the equally inexorable reality of her condition, she seemed suddenly much older . . . and paradoxically much younger too. Superficially she knew a good deal. Actually she knew very little. She had heard there were places where one could go, but she did not know where they were or how to go about finding them out. There was a girl at

high school . . . Her name was Mary McQueen. She didn't know Mary, who was in Anne's class, but she knew Mary's cousin Rosie McQueen. Rosie worked in the Patch Box next to the bank where her mother got her hair done and where she and Anne got theirs cut and had an occasional manicure. But she didn't know how she could ask Rosie where Mary had gone. As she thought about it she found herself drawing back, instinctively and with an abject horror. It was taboo, something surrounded with a paralyzing miasma of fear and danger and ignorance.

And maybe it isn't really true, she thought, suddenly desperately young again. Maybe it was something else that had upset her, that was making her so sick and dizzy when she got up in the morning. The thing to do was go to a doctor and find out for sure.

The street light went off, leaving the room in velvety darkness. That was what she had to do. Go to the doctor. There was reassurance in the mere idea of a doctor. She went to sleep with more confidence and with a frail hope renewed.

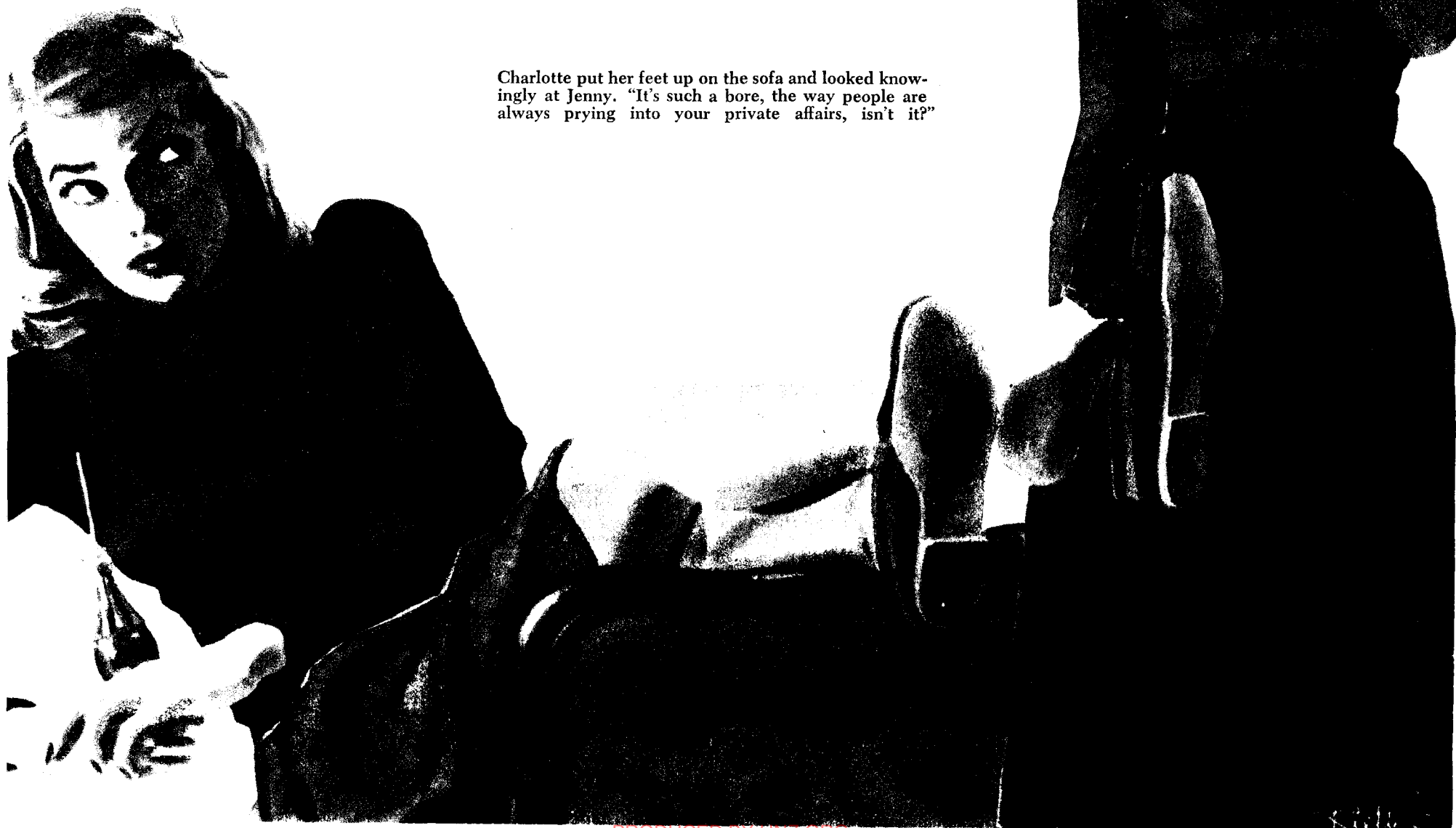
NEXT morning when she woke up, the hope was gone and she was sick with fear again.

She couldn't go to a doctor in Fairfield, she thought, because doctors were like everybody else. Dr. Copeland was different, but the first thing he would do if she went to him would be to take down the telephone. She could hear him, brusque, not for an instant trying to soften the blow, telling her father and mother to come over to his office and come quick because he was a busy man. She could see his thick, beetling brows, his big nose and corrugated face, and she adored him. But he'd be just as hurt and disappointed as her father would be. He was another of the ones who mustn't ever find out. She would have to go to Landover where nobody knew her.

Going to Landover had always been fairly simple before, but now it seemed difficult to the point of impossibility. Now that Kip Rogers' parents were coming to visit them and the preparations for Anne's wedding were keeping them so busy, her mother was home most of the day. A week and a half slipped

(Continued on page 28)

Charlotte put her feet up on the sofa and looked knowingly at Jenny. "It's such a bore, the way people are always prying into your private affairs, isn't it?"







A Jap's-eye view of our ships' ordeal at Pearl Harbor. The Japs laughed that fateful day, but few of the 18,000,000 Filipinos laughed with them. Pictures like this, showing the armed might of the enemy, were distributed by the Japs throughout the Philippines. They only infuriated our staunch friends there

# JAPAN'S FAILURE in the PHILIPPINES

BY ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

RADIOED FROM THE PHILIPPINES

NOTE TO READERS: All of the photographs on these pages are examples of Japanese propaganda pictures captured in the Philippines

A Jap artist, Saburo Miyamoto, shows Lieutenant General Tomoyuki Yamashita, commander in chief of the Nip forces in Malaya, lording it over the British commander, Arthur E. Percival, after surrender of Singapore. The Japs lorded it over the Filipinos, too. Then they changed and became friendly



For nearly three years, the Japs tried to "Japanize" the eighteen million natives of the Philippines, first with force, then with propaganda. Few of the Filipinos fell for it. The majority remained loyal. They will deal with the quislings when the war's over

THE Filipinos call them the "Three Blind Mice." When Laurel, Vargas and Aquino, the most prominent puppeteers of the Japanese occupation, are eventually brought to trial, they will face the most serious charges ever brought against Americans or wards of the United States. Only now as we regain the Philippines can we begin to understand what happened to these men—and others—during enemy occupation, and how the people stood fast against a vigorous Jap propaganda campaign.

"It appears," President Sergio Osmeña told me, "that these three have acted like three blind mice. But we shall give them every opportunity to explain their acts. Every Fili-

pino whose loyalty is under question shall have his day in court."

José Laurel, puppet president of the Jap-stamped "Independent Philippines," will have to do some tall explaining. In the old days he was an associate justice of the Philippines Commonwealth Supreme Court and was close to the late President Quezon. Laurel is a skillful attorney and, from his speeches made under the Japanese occupation, it is clear that his attitude in taking the helm of the Jap-Philippine government is based on a technical legalistic approach to wartime control.

The most damaging action taken by Laurel was his open declaration of war against the United States in September of 1944, when it became evident to the Japanese High Command that General Douglas MacArthur was about to strike north from New Guinea. It is reported here in the Philippines that Laurel several times had blocked an open declaration of war against America by pleading that it wasn't timely. And there are Filipino leaders who will tell you that "Laurel went into this puppet presidency with his eyes open and he is prepared to take the consequences."

Two attempts have been made on Laurel's life. An ardent golfer, Laurel used to play a few holes just after sunrise. Filipino guerrillas studied this routine with interest, and

one morning, just as he had finished a putt on a distant green, six guerrillas stepped out of the near-by bushes and fired point-blank at the supreme court justice. As Laurel lay writhing on the turf, two of the guerrillas stepped up and put another slug into his body, then calmly walked away.

When he was taken to a hospital, it was found that none of the bullets had pierced a vital spot, and two months later, photographs in a Manila newspaper showed him in a wheel chair.

## The Makings of a Martyr

The Japs were taking a deep interest in Laurel by this time. Shortly after his recovery he was greeted by Hideki Tojo himself, who was making his first inspection tour of the islands. Tojo saw in Laurel the makings of a martyr, a man who had been shot by the American-sponsored guerrillas, a man who had worked for "closer friendship and co-operation with the liberating Japanese."

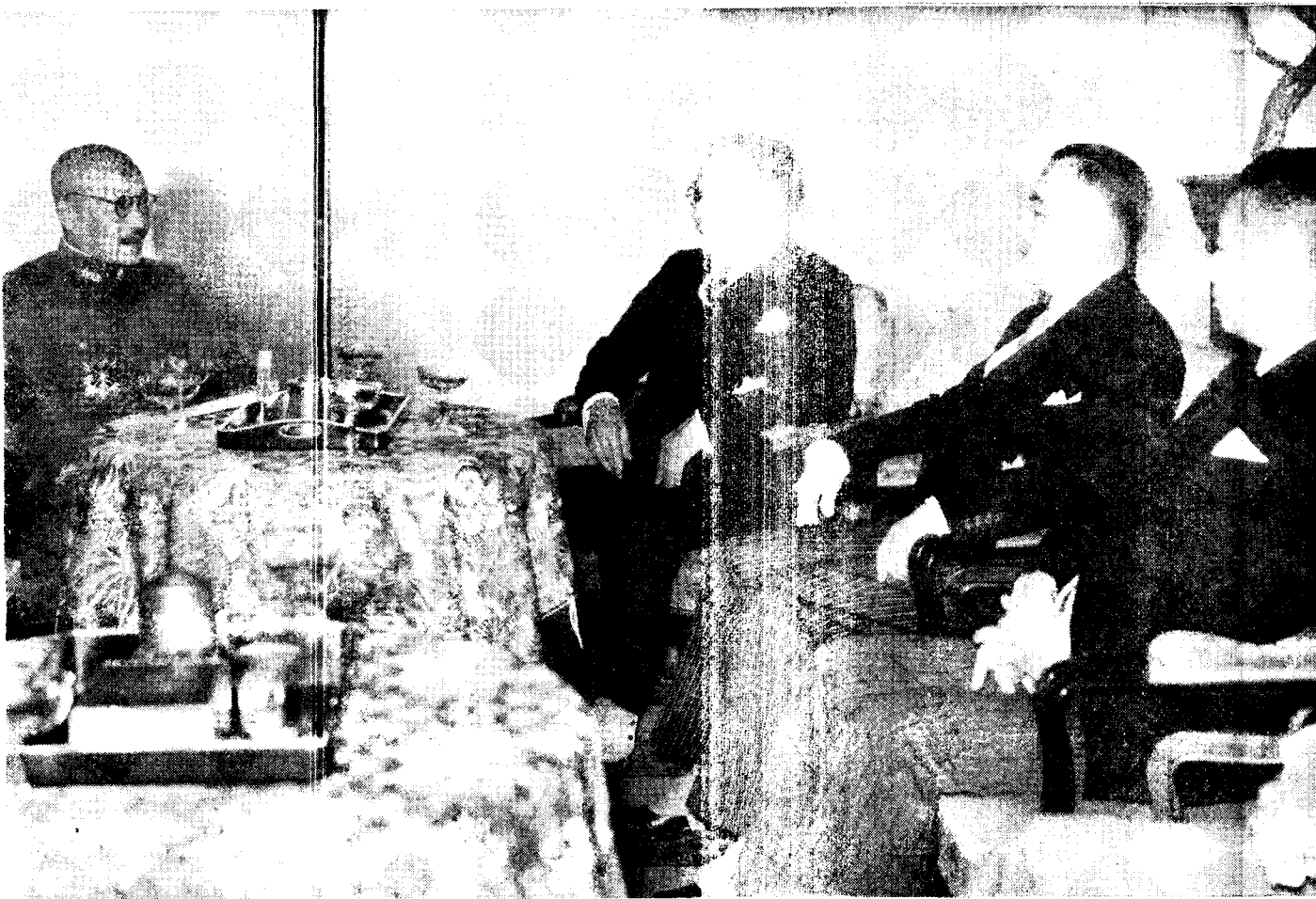
Laurel was a natural to wear the president's puppet strings, so he got the job and also a back-slapping trip to Japan to be awarded tinsel medals and be received by Emperor Hirohito. The other two Blind Mice, Vargas and Aquino, accompanied him, Vargas to take over his new post as "first

ambassador from the Philippines to the Japanese Empire."

Of the Three Blind Mice, the most perplexing one, in the minds of loyal Filipinos, is Jorge Vargas, the man who was President Quezon's secretary. The sartorially correct Vargas was the man Quezon left behind (as Vargas himself told me the day Quezon left Manila) "to do everything possible to protect the Filipino population from the wrath and exploitation of the Japanese." Vargas was immediately established as mayor of Greater Manila when the occupation took place January 2, 1942, and later, when more of the islands were occupied, he was appointed chairman of the Philippines Executive Commission, another Jap-sponsored organization.

Vargas made many speeches, written for him by the Japanese propaganda corps. In his first speeches it was possible to read between the lines (or so many Filipinos and Americans thought) a certain passiveness to the Japanese oppression. However, the speech delivered by him in support of Laurel's declaration of war on the United States is a piece of evidence now being carefully considered by preparatory committees set up to consider all individual cases of those allegedly "disloyal to the Philippines and the United States."

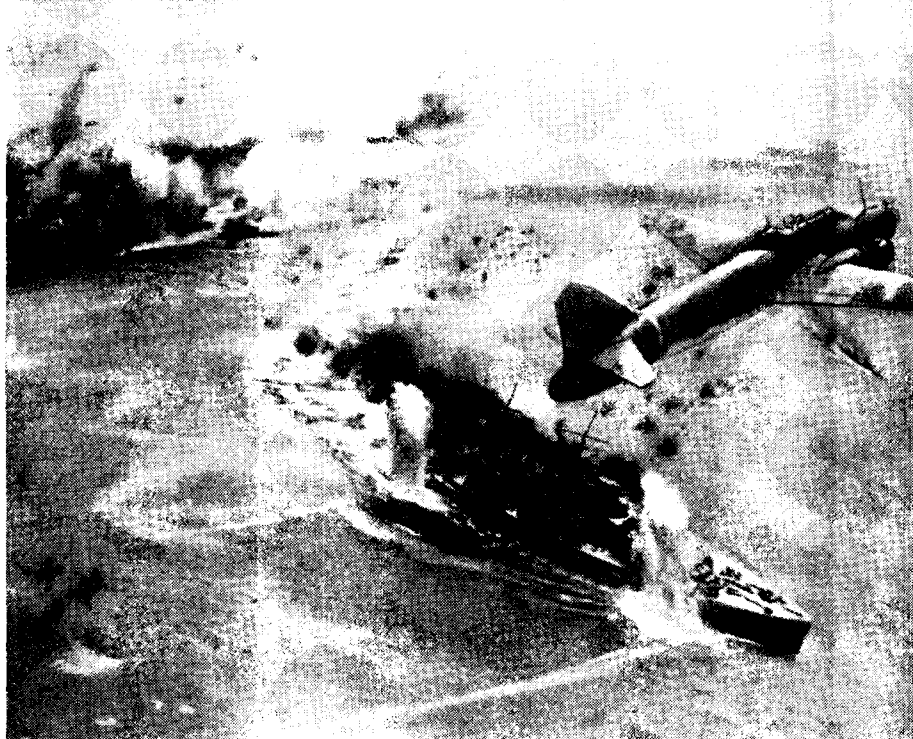




Premier General Tojo with the "Three Blind Mice:" Puppet President Laurel, Jorge Vargas (once Quezon's secretary) and the wily politician, Benigno Aquino



The Japs captioned this: "Our brave soldiers are popular with children"



The Japs took this one, showing the British battleships Prince of Wales and Repulse being sunk, and used it to impress the natives

Blind Mouse Number Three, Benigno Aquino, was formerly President Quezon's "Jim Farley." As campaign manager and confidant of Quezon, pudgy Ben Aquino knew everyone of political importance in the islands. He had his own political cohorts in every municipality, a fact which the occupying Japs soon realized. Aquino was the exact man to be "played" by the Japanese Greater East Asia home-office people.

They used all of Aquino's political machinery to set up a single, pro-Jap political party. Some of it failed to work, but Aquino kept sending telegrams to all of the provinces to boost the membership of the *Kalibapi*, the Jap-sponsored New Philippines Association. This propagandizing outfit was trying to unite the 18,000,000 population of the islands into a pro-Asiatic, anti-Occidental political unit. The local Jap pressure was constantly on under the name of Aquino, and Jap pressure in the name of any Filipino is not a popular thing, especially now that liberation is taking place.

The Three Blind Mice may have had their eyes closed to the outcome of this war and

to the loyalty of most of their fellow Filipino to the freer, more substantial American way of life; or they may have taken what action they did with their eyes wide open. If they escape from Japanese domination and give themselves up to the Osmeña liberation government, or if they are captured alive, Americans as well as Filipinos will witness one of the most critical treason trials in the history of the nation.

#### Loyalty Stands the Test

Despite three years of Japanese occupation and oppression, most of the 18,000,000 Filipinos have been true to the United States and they have defied the Japs' attempts to "enlighten" them.

This defiance stands out as a prime reason why the Japs failed to hold on to the Philippines as the vital link in their life line to the south. One of the greatest examples of a native population's mass loyalty to their god-mother country is that of the Filipinos.

At a time when the natives of others of the Jap-occupied countries, such as Burma, were

collaborating with their captors, it was phenomenal that a people who had sought independence before the war had formed well-organized guerrilla bands which killed thousands of Japs, sabotaged plenty of their military equipment and speeded up the return of General MacArthur.

But Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo, Resident Commissioner of the Philippines who returned with MacArthur, was not surprised. In his opinion, the average Filipino feels that our government has treated him fairly and improved his living and social conditions instead of exploiting him. The Filipino is grateful for such treatment; his co-operation with us is an expression of that gratitude.

It was this attitude that the Japs encountered when they tried to convert the Filipinos to their ideology. First the Japs tried to win them over by fear and force but, after a year of that, they realized that this campaign had backfired. Then they tried being extremely friendly. They distributed books and pamphlets—and even elaborate slick-paper magazines with colored illustrations—to prove with pictures how superior the Japanese

might of conquest was over the American, British and Dutch combination.

There were many pictures of Lieutenant General Jonathan Wainwright's surrender and his fateful "surrender broadcast" over Station KZRH. They were grim. So were other pictures of American defenders carrying great white flags, or with their hands high in the air, as they emerged from the tunnels of Corregidor. There was a wide printing of photos showing the Sunday-morning attack on Pearl Harbor which make you shake your head even here in the Philippines three years later, as you see the very battleships which were pictured by the Japs in the throes of death now refloated and firing salvo after salvo at the Jap fleet itself.

The Japs have distributed many cartoons and obscene drawings of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill in magazines published in six or seven languages and dialects. Their purpose to degrade Americans and Britons and to boast of the Japanese military, naval and war manufacturing superiority.

Religion, education—the Jap propagandists tried all their tricks, pulled out all the stops. Although a few days after December 7, 1941, the Vatican and Tokyo exchanged ambassadors, the invaders of the Philippines introduced a brand of Catholic-Shinto religion to the population of the islands. Certainly the Japanese Catholic priests I saw then weren't hewing to the Pope's line and, from what I learn now in the Philippines, these padres were after money and full collaboration of the Filipinos with Hirohito. They even quoted the Bible to try to prove to the devout natives that they should co-operate with the Japs.

#### Propaganda versus Humor

Their attempt at an educational program to win over the population of the islands was farcical. Typical was the conversation I had with some young Filipino school children.

"The Japanese teachers try to teach us Japanese in bamboo American," Felice began. "Do you know they cannot even say the letter 'L'?"

The rest of the Filipino kids crowded nearer to tell how funny their squat, serious little Jap teachers had been. The children were perfect mimics. Some made faces, showing buck teeth. Others circled their eyes with their fingers to represent horn-rimmed glasses and peered cross-eyed through them.

Alex was the best mimic. He's Doctor Montejo's son, and two of the Japanese professors had stayed at the doctor's home for nearly two years. Alex and his fourteen-year-old sister, Felice, had had an excellent opportunity to study these Jap profs sent from Tokyo to "enlighten" the Filipino youngsters.

"In school when they teach you Japanese," Alex said, "they give you sentences like this—only they say it this way: 'It rooks rike rain' or 'It rooks too roose'."

All the children screamed with laughter.

To counteract the Jap propaganda campaign, the United States and Australian governments began in 1943 an underground, underwater route to the Philippines through which our own picture propaganda magazine, *The Free Philippines*, and similar material were smuggled into the islands to be passed on from person to person. I am told that on Leyte, where we first landed, there was always a fresh copy of the latest American counterpropaganda magazine on the desk of Lieutenant General Shiro Makino and in the office of Puppet Governor Salazar.

But most effective of all in wearing the Jap invaders down and in keeping up the morale of the loyal Filipinos is the relentless work of the guerrillas. These brave, loyal natives had everything it takes, including a sense of humor. For three long years they have harried the enemy's every effort to "Japanize" the Philippines and, furthermore, they have kept strict tabs on the native quibblings against the inevitable day of reckoning.

(Continued on page 52)



THEY are tall men, cleanly built and straight as the shafts of the spears they carry, and no one knows their tribal history, but there is some of Egypt in their eyes and the look of ancient Greece about their bodies. They are the Masai.

They are the color of worn copper and, with their graceful women, they live on the Serengeti Plains, which make a carpet at the feet of high Kilimanjaro. In all of Africa there are today no better husbandmen of cattle.

But once they were warriors and they have not forgotten that, nor have they let tradition die. They go armed, and to keep well-tempered the mettle of their men, each youth among them must, when his hour comes, prove his right to manhood. He must meet in combat the only worthy enemy his people recognize—the destroyer of their cattle, the marauding master of the plains—the lion.

Thus, just before the dawning of a day in what these Masai call the Month of the Little Rains, such a youth with such a test before him lay in a cleft of rock and watched the shadowed outlines of a deep ravine. For at least eight of his sixteen years this youth, this

young Temas, had waited for his moment. He had dreamed of it and lived it in a dozen ways—all of them glorious.

In all of the dreams he had confronted the lion with casual courage, he had presented his spear on the charging enemy with steadiness born of brave contempt—and always he had won the swift duel with half a smile on his lips. Always—in the dreams.

Now it was different. Now as he watched the place where the real lion lay, he had no smile.

He did not fear the beast. He was sure that in his bones and in his blood and in his heart he was not afraid. He was Masai, and legend said that no Masai had ever feared.

Yet in his mind Temas now trembled. Fear of battle was a non-existent thing—but fear of failure could be real, and was. It was real and living—and kept alive by the nearness of an enemy more formidable than any lion—an enemy of the hated name, Medoto.

He thought of Medoto—of that Medoto who lay not far away in the deep grass watching the same ravine. Of that Medoto

who, out of hate and jealousy over a mere girl, now hoped in his heart that Temas would flinch at the moment of his trial. That was it. That was the thing that kept the specter of failure dancing in his mind, until already it looked like truth.

There were ten youths hidden about the ravine, and they would stage and witness the

But it was Medoto who would watch the closest for a sign, a gesture, a breath of fear in Temas. It was Medoto who would spread the word—Medoto who surely would cry "Coward!" if he could.

Temas squirmed under the heavy, unwholesome thought, then lifted his head and pierced the dim light with his eyes. To the east, the escarpment stood like a wall against the rising sun. But to the north and to the west and to the south there were no horizons; the gray sky and the gray plain were part and counterpart, and he was himself a shadow in his cleft of rock.

He was a long shadow, a lean shadow. The shuka that he wore was now bound about his waist, giving freedom to his legs and arms. His necklace and his bracelets were of shining copper, drawn fine and finely spiraled, and around each of his slender ankles there was a copper chain.

His long hair, bound by beaded threads, was a chaste black column that lay between his shoulders, and his ears were pierced and

**The time had come to prove he was a man, and the proof involved the taunt of a Masai hero and the questing smile of a girl**

coming fight. They had tracked the lion to this, his lair, and, when the moment came, they would drive him, angered, upon Temas and then would judge his courage and his skill. Good or bad, that judgment would, like a brand mark, cling to him all his life.

# Brothers are the Same BY BERYL MARKHAM



Over the rim of his shield, Temas saw fury in the eyes of the enraged beast. Then he struck hard and true and saw the point drive full into the shoulder

ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD



# Spanel:

## WHAT A MAN!

BY LESTER VELIE

Every time this one-time immigrant thinks of America, he marvels and murmurs, "What a country!" It is high time America looked at A. N. Spanel and returned the compliment

THE iron forge of war has hammered out for America a breed of fire-toughened, hard-bitten businessmen. Take the case of A. N. Spanel, manufacturer of baby pants and ladies' girdles. He designed an assault boat whose impact has been felt all over the world, floating stretchers which have saved thousands of lives, and secret equipment whose story cannot yet be told.

It began when an earnest young Army captain, leathery from months in the jungle, came into the office of Spanel at the International Latex Corporation in Dover, Delaware.

"We need a boat," he said. "It's got to be featherweight, and even lighter than that. Fighting the jungle and the Japs is enough in itself. Our boys shouldn't have to fight a heavy pack as well. I've got an idea for one. Can you make it work?"

Spanel nodded. His plant was closed.

The captain unfolded his idea: a collapsible, floating doughnut. "It's got to carry at least three men or military gear weighing up to a thousand pounds," he said. "It ought to move at a touch. And, above all, it's got to be light to carry."

"And one more thing," Spanel interrupted. "It's got to be made without rubber."

Spanel, president of International Latex, was one of the smaller businessmen haunting wartime Washington for war work. To get his plant into the war, he had even pleaded with Donald Nelson to take his factory at \$1 a year and put it to work. His plea was rejected.

A collapsible boat without rubber? Spanel, who had built his \$4,000,000 business on his own inventions, took his problem to his laboratory. In a feverish month, Spanel produced the floating doughnut.

It was made on a daring principle, the use of plastic bladders filled with air to make the boat float. Over the bladders was stretched an uncoated fabric. And it solved two problems: It was made without rubber. It was light. But would it work?

Spanel took his floating doughnut down to the nearest Y.M.C.A. pool, donned a bathing suit and climbed in. The young captain handed him a paddle. Spanel paddled about thoughtfully. The boat stayed afloat. Spanel rocked it, proved to himself it was nontippable. But the boat went in circles.

"You don't need a compass for this one," Spanel said. "A round boat goes around. I've got to do something about the shape."

But it was more than the shape. Spanel spent seven months and \$155,000 of his own money before he achieved success in the pool. He had designed an assault boat that was to succeed in swamps as well as on beaches.

Deflated and slung over a shoulder, it weighed less than 25 pounds. To inflate it, the soldier blew it up like a toy balloon in three minutes. Three men and their gear could float in it, or they could load a thousand pounds of supplies and equipment into it. The American and British armies now use tens of thousands of them.

One would think that this boat, sparing precious rubber and filling an obvious need, would be welcomed eagerly by the armed services. Not so. Spanel brought his perfected boat to a high procurement officer in the Army. He demonstrated it.

The procurement officer looked indifferently at Spanel and his boat. "File your plans through the usual channels," he said.

This was the first answer Spanel received. He trod the mazes of the Pentagon Building with it, the Social Security Building where WPB is housed, the Navy buildings. In each office he unslung his boat and blew it up. He buttonholed

high military men and took them to his hotel room to repeat the demonstration.

Spanel never lost patience. "If you push enough buttons," he says, "sooner or later the lights will go on." They did.

He impressed one procurement officer, who cabled General MacArthur, and then flew a collapsible boat to Australia. MacArthur ordered 800—rush! The boat was in the Army, and Spanel was in the war.

An English colonel, hearing of the mouth-inflated boat, saw Spanel. "Men are dying," he said, "because we can't get them across jungle streams to first-aid stations, or from shore to ships. What can you do about it?"

Spanel designed a floating stretcher. An inflatable secret device strapped to any standard Russian, British or American stretcher can convert it into a floating stretcher in two minutes time. The stretcher will support a load of 300 pounds and it can float the wounded soldier and water-support two stretcher bearers.

The floating stretcher was simple, foolproof, necessary. The American armed services rejected it. The British, however, ordered as many as Spanel could produce.

A year before Pearl Harbor Spanel had known war with Japan was inevitable, and he knew what that would mean. No more rubber for America. No more liquid latex for his business. A stock pile of liquid latex was needed at once. When supplies were shut off, the stock piles could be used for military needs, for coating communications wire, for tank helmets, for aviators' oxygen breathers.

Spanel wired his plea for a latex stock pile to the Rubber

Reserve Corporation, a government agency. "Urgent need for government-owned latex reserve for defense and industry dramatically demonstrated by Hitler's invasion of Russia. Time is of the essence, and I earnestly urge you to tackle this problem without delay."

No answer. Spanel waited three weeks, wired again. "Current Pacific events make 20,000,000-gallon liquid latex storage reserve imperative. . . . Time is perilously short." The day, July 28, 1941.

From the Rubber Reserve Corporation came a leisurely letter: "The matter has been taken under consideration."

When Spanel pressed his plea more vigorously, an official of the Rubber Reserve Corporation said, "What you ask is impossible. There's a terrible shortage of ship space and tankers. And, besides, why all the excitement? We don't see the other latex users worrying about this matter."

Spanel decided to bring in the latex and store it himself. He went to William du Pont, Jr., president of the Delaware Trust Company.

"The country will need liquid latex," Spanel said. "It's criminal negligence not to lay by supplies now. We have only a few months more grace. We should be bringing in latex at this very moment."

Mr. Du Pont asked only two questions: "Will latex keep? Is it good for our country?"

The answer to both questions was yes.

Spanel had a construction gang ready. He picked up the phone and set the men to work on an underground city embracing a labyrinth of concrete and steel vaults. Latex is a perishable vegetable substance. No (Continued on page 67)



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



# Winter Holiday

By Mosser Manger

No girl in her right mind would expect to find love wrapped up in 70,000 yards of blue denim, but Andrea did

HER toes busy in the cold wet sand the tide had left, Andrea Garland watched the ruby-red sun come up out of the sea. Then she closed her eyes against the blinding brightness and felt lonely.

She could not explain the loneliness. She was impatient with herself. A small prying finger kept poking into her ribs as if to say: You're missing something. Missing something.

What could she possibly be missing?

She was healthy and even rather lovely to look at; she had been cherished; she was here with her family for a two-week vacation in the middle of winter with three more days to go. And all because of measles. Measles had accomplished the impossible. Sweeping all before it, measles had closed Westhaven School.

The wind kept on making a tangle of her

dark chestnut hair. Hearing shuffling footsteps in the quiet behind her, Andrea did not turn when she spoke: "Hi, sugarlump."

"Andy," her father said, in his mildly amused tone, "I wish you'd treat me with more respect." Mr. Garland had a tweed cap pulled down over his eyes against the sun, and a striped purple-and-gold bathrobe. He wore wooden clogs on his feet. This was his first vacation in four years, and his face was still enormously tired.

"I'm an old man," her father grumbled.

"You are not old." Andrea's eyes flashed. "Even if the Big Stuff said you were too old for the board of directors. You aren't old! I won't have you say it."

"I'm sixty."

"What is sixty?" Andrea asked quickly. "I'm almost twenty-two."

Her father smiled and it was all right. They were friends. Her father stood there and waited, and Andrea knew what was coming because he began to get faintly red behind the ears.

"Andy?"

His daughter answered disinterestedly, not helping him: "Yes?"

"I've got to make a phone call, Andy. I couldn't sleep. I've got to call New York."

Mr. Garland spread his hands, beseechingly. He lived for his business; it was his life and his work and his darling love. He toiled to make overalls. He bought the buttons and the thread and the cloth that made overalls in twelve factories. Farmers plowed the fields in them. Men mended roads in them.

"Let's go down to the drugstore, Andy. If you go with me, your mother won't suspect anything," Mr. Garland pointed out cleverly.

Andrea cried, "But, Father! You promised Mother you wouldn't telephone, you wouldn't write letters or telegraph. That's why we rented this cottage without a telephone. That's why . . ."

"Come on, Andy. Be a sport."

"It's too early," Andrea said, clutching at the only straw. "Really, it is. Nobody'll be in the office." She was not good at resisting her father. She never had been good at resisting her father.

"I'll call the Big Stuff at home."

Andrea shook her head. "No."

Her father looked at her wisely. "I'll take you dancing tonight," he suggested. "Any place you say, Andy."

That got her. If he would go dancing he must want this very badly; he hated dancing.

(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

In his excitement the coins fell to the floor. Andrea took pity on him and scrambled for the money. "A dime," he whispered desperately





**TODAY  
A JUNGLE  
TOMORROW  
A RUNWAY**

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER**  
*Power for Victory... Power for Peace*

“WILL THEY EVER mount a Diesel Tractor alongside the cannon on a courthouse lawn to honor this great combat weapon?”

## WE ASKED A QUESTION . . . AND GOT AN ANSWER *From the Far Pacific*

A LETTER from a sailor popped up in our fan mail the other day. The sailor, whose name we cannot give here, is on a cargo escort vessel convoying fighting stuff to our fighting men in the Pacific. He had read one of our advertisements about the International Diesel tractors which are helping pave the way to Tokyo. In the advertisement we had asked the question that is circled, above.

Seeing those husky International Diesels at work, on shell-pocked beach and in bomb-tattered jungle, our correspondent writes that such an honor would not be out of place.

Says he: “I can well believe that tens of thousands of International Tractors are serving the military—and that they are

paving the way for airpower, footpower, and firepower. To the men who drive them cannot go too much honor. And to the men who build them cannot go too much credit. One of the greatest differences between victory and defeat will be that weapon, for the power for our victory lies greatly in such a devastating piece of machinery. No other

one war machine or individual gun is playing such an integral part in this deadly struggle.”

Thank you, Sailor! And may we add the fervent hope that the “bulldozers” we build and send to war may help bring you all home *safe* and *soon*!

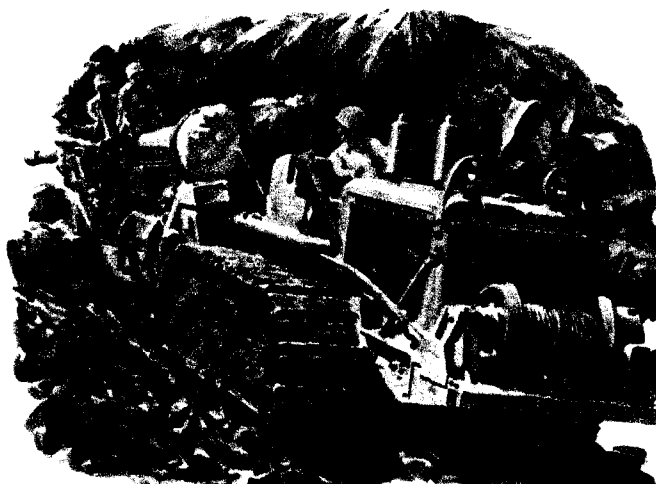
We have a happier future in mind for International Diesels. They're bent on destruction, now—the destruction of our enemies. Tomorrow they will be paving the way for *CON*struction—carving new highways out of mountain-sides, repairing and building and beautifying the war-scarred face of the Earth.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

180 N. Michigan Ave.



Chicago 1, Illinois



**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER**  
*Power for Victory... Power for Peace*



# Shirt Tale

BY HENRY L. JACKSON



1914



1918



1923

THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT ANYONE EVER GAVE A GUY THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK. HOWEVER, HERE IS WHAT THE BOYS HAVE BEEN WEARING SINCE THE ARROW COLLAR LAD HAD THE GIRLS SWOONING. THEN CAME THE FIRST WORLD WAR, WITH MILLIONS OF BOYS WEARING THE COLLAR-ATTACHED ARMY SHIRT, WHICH KILLED THE STARCHED-COLLAR SHIRT. THE VAN HEUSEN COLLAR, WHEN THE COUNTRY WAS PICKFORD-CONSCIOUS, WAS

DETACHABLE AND UNSTARCHED. THE TREND TOWARD COMFORT AND EASE IN CLOTHING BROUGHT IN THE SOFT-COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRT OF TODAY. COLLAR BANDS HAVE BEEN GETTING LOWER AND LOWER, AND NOW THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS IS ISSUING THE MOST COMFORTABLE SHIRT OF ALL, IN WHICH NO COLLAR BAND IS USED. THIS CONVERTIBLE-COLLAR SHIRT MAY BE WORN WITH OR WITHOUT TIE AND LOOKS WELL BOTH WAYS. YOU'LL BE WEARING IT!



1939



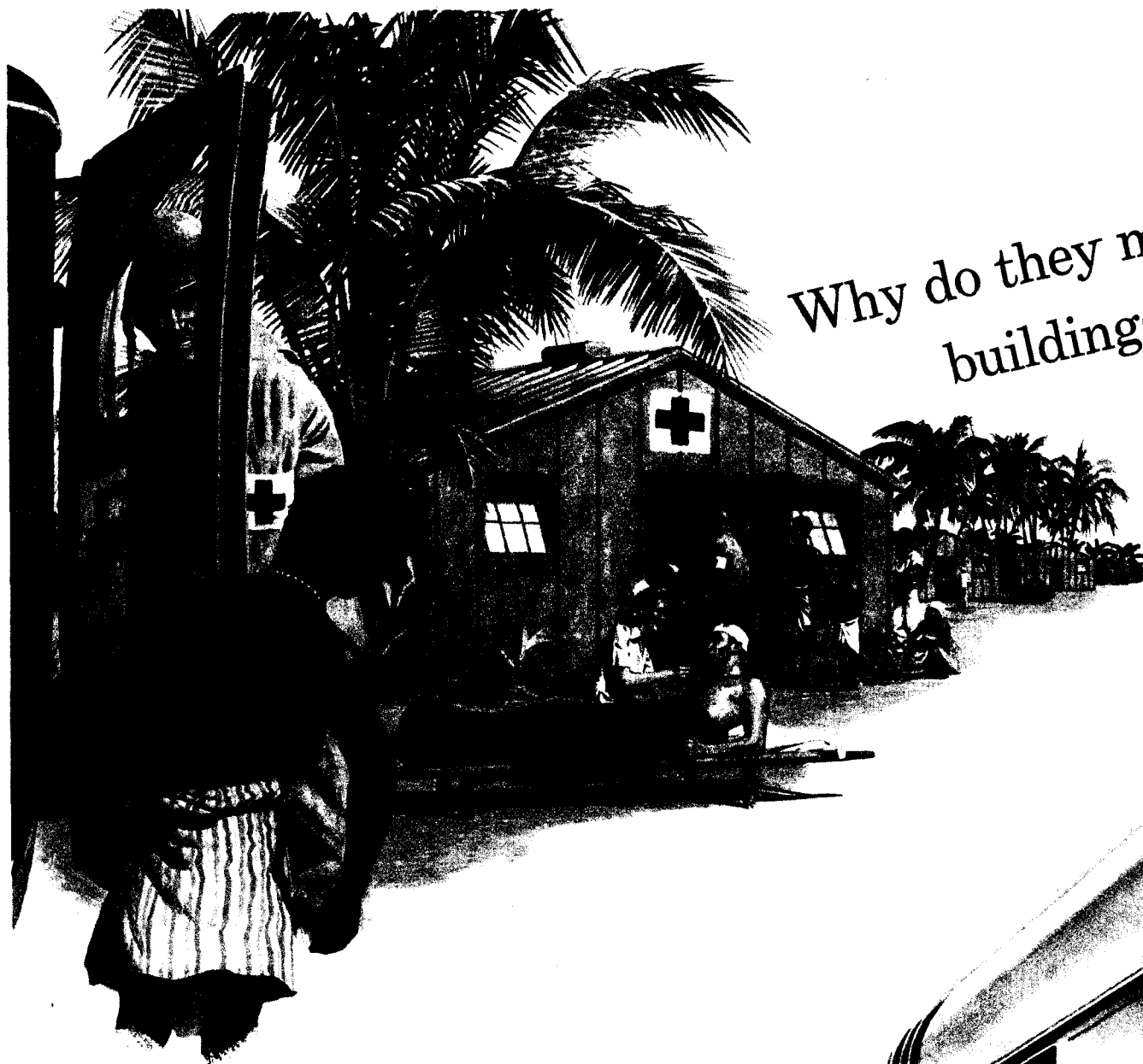
1944



1945

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES SNYDER





Why do they make Task Force  
buildings out of STEEL?

Because you can't beat  
STEEL for protection!

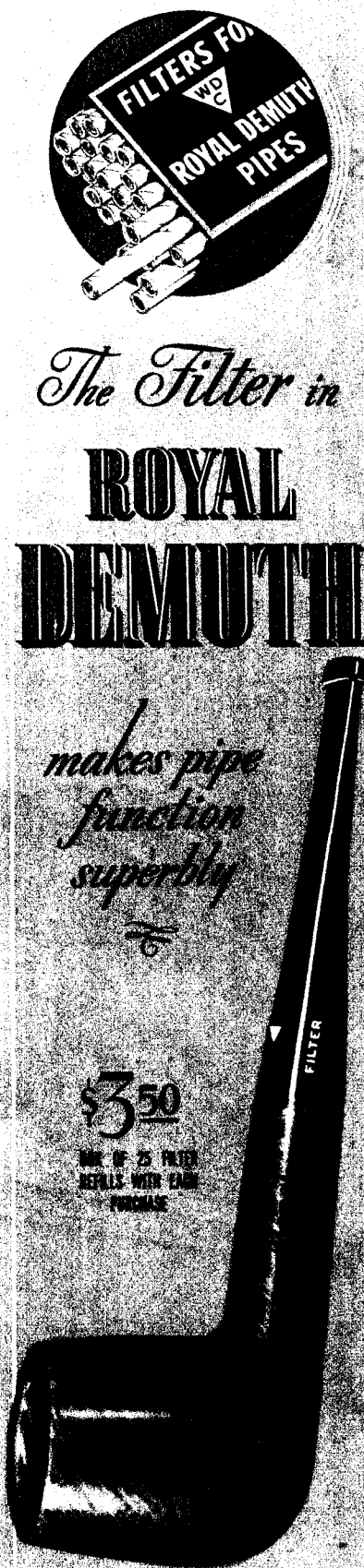


When you want protection . . . use steel! War or peace. Steel is better than ever today, because of wartime research. Many of the improvements have come from United States Steel laboratories. You'll meet these better steels when peace returns. In railroad cars and washing machines. Automobiles and electric irons. Fences and steel windows. And they'll be marked with the U·S·S Label. This label is your guide to *quality steel*. Look for it!

## UNITED STATES STEEL

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY  
CARNegie-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY  
CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY  
NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL,  
IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY  
UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY  
COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY





Filter COOLS the smoke...  
as it CLEANSSES the smoke

THE changeable filter has a patented construction that keeps flakes and juices out of the mouth. Royal Demuth Filter Pipe is age-mellowed, carefully seasoned, exquisitely finished.

If your dealer is temporarily out of your favorite shape, remember that Royal Demuth Filter Pipes are in great demand by our armed forces.



by without a single day in which Jenny could have got out for more than half an hour without having to explain where she had been and why. She thought of stories to tell, but she had never been good at evasion, and her mother could have spotted one without an instant's hesitation.

Then suddenly it all happened, as if an unseen hand had taken over and arranged everything for her.

Alice Acton slipped in after dinner just two days before Kip's parents were to arrive. Jenny was to go over and stay with Alice while the Rogerses occupied her bedroom. Alice was driving up to Landover the next morning and did any of them want to go? It was almost like a miracle, because that same day two other things had happened, and without them Jenny did not know what she would have done even if she had got to Landover.

The first was a card that came in the morning mail, an engraved announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Cameron had moved his office to the Women's Wing at the Medical Center in Landover and would continue to receive private patients by appointment only. Up to then she had not known who to go to in Landover and she was afraid to go to somebody she had never heard of.

The other thing happened at the Patch Box where she went after lunch to get her hair cut, something that seemed again like a miracle. And it was so unexpected, the way it happened, that it was a little frightening.

The Patch Box was usually crowded with women waiting out in the front part of the shop, but that day it was almost empty. Rosie McQueen was cutting her hair. They were alone in the big main room, but in the back two women under the driers were shouting to each other, unaware of how loud their voices were with the roar of hot air in their ears deafening them. They were talking about a case that had come out in the Washington papers, of a girl who had died after an abortion.

Rosie looked back at them a couple of times, then went back and closed the door.

"Those old buzzards make me sick," she said. She snipped at the ends of Jenny's cloudy dark hair.

"The trouble about it all is, nobody will tell a girl a decent place to go. I know, because I went to one."

JENNY looked at her in a kind of daze. She was aware of a bluish-white blur in the mirror and dimly knew it was her own face just under a brighter, gold-red-white blur that must be Rosie's. Her throat was so tight she could hardly breathe.

"When Pete went in the Army I decided he wasn't going to leave me stuck with a baby," Rosie's voice was clear and decided above the snip-snip of the scissors.

"It's swell if you don't have to work. But I've got my mother to support and I couldn't afford to lay off. So I went to this Doctor Marvin in Landover. It's funny how I remembered his phone number. It isn't in the book, and Mary's out in L.A. and I didn't want her to know, anyway. It stuck in my head because it's Petersham—Pete, you see—and 1821. Eighteen and twenty-one is how old me and Pete were when Mary got in that mess in high school. So I called him up. I was afraid the number might have been changed, but it wasn't. What you need is an oil pack, Jenny. Your hair's as dry as a bone. I've got time if you have."

"All right," Jenny said. She could hardly hear her voice above the other voice pounding in her ears. "Petersham 1821. Petersham 1821."

Rosie came back with the hot oil and began to rub it into her hair.

"Was it . . . very bad?"

It was her own voice asking that, Jenny thought oddly. It didn't sound like hers, but it was.

"Well," Rosie said, "I was plenty scared. You don't ever see the doctor. And if anything happened . . . I was sure saying my prayers. And boy, do they soak you. Cash on the barrel-head. Golly day, it took most of the down payment I'd saved for a shop of my own."

She massaged the hot oil into Jenny's scalp with sudden violence.

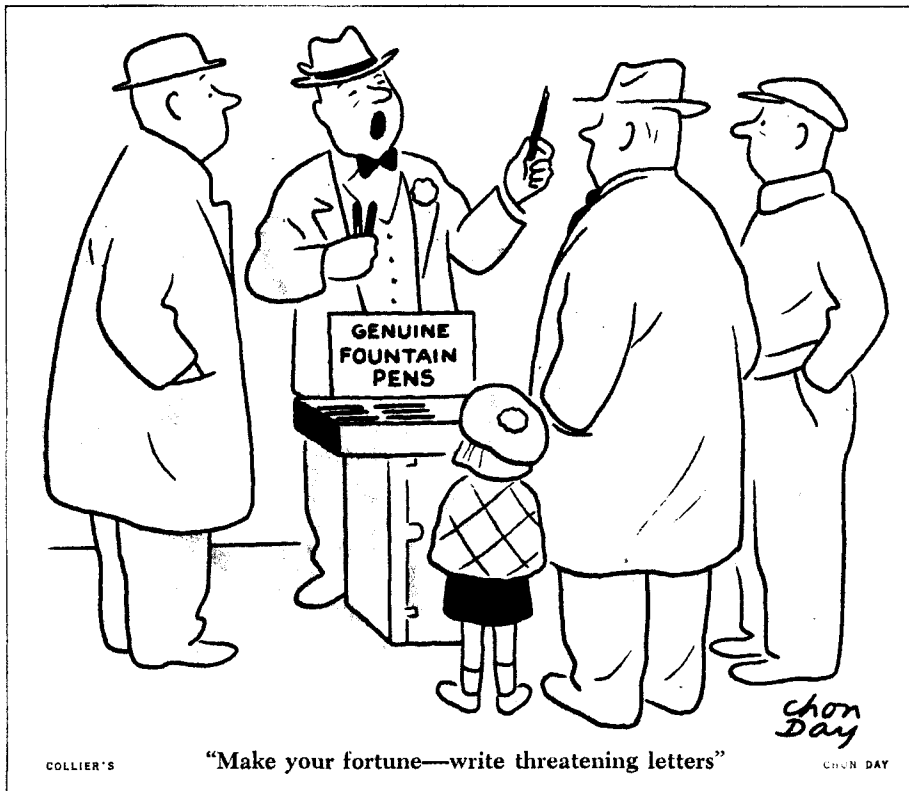
## Jenny Wingate

Continued from page 19

"And I guess it does something to you. It did to me. I think about it a lot. I was a fool, really. I mean, well, I *could* have managed if I'd had guts enough. A lot of girls do. And I'd have somebody if anything happens to Pete. It gets me down a lot of times, like I'd been a kind of heel . . . you know, sort of a coward. Pete would have loved to have a kid. But it burns me up hearing those old gals back there that don't know what they're talking about. They jump all over a girl for going to a place like that, but they'd jump harder if she had a baby that didn't have a proper father. All right, Jenny, put your head back, honey."

The rhythm of the girl's fingers on her scalp, the water sloshing the soap out of her hair, said "Petersham 1821" in Jenny's ears.

She stopped in at the bank on her way home and got her war bonds out of the safety deposit box. She was afraid her father might see her but his office door was closed. And when Alice Acton came over right after dinner to ask if they wanted to go to Landover it seemed that some odd kind of design had been formed. It gave her renewed confidence for the moment.



Doctor Cameron's office was on the ground floor of the new Medical Center on the outskirts of Landover. Jenny went quickly through the broad door with "Women's Wing" carved on it, gripping her bag tightly. She had three hundred and sixty-four dollars with her, Petersham 1821. After Doctor Cameron, if necessary, she would call there.

She went along the polished gray corridor, following a sign with an arrow saying "Dr. Cameron," to the secretary's office opposite the waiting room. She was very frightened, but as she caught the reflection of herself in the mirror above the desk, her face looked so calm that she hardly recognized herself.

"I'm sorry," the young woman at the desk said pleasantly. "Doctor Cameron doesn't see anyone without an appointment." She looked at her book. "It will be at least three weeks before he can see you."

A sudden panic made Jenny's knees like water.

"But . . . I've got to see him!"

She put her hand out quickly and steadied herself against the edge of the desk.

"I've got to see him, I really have. It's . . . it's terribly important."

The secretary's eyes met hers for a searching moment. She put down her pen and pushed back her chair.

"You'd better sit down here a minute," she said quietly. "I'll see what I can do."

The small office reeled in front of Jenny's eyes.

"Thank you!" she said, her voice thin and small. She gripped her bag tighter, closed her eyes and waited, only frightened now that he would send her away. . . .

"Come this way. The doctor will see you now."

The level eyes were fixed on her as she went quickly through the door being held open.

"Sit down here, please."

DOCTOR CAMERON did not get up. He sat quietly on the other side of his desk, watching her as she sat down on the edge of the chair, her bag still gripped tightly. It was an old, old story, forever new, he thought, looking at her. He waited until she could make the muscles of her throat move enough to speak.

"I'm afraid I'm . . . pregnant," she said at last. "I just . . . want to make sure."

"Don't be afraid," Doctor Cameron said quietly. "And it won't take long to make sure."

He pressed the buzzer on the panel under the edge of his desk.

It was not until Jenny was back in his office sitting on the edge of the chair again that she realized they had not taken her name or asked about any of her medical history. They must have known everything, she

thought, just looking at her, even before the examination. Doctor Cameron looked at her with grave and reassuring eyes.

"Are you married?"

She had intended to say she was, her husband overseas, but she couldn't. There was no use. She shook her head.

"And your parents?"

"They don't know about it," Jenny said. "I can't tell them. You don't understand. They're too . . . too swell. I can't hurt them. I've got to do something else."

HE SAT looking at her for a moment. She knew where to go. He could tell that. It always amazed him, no matter how often he saw it, how they found out where to go. Even this child sitting across from him. It was some kind of grapevine that worked with deadly efficiency.

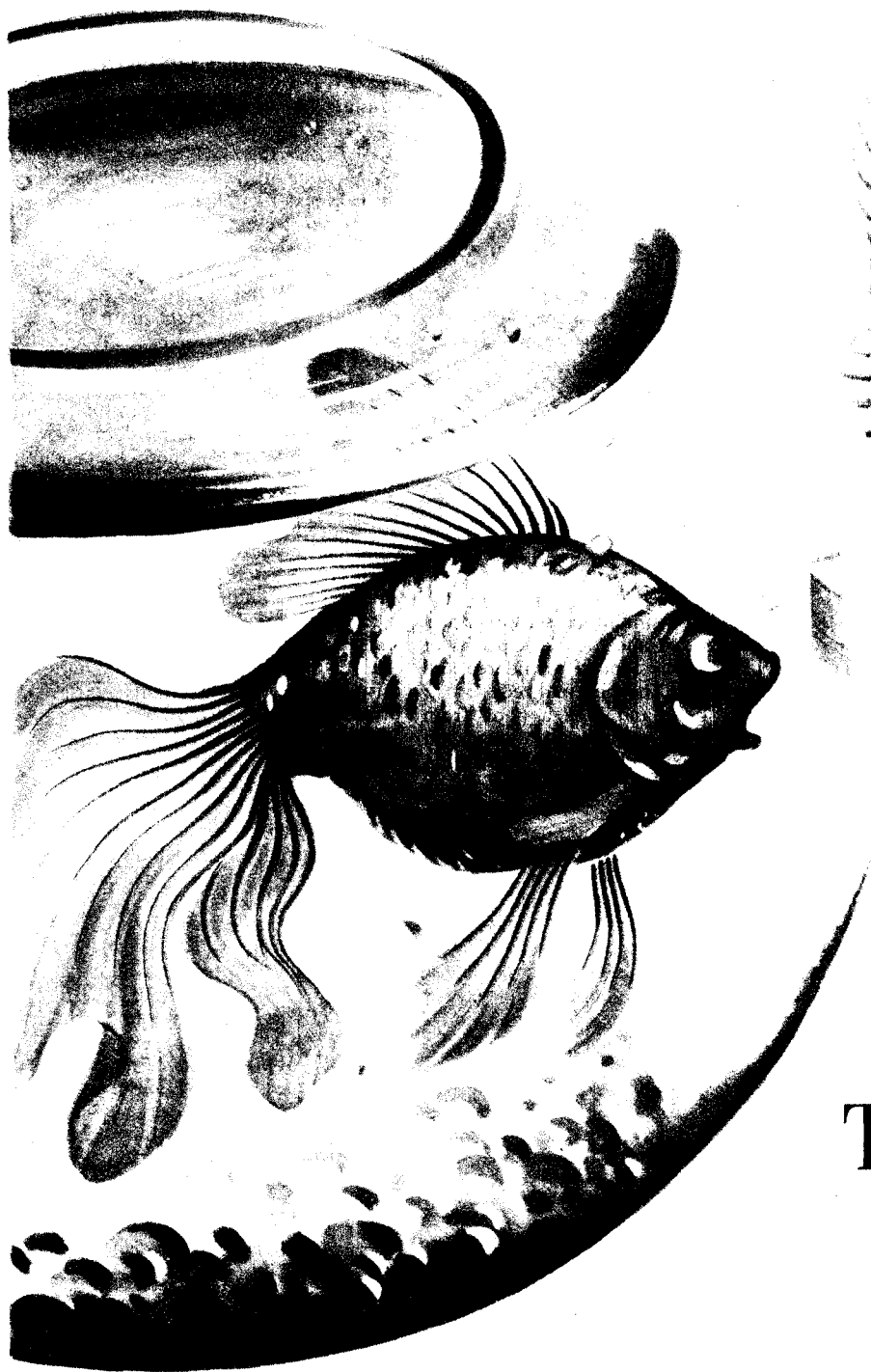
"I think I understand perhaps better than you do," he said. "Your parents will be more hurt when they find out you couldn't trust them. I'd feel that way about my own daughter. She's your age. The trouble with you is you're frightened, and you can't see this thing with any proper sort of perspective."

"I'm afraid they couldn't either," Jenny said quickly.

"Not at first, perhaps, but they've had more



Anyone who knows  
can tell the REAL THING!



Today, more than ever...  
**CLEAR HEADS  
CHOOSE CALVERT**

If **you really know** fine whiskey, we think you'll recognize instantly that Calvert is "the real thing." Its pre-war quality and excellence simply can't be imitated.

Perhaps that explains why, year in and year out, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "It's the whiskey most often asked for by name."

We believe that once *you* taste this gloriously smooth and mellow blend, you'll keep on asking for it too!



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# LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

*Dated*

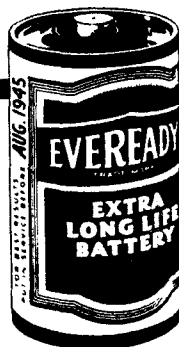
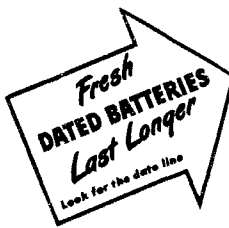


"Spruce up a bit, Corporal—I think a couple of wolves are following us!"

WE WANT YOU to understand the reason for the present scarcity of "Eveready" flashlight batteries. Nearly all the batteries we can make are going to the Armed Forces and to vital war industries. This naturally creates an unavoidable shortage here in the civilian market.

But you can count on "Eveready" flashlight batteries returning after the war in ample quantities. These new batteries will be definitely superior, engineered for even longer service than before.

Money talks and it talks loudest when you buy War Bonds.



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experience than you've had, and they'll come around. That's what parents are for—to stand by their children when they have need of them."

Jenny shook her head again. "You don't understand."

Doctor Cameron smiled a little.

"Then what about the man? Why don't you marry him?"

She was completely unconscious of the shocked dismay in her eyes as she looked up at him.

"Oh, I couldn't!" she gasped. "I . . . I couldn't!"

It was always the way, he thought. Almost invariably the way. It seemed to be a kind of instinctive reaction that they never tried to explain. They didn't want to marry the boy who had got them in trouble. Perhaps it was a kind of natural reasoning that such a man was not to be trusted.

"I don't want to pry into your affairs," he said gently. "But that's the simplest way out. You can marry him and then divorce him if you like."

Jenny shook her head, her lips dry. "No. It . . . it wouldn't be fair, for one thing. He didn't mean it to happen this way. It wasn't really his fault."

"Then if that's out," Doctor Cameron said patiently, "there's only one other thing to do—go home and tell your parents. They can take you away or arrange for you to go somewhere where you can have your baby. There are thousands of people who can't have babies and want them desperately. I know several here in Landover. We can find a very good home for it."

He stopped, puzzled for a moment by the extraordinary expression in her sensitive face. Her lips were parted and the black pupils of her eyes dilated. She looked bewildered and uncomprehending. Then he realized.

He reached back and took a book from the shelf behind him, opened it and pushed it across in front of her. It was also rather strange that they seldom thought of the baby in terms of real corporate life at this point. It was still something nebulous and indeterminate.

"Your baby is ten weeks old," he said. "It's not very appealing, maybe, but that's what it looks like. It's a boy or a girl. It has hands and feet and a circulatory system. Its individual life span has begun for better or worse, happiness or unhappiness, or, like most of us, a mixture of both. You and I looked like that once."

Jenny stared down, dry-lipped, at the picture on the page in front of her. . . . She had never thought of the child as being real before, but now suddenly it had become something alive, something that was her own. She shut her eyes and pushed the book away.

"I can't!" she whispered. "I can't. You don't understand what it means."

The doctor got up and came around the desk. He put his hand on her shoulder and looked down at her.

"Don't do what you're thinking of doing, my dear," he said. His voice was gravely kind but very firm. "I've always been a realist in these matters, but I've come recently to think that perhaps nature is wiser than we are. You mustn't destroy this child. You'd never be as lovely in your own heart again if you do. You've got spirit and you've got quality. Let's give this baby a chance for life."

Jenny got slowly to her feet. She took a blind step toward the door and stopped.

"If I were you, I'd marry the young man," Doctor Cameron said.

She shook her head again, and started for the door. She turned back.

"How . . . how much do I owe you?" she asked unsteadily.

"You don't owe me anything, my dear."

He opened the door and watched her go.

IT WAS just half-past twelve by the clock over the entrance to the suburban station on Mason Street. Her mother and Anne and Alice Acton weren't expecting her to lunch at the big department store on Grove Street, so she was free until she had to meet them there on the mezzanine at four o'clock.

But she didn't know what to do. Why did I go to him! she thought desperately. If only I hadn't looked at that picture.

Then she thought of Anne and her mother

and father again. The thought was suddenly terrifying, and the telephone number became sharp and electrically vivid in her mind. It was the only way. There wasn't any other . . . and she should have gone there first, she shouldn't have gone to Doctor Cameron at all.

She stood on the street corner, her knees trembling, with people hurrying past and turning to glance back at her. There was a drugstore across the street. There would be a telephone there. Petersham 1821. She hurried across, went into the telephone booth and dialed the number. Then she sat there, her head bent forward, her forehead touching the cold metal box, gradually calming herself. It was the only way. There was nothing else to do. . . .

WHEN the elevator stopped at the tenth floor of the Professional Building only three blocks from the station, Jenny was conscious of the curious knowing eyes of the operator.

"To the left, miss," she said.

Jenny felt the blood rise to her cheeks. She turned to the right until the elevator was gone, then turned back and hurried along the corridor. She hesitated for a moment, reading the sign that said "Reception Room—Walk In," then resolutely put out her hand and opened the door.

The woman at the desk looked up from her typewriter. She was more businesslike than the girl at Doctor Cameron's, coldly efficient, her eyes flat and appraising. Jenny clutched her bag and closed the door.

"I phoned a few minutes ago," she said. "You said I could come."

"Yes, of course, Mrs. Smith," the woman said. "Sit down here, please."

Her voice was impersonal, as tailored and crisp as her gray wool dress. She took a printed form out of a drawer.

"Who sent you to Doctor Marvin, Mrs. Smith?"

"A . . . girl I know," Jenny said. "A girl who . . . who'd been to him before."

The woman gave her a brief glance, the pen in her hand not touching the paper.

"How old are you, Mrs. Smith—twenty-three?"

Jenny's lips were very dry. "Yes. Twenty-three. In February."

The woman wrote it down.

"There are a good many questions," she said. "Perhaps you'll just relax a little. Would you like a cigarette?"

Jenny shook her head. She hadn't realized she was sitting there so tensely, gripping her bag until her fingers ached.

The questions seemed strange, and strangely unrelated to what she had come for. The woman's voice and manner seemed odd too, and the way she asked the questions suggested answers that Jenny would never have thought of making. Then she put down the pen abruptly.

"Just a moment, please."

She went through a door into an inner room. Jenny's eyes following her caught a glimpse of a small white surgery behind another open door, and she could smell an antiseptic odor, faint but so definite that she felt it was suffocating her. She sat staring at the closing door, her heart in the pit of her stomach.

Oh, not now! she thought. Not this minute. . . .

She started forward in her chair, her heart pounding, and looked frantically at the door into the corridor. When she managed to stand up, she went halfway to the door, then stopped.

I've got to do it, she thought. I'm forgetting everybody else. I'm forgetting about Anne and Daddy. I'm just thinking about myself . . . and I really am a coward, no matter what I do.

She forced herself to turn, went blindly back to the chair and sat down. The door to the doctor's office was opening and the woman was back. Jenny forced herself to sit up straight and focus her eyes on the desk. She couldn't see the woman, but she could hear her voice . . . impersonal, cold.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith. The doctor's schedule is full. I suggest that you go to your own physician. If he thinks an operation is necessary, perhaps an appointment could be



How thick is a hair?

A natural blonde's hair is an inch . . . but "a hair" is a precision measurement in a camera.

# PRECISION

... as practiced in the  
**Kodak** Camera Works

makes standard comparisons

*"dead as the Dodo"*

TECHNICIANS at Kodak deal with "invisible elements": splitting light waves instead of hairs . . . or accurately splitting a second into 1000 equal fractions . . .

Gages they use every day, in checking the precise shape and size of camera parts, are accurate to hundred-thousandths of an inch. Some of the camera parts themselves are so tiny that they must be handled under optical magnification in inspection and assembly.

*"Quality control," as it is called at the Kodak Camera Works, has become the most exacting of sciences—yet over the years has been systematized to the point where it represents only a small fraction of the cost of your camera.*

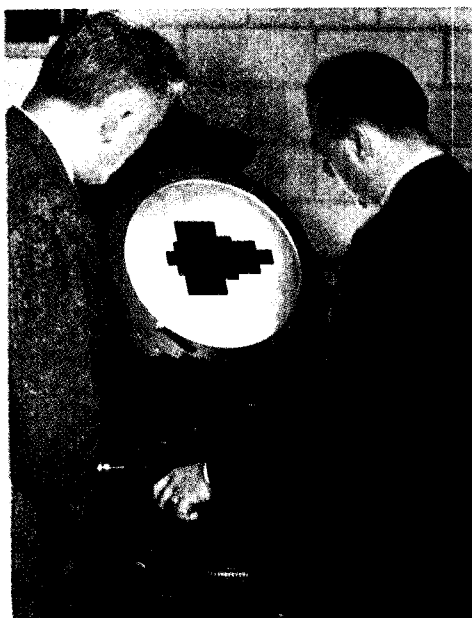
*This small fraction is by far the most important part of the price.*

*It means the difference between a camera that performs and keeps on performing, getting great pictures year after year—and one that "looks swell" on the counter, but shows its lack of precision where it hurts . . . on your photographic film.*

• To approach perfection, they not only errors . . . with the "Comparator" they magnify a camera part 100 times, projecting its image against a micron chart. Any variation from the model means rejection of the part.

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REMEMBER CLARK FIELD—the first Philippine fighting? How three years ago with less than a dozen battered early-model Flying Fortresses our boys went out time after time—5 to 10 bombers against the whole Jap fleet—16 hours at a stretch in the air—no fighter protection—shot full of holes by swarms of Zeros—fighting to the last? There's a stern example to us. BUY—AND HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS.



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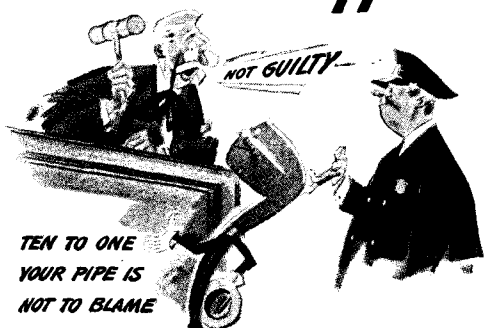
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*A Genuine and very different  
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Contains a rare aromatic tobacco  
never before used in popular-price  
blends . . . wonderful flavor and  
aroma, even the ladies approve.  
Smooth, cool and clean-burning.

## TWO GRAND PIPE MIXTURES with the *bite out* and the flavor *in*!

offered by **PHILIP MORRIS**



• It is not the fault of your pipe—when it begins to taste like a combination of barbed-wire and old Christmas neckties . . . or just "flat"—like nothing at all. Look to your tobacco, Mister . . . don't blame the pipe! Case dismissed.

• Here are two fine tobaccos, for your judgment.

One is almost certain to delight you . . . to make your pipe smoke sweeter and taste better than ever before.

So we suggest you try them. Either one first. Then the other.

You'll find both extra good . . . smooth and cool-smoking . . . with a world of flavor *in* . . . and with "the bite out!"

A Philip Morris advance in pre-

paring fine tobaccos accounts for that—and here's the evidence:

### HARD-BOILED PROOF

Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in the smoke, indicates that the average of *six* other leading, popular pipe tobaccos is over THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING as REVELATION! Since BOND STREET also is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!

Your favorite tobacco counter has both REVELATION and BOND STREET. What can you lose? You may gain—a new high in enjoyment of your pipe!

EITHER **15¢**

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*One of the world's most Perfectly  
Balanced Blends*

A "blend" of five different,  
our five different ways;  
and even—every puff a pleasure.



Try them—  
separately—or mix them  
to your taste.



arranged. You'd better discuss it with your mother. She might come in with you to arrange it."

She was moving toward the door.

"And I suggest you look after it as soon as possible. Delay is sometimes serious in this condition."

Jenny got across the room to the door. The woman put her hand on her arm.

"Look, child," she said. "Let me tell you something. No reputable person would do anything for you without your parents or somebody responsible along. It's too much of a risk. You're too young. How old are you? Sixteen?"

"Eighteen," Jenny said.

"Get your mother to come with you. You're so scared you're green. Go somewhere and sit down for a while—a nice dark movie will do. Then you go home and tell your family. Good-by. It's a damned shame but that's the way it is. And listen—for heaven's sake don't go any place else in town. They aren't clean and it's dangerous."

Jenny walked blindly past the elevators to the door that had "Stairs" above it. She was almost sick with relief, and all she wanted to do was get out into the clean spring air again without having to look into the knowing eyes of the girl in the elevator. She started down the narrow fireproof stairway. Suddenly her knees were so weak that she had to stop and sit down. The marble wall was hard and cool as she leaned her head against it and closed her eyes. Doctor Cameron was right. She couldn't have gone through with it. She could never have got it out of her mind again if she had. That picture would have haunted her all the days of her life.

And somehow something had happened to her. She was not as frightened any more. There was always Rick she could turn to. She had not thought of marrying him until Doctor Cameron had spoken about him, except, perhaps, rather vaguely the morning Anne had asked her if Rick had proposed. He hadn't, really, not the way Anne meant it. He must have been concerned himself, even then, Jenny thought. She could see him coming in from the kitchen and sitting down on the sofa, looking into the fire. When he said, "I think we'd better get married, Jenny," this was what he meant. "If you ever need me, Jenny. If you ever need me for anything..."

Her eyes widened as she remembered the way he had said it. She knew he had honestly meant it.

"I guess I certainly need him," Jenny thought. "Poor Rick. Gosh, it's going to be an awful blow..."

**T**OM WINGATE hung up his hat and came out into the den. His wife put her face up for him to kiss.

"What a day we had," she said. "The stores are jammed. It's worse than Christmas. We didn't buy much—don't give me a lecture on inflation."

"I'd better give somebody one," Tom Wingate said.

Helen looked at him in surprise. "Why, Tom, what's the matter? I'm being very careful..."

"I know." He interrupted her before she started again on the list of things every decent bride should have. "Where's Jenny?"

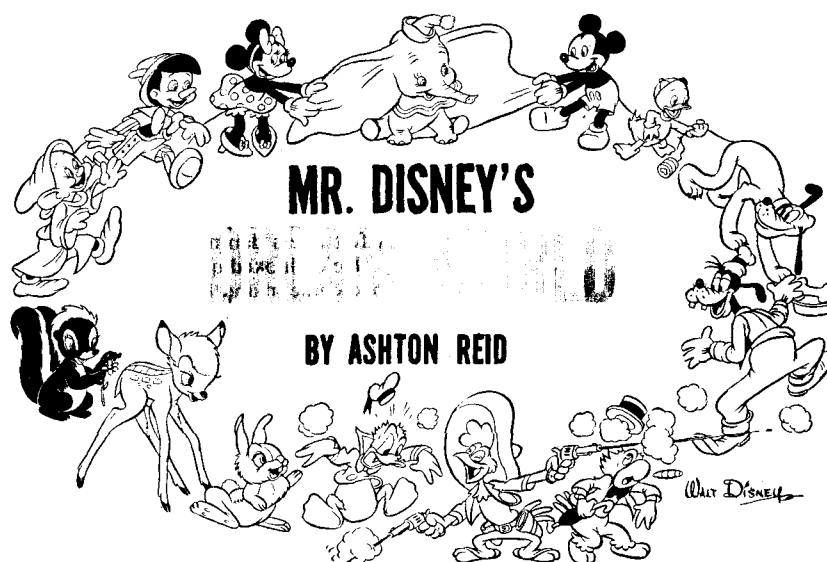
"Really, Tom," she said. "You need a rest. You're so moody and irritable I hardly know you. Jenny's upstairs. She was writing a letter. We've only been home half an hour. What do you want with her?"

He sat down and took out his pipe. "Look," he said. "The kids' money is their own. They get it by hook or crook and they save it, but you're certainly not going to let Jenny take every cent she's got and blow it on a wedding present for Anne. At least I hope you're not."

She looked at him blankly. "I haven't an idea what you're talking about."

He stuffed the tobacco slowly into his pipe. "Jenny came to the bank yesterday and took out every one of her War Bonds," he said curtly. "I was making a talk at Rotary today, haranguing them on buying Bonds and keeping them—especially keeping them. Pretty soon the whole end of the table was guffawing. The postmaster thought it was a beautiful story and was telling everybody in

(Continued on page 34)



**It's 25 years old now, and once again people are trying to horn into it—and where it may all end, no one knows**

**I**T WAS a good lesson to Mr. Walter Disney of Chicago, Illinois; Marceline and Kansas City, Missouri; and Burbank, California. For more than twenty years he'd been putting fantasy on the screen, and then the urge had come over him to get a breath of reality. So he had produced something called Victory Through Airpower, and people had stayed away from it in hordes. So Mr. Disney went back to thinking up new possibilities for incredible birds, animals and semihuman characters to perform, and everything was pleasant again at the box office.

It was twenty-five years ago this spring that Mr. Disney left the grim world of reality and went soaring off into a dream heaven peopled by mice, cows, cats, ducks, parrots, roosters, deer and fairy-tale characters. At first these were silent and in black and white. Then they made noises and talked, in a queer sort of way. Then they appeared in color and got along all right for years.

Now, human beings are going to horn into cartoons again. They were in once before, years ago, but the cartoon characters threw them out and went back to their mad, happy style of living that helped millions of people all over the world to forget.

But the human beings are back now, in The Three Caballeros, a gaudy, unbelievable musical show with Donald Duck; Joe Carioca, the Brazilian parrot; and a new character, Panchito, a Mexican rooster. In this one, which has scores of human actors, the three cartoon characters easily steal the show from Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina, Dora Luz and other Latin-American stars. This ought to be a good lesson to human actors.

It took twenty-two months to make The Three Caballeros, and Mr. Disney is in about two million bucks on it. But as it has no relation whatever to reality, it will probably make twenty million before the last print is worn out ten or fifteen years hence. Cartoons live forever; prints of Mickey Mouse shorts made twenty years ago are still flickering here and there.

Compared with M. Mouse, D. Duck or J. Carioca, the shiniest Hollywood star is a fleeting, fragile character.

This spring is the twenty-fifth anniversary of Walt Disney's start in the cartoon business. Also it is the 114th anniversary of the business itself. The whole motion-picture industry, in fact, is merely the child of animated cartoons, instead of the other way 'round.

The first animated cartoon was drawn by a Frenchman, Joe Plateau, in 1831. He made a series of fourteen drawings which he spun around a shaft while people looked at them through two slits and thus got the illusion of motion. The illusion of motion, incidentally,

is all any movie-looker gets today. The movie-makers just toss a lot of still pictures onto a screen and make the customers' eyes do the work.

J. Stuart Blackton made the first movie cartoon in 1906. It was called Humorous Phases of Funny Faces. This used up 3,000 drawings and made people laugh. Winsor McCay, a newspaper cartoonist, came along in 1911 with a 4,000-drawing epic called Little Nemo which ran about five minutes. McCay then produced a 25,000-drawing picture, The Sinking of the Lusitania. It took him twenty-two months to draw and it went on screen August 15, 1918, as a propaganda picture. It still is the longest cartoon ever made.

People in the cartoon game say the first real one was something called The Artist's Dream. It was produced by John R. Bray in June, 1913, and told a story. The main character was a dachshund. This cartoon got regular billing at theaters.

Bray made the first hand-colored cartoon in 1917, but the cost was too high. Disney came along with the first colored Silly Symphony—Flowers and Trees—in 1932, using Technicolor.

The Mickey Mouse series was the first to use sound, the initial reel being called Steamboat Willie, which was screened in New York in September, 1928.

Disney's new combination of cartoon and real characters is really a return to the first series he ever made in Hollywood. These were the Alice cartoons, in which live and drawn characters mingled—though somewhat less perfectly than in today's productions.

#### When Life Was Real

Disney was born on December 5, 1901, in Chicago, where his Irish-Canadian father was a contractor and builder. The family moved a few years later to Marceline, Missouri, and took up farm life. There was another move to Kansas City, where Walt became a newsboy and sometimes worked in neighborhood theaters doing impersonations of Charlie Chaplin. His stage career ended with a Dutch comedian act which got off the stage just ahead of a shower of vegetables.

After he started to make his own living, at fifteen, he was a news butcher on trains between Kansas City and Chicago; then as a letter carrier and finally, when the war came along, as a driver of a Red Cross ambulance in France. He used the sides of the ambulance for cartoons.

After the war he came back to Kansas City and got a job as an artist with an advertising firm at \$50 a month. Then he tried free-lancing and began to make letterheads and advertising drawings, with a young man named Ubbe Iwerks. They made \$125 the first month but split up when Walt got an offer of \$35 a week to work on animated advertising cartoons. This was around February, 1920, and was the start of Disney's career in the cartoon business.

He made these cartoons in a garage, helped along by some other young artists, all of them working on speculation. A daytime

job at \$35 a week with a slide concern paid his way.

The first cartoon was Little Red Riding Hood, which took six months to draw and photograph. Walt quit his job, formed a company and lost his shirt.

He was flat broke. He went around Kansas City taking pictures of babies, made a few dollars and then, in 1923, he sold his camera for coach fare to Los Angeles. With \$5 for meals, and \$40 extra, he was on his way to Hollywood.

Walt's brother, Roy—still his business manager—was in Los Angeles and wealthy: He had \$250. The brothers took the cartoon Walt had brought and tried to sell it. No takers. So they sent it to New York, and back came an order for more like it. They borrowed \$500 from an Uncle Robert and set up a studio in the rear end of a real-estate office. They hired two girls at \$15 a week each—and one of them, Miss Lillian Bounds, is still with Walt. She's now Mrs. Disney.

Walt and the girls worked furiously at the thousands of drawings, and brother Roy did the photography. That was how Alice was born. Making the first cartoons ate into the capital; the brothers lived in one cheap room and ate in a cafeteria, often splitting an order to save money. As the money started to come in, they sent back to Kansas City for some of the young artists Walt had worked with back there, and these formed the nucleus of the present organization.

#### Mickey Takes Over

After Alice, there came Oswald the Rabbit and Mickey the Mouse—traditionally drawn from a live mouse that used to sit on Walt's drawing board in the old Kansas City days. Mickey was a complete flop to start with. Distributors wouldn't handle it, and Walt and Roy finally distributed prints themselves. The mouse became a success and started things rolling. They're still rolling.

Through the years, the Disney tribe has moved to Hollywood; all its members work, some of them for Walt. He never has gone Hollywood, dislikes night life and spends most of his free time at home with Mrs. Disney and Diane and Sharon, their daughters. Doesn't read books much, glances through magazines and newspapers, likes to look at movies and is an avid reader of fan mail, some of which still comes addressed simply: Mickey Mouse, Hollywood, California. His favorite character, though, isn't Mickey any more; it's Bambi, the deer.

He plows back most of the profits into the business, and some of his fellow artists who have done the same out of their savings have made comfortable fortunes. Making a million out of a picture means that he'll have \$950,000 of it to sink in the next one. Great hunks of profits are going into Alice in Wonderland, which will have a live Alice. He still doesn't understand why people like his pictures. He's no philosopher, and one picture to him often is a collection of mistakes that he will set right in the next one—which, in turn, will be full of errors to be set right—and so on, ad infinitum.

Walt doesn't bother much with business problems, which brother Roy still handles. He's always prowling around, talking over notions with other artists, watching for signs of the nervous strain that overtakes cartoon workers. There are tennis tables, a baseball diamond and other sports facilities on the Burbank lot to help people unwind. He takes his chances with everyone else in the cafeteria, and almost everyone calls him by his first name. He once worked so hard he forgot how to play, and a breakdown reminded him. Now he swims, rides and plays badminton, and makes other artists play when they get wound up too tightly.

At one time during the war, ninety-four per cent of the plant operation was devoted to making training films for Army and Navy. One section has turned out thousands of insignia for tanks, planes, trucks and armored cars, and is still turning them out.

Now human beings are horning into the cartoons once more. But if they think they can steal the show from ducks, roosters, parrots, deer, mice and assorted flora and fauna, they're just nuts, that's all. ★★



# Quick starting as a ...



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Storage batteries are a military *essential*—just as *essential* as *ammunition*. The military demand for them increases with every day of war, as more and more batteries are needed for trucks and combat vehicles. *These requirements must be met.* . . . Service the battery in your car regularly. Don't replace it until you have been advised by a *reliable* dealer that it is no longer serviceable.

Delco-Remy . . . WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

Continued from page 33

range. Jenny took her Bonds over to him to cash. He wanted to know what a little girl was going to do with her money. She said she was going to buy a present for her sister. I felt like a damn' fool."

Helen looked quickly up at the door. Jenny had come in and Helen felt a sharp twinge of anxiety. Jenny did not look well—not sick actually—but so ethereal that one felt a breath of air would dissolve her into it. I must take her to Doctor Copeland for a checkup, Helen thought. I mustn't put it off any longer.

"Your father thinks you're throwing your hard-earned money out of the window, Jenny," she said. "He doesn't approve of it." "I'm sorry, Daddy," Jenny said. She went quickly out and came back with her red bag. She looked so tense as she sat down on the sofa that Helen Wingate's anxiety sharpened into genuine alarm. "I didn't say I was going to buy a present for Anne. Mr. Stewart said that himself."

She was speaking quickly, her voice so strained and unnatural it startled them both. "I didn't say anything when he suggested it because it didn't seem to me it was any of his business. Here it is. Three hundred and sixty-four dollars. You can have it. I thought it was mine. I saved it and earned it and I thought I was allowed to do whatever I liked with it."

Tom Wingate and Helen stared at her dumfounded. It was the first time in her life she had spoken to either of them in that way. It was completely incredible.

NONE of them had seen Anne come in. She was standing there, her blue eyes flashing.

"Why, Jenny Wingate, aren't you ashamed!" she cried. "You ought to be absolutely—"

Jenny flashed to her feet, her eyes black as pitch. "You make me sick!" she cried. "This whole town makes me sick. You can't move without somebody telling everybody they meet! I bought those Bonds with my own money. I have a right to do anything I want to with them! Whose business is it, and why don't all of you let me alone? I can't stand it any longer. I hate you all!"

She turned and ran wildly out of the room and up the stairs. They heard her door slam shut as they sat stunned and speechless.

Tom Wingate was the first to find his voice. "Well, for Pete's sake," he said. His face was suddenly old and drawn, his eyes fixed, half-dazed, on the wad of bills she had thrown at his feet.

Helen drew a deep breath and gave her head a quick shake. She picked the bills up and put them calmly back into Jenny's bag on the sofa.

"We've had a long day in town," she said. "She's tired, that's all."

"For heaven's sake, quit saying she's just tired," Tom said curtly. "If you ever paid any attention to the child—"

He stopped, staring a little blankly at his wife, as she stood silent and white-faced by the sofa.

"I think everybody's lost their minds," Anne said calmly. "I don't know what's happened. Maybe if I fixed you people a cocktail you could pull yourselves together."

"Go ahead," Tom said. "Good idea." He went over and took Helen's hand. "I'm sorry. What is the matter with us? Everything seems to have gone to hell all of a sudden."

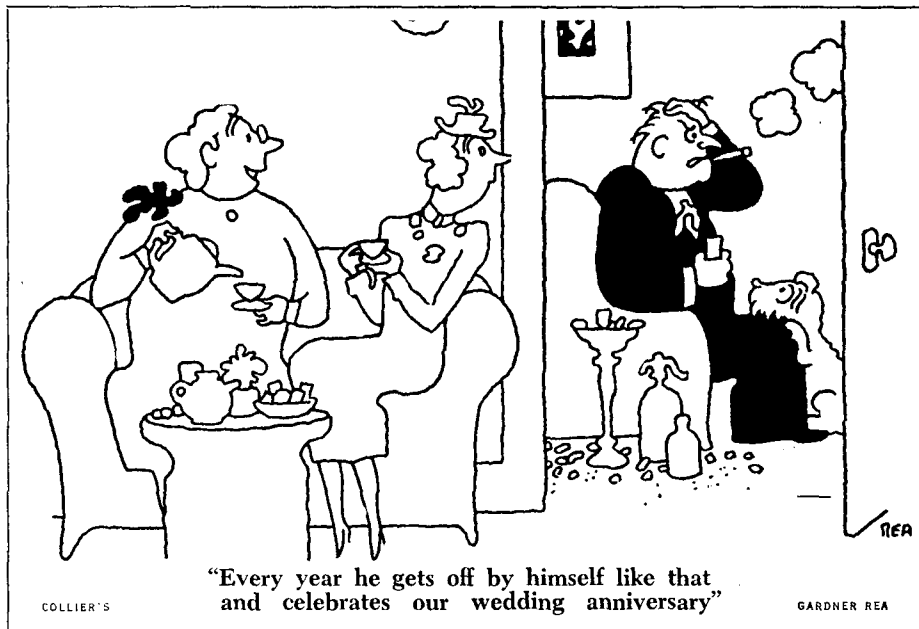
She drew her hand away. "Jenny's perfectly right," she said. "It wasn't any of Mr. Stewart's business and he had no possible right to tell anybody she'd cashed her Bonds. And you had no right to act the way you did. Maybe it wasn't wise of her, but you've always said the children could do what they liked with their own money. I think you'd better go up and apologize, that's what I think."

TOM WINGATE went through the living room to go upstairs, then decided he'd better go out on the porch and cool off before he did. He was angry again himself. If the kids wasted fifty cents Helen was down on them like a ton of brick. Three hundred and sixty dollars was nothing, and his position as banker and head of the local Bond sales committee didn't make the slightest difference. The fact never entered their heads that in a town like Fairfield what his family did was important.

Nevertheless . . . he took a deep breath. He had been a little rough on Jenny. If Anne had kept her mouth shut . . . Tom Wingate scowled. It was the first time in her life he had seen Jenny lose control of herself and it was disturbing in the extreme; she seemed to be going to pieces all of a sudden. Tom Wingate thought: I wish to heaven we'd let her marry Steve Dillon. He wished it more fervently now than ever before . . . and it was too late.

He went back into the house and upstairs. Her door from the hall was locked. He tapped on it and listened but the room was silent. He went through Anne's room and the connecting bath. The door there was not locked. He opened it quietly and went in. She was lying on her bed, her tear-stained face turned sideways on the pillow, fast asleep.

He stood watching her, helpless, then took the quilt from the foot of the bed and laid it gently over her and tiptoed quietly to the desk to turn out the light. Her pen was lying there beside the letter Helen said she was writing. He looked at it casually without meaning to read it. She had not got past the salutation. It said, "Dear Rick," and that was all. Tom put his hand to the light and stopped. The wastebasket at the side of her desk was half full of crumpled sheets of paper. He looked down at them, frowning. They were not all crumpled. A few of them were torn up into tiny pieces. He looked back at the bed and stood there indecisively. Neither he nor Helen had ever censored the



"Every year he gets off by himself like that and celebrates our wedding anniversary"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA



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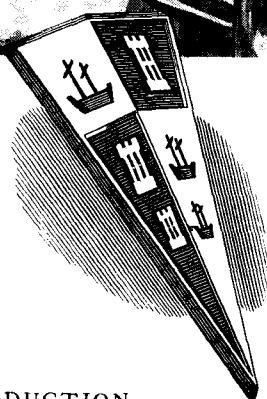
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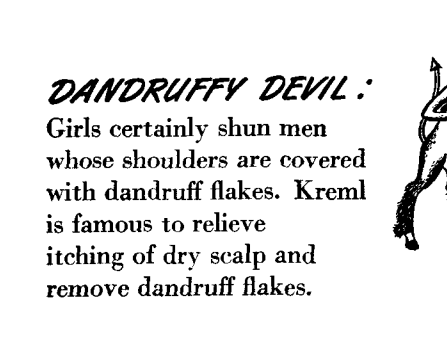
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## KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy  
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



children's mail, incoming or outgoing. Nevertheless...

He reached down, suddenly determined, and, suppressing a quick feeling of guilt, picked up a handful of the wadded sheets. An incredible idea moved suddenly in his bewildered mind. Rick Hadley, he thought. What if Helen had been right all the time and Jenny wasn't in love with Steve Dillon at all? He remembered his own sudden doubt as she'd opened the door that night to go out with Rick.

The lines between his eyes deepened as he switched off the light, went back into the bathroom and closed the door. She might wake up, he thought. He went on through Anne's room into his and Helen's, turned on the light and shut the door. He looked at the three wads of paper in his hand, his conscience bothering him acutely. Still, if something they didn't know about was upsetting Jenny to the degree it seemed to be doing, they ought to find out what it was.

He unwadded the first. "Dear Rick," it began. "I was in Landover today and I went out—"

That was all, and he put it aside and smoothed out the next.

"Dear Rick—I should have written to you before. It—"

There was just the single line, in Jenny's mannered schoolgirl script. Tom Wingate unfolded the last.

"Dear Rick," it said. "I've changed my mind. I'd like to marry you after all. I was crazy—"

Tom stared down at it, and kept staring for a long time. He gave his head a dazed shake and read it again.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said at last. Jenny filling a wastebasket full of paper trying to write Rick Hadley telling him she wanted to marry him after all. . . .

He picked up the discarded crumpled sheets, wadded them up again, struck a match and held it to them, tossed them on the hearth and waited until they had burned. It was disappointing, in a way. There had been something pretty fine about Jenny's devotion to Steve. But . . . Steve was dead. He ought to be glad she wasn't going on forever hopeless. He had liked Rick Hadley too. Nevertheless, he was a little disappointed. . . .

**TOM WINGATE** was silent all through dinner. Jenny didn't come down, and it was almost eight o'clock when he heard her out in the kitchen getting something to eat. She went back upstairs immediately.

"Aren't you going up to her?" Helen asked quietly, her head bent over her embroidery.

Tom shook his head. "No," he said. He didn't understand why he should be so depressed. Jenny's trying to tell a man she'd obviously refused once that she'd changed her mind was not somehow what he would have expected of her. It was all right, there was nothing really wrong with it, of course, but still . . . He glanced at Helen. He couldn't tell her without explaining his snooping in Jenny's wastebasket. More than that, he couldn't tell her anyway.

She raised her head, listening, and Tom spoke with sudden violence:

"There's that blasted little rat again. I wish to heaven she'd at least ring the doorbell."

"Charlotte is Anne's best friend," Helen Wingate said calmly. "It seems to me you're being very unreasonable this evening, Tom. I wish you'd take some aspirin and go to bed. The Rogerses are coming tomorrow. If you go on acting like this it's going to be pretty miserable for Anne."

Tom listened to Anne and Charlotte greet each other as if they'd been separated for five years and go dashing up to Anne's room. He picked up the newspaper and opened it.

"Sorry," he said. "That girl irritates hell out of me lately."

Helen raised her eyebrows.

"Is Jenny going over to stay at Alice's?"

"I've told you so five hundred times." She spoke so sharply that it startled him. Her nerves were as frazzled as his or Jenny's. "And I'm not so sure you oughtn't to go along. I don't know what the Rogerses will think if we go around snapping at each other's throats like this. Oh, I wish to heaven they weren't coming!"

Her lips trembled suddenly and she bent her head down over her work. Tom dropped the newspaper.

"I'm sorry, Helen. . . ."

"Oh, I know. I'm just upset, I guess. But I don't want anything to spoil Anne's—" She stopped abruptly.

"Jenny!" She was looking at the dining-room door, her eyes startled and angry. "Do you have to creep around the house like a cat, listening to everything—"

Tom glanced around. Jenny was standing there, her eyes wide with hurt astonishment.

"I'm sorry, Mother," she said. "I . . . I wasn't creeping around. I didn't know you were saying anything I wasn't supposed to hear. I just came to tell you I'm going out to mail a letter, and I thought I'd go by and see Aunt Alice for a minute."

Helen closed her eyes for an instant, then held out her hand.

"I'm sorry, Jenny," she said. "Forgive me. I don't know what's the matter with me. I didn't mean what I said— There's nothing ever said that you shouldn't hear. I'm just . . . tired, I guess."

She let her hand fall back in her lap. Jenny had made no move to take it. She stood in the doorway, looking only at her mother, definitely avoiding Tom Wingate's eyes.

"Is it all right for me to—"

**THE** sharp ringing of the telephone interrupted her. Anne's feet were suddenly scurrying overhead, and they could hear Charlotte's delighted voice calling, "I bet it's Kip, I bet it's Kip!"

Then Anne's voice came from the upper hall.

"Jenny, it's for you—long distance! Hurry—it's limited to five minutes!"

Jenny turned and went out to the downstairs phone in the pantry. She didn't even think to wonder who it was calling her. She was worn out. Nothing mattered now. Her letter to Rick was finally written and sealed and in her pocket, but she had wasted almost a box of paper before she decided at last to make it as simple and direct as it was. It said, "Dear Rick—I'm going to have a baby. I hate to bother you but I guess we'll have to get married after all. I'm terribly sorry. Would you call me up as soon as you can, please? Jenny." Then she had added a sudden postscript. "I'm really dreadfully sorry, Rick. I hope you won't mind too awfully much. I just don't seem to be able to see anything else I can do.—J."

It would take two days to get to him even if she got it up to the Post Office in time for the ten-thirty closing. It might take three days . . . if he were still there. She should have answered his letter, and then she wouldn't have to worry if she didn't hear right away. But he *had* to be there. He *had* to be.

She picked up the telephone. "Hello," she said.

The operator's voice was brisk and efficient in her ears: "Is this Miss Jenny Wingate? San Antonio, Texas, calling. Please limit your call to five minutes."

Jenny's throat was so tight that for an instant she could not speak.

"Is this Miss Wingate?" the operator repeated sharply. "Go ahead, Lieutenant Hadley."

Jenny closed her eyes and leaned against the doorframe. It was Rick. He hadn't forgotten her.

"Jenny?"

His voice was clear and warm and friendly over the wire. It sounded so close that he might have been out at McNair.

"It's Rick Hadley."

She heard Anne whispering excitedly, then cry, "No . . . stop it, Charlotte! You can't!" The upstairs phone clicked back into place.

"Hello, Rick," Jenny tried desperately to keep her voice steady. It was wonderful. She should have known she could depend on him. She was seeing his face again, looking at her across the table at the hamburger place out on the road, understanding and kind.

"How are you, Jenny?"

"I'm fine, Rick. How are you?"

It was so crazy to say that when it wasn't what she wanted to say, but with Anne and Charlotte upstairs, hanging over the banister, and her father and mother in the den,



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she had to figure some way to tell him that wouldn't be obvious to the others.

There was an instant's silence at the other end, then: "Gee, I'm glad, Jenny," he said. "I've been worried as hell."

The relief in his voice was so sharp and sincere that it was startling. She tried to say something. She had to say something at once. But before she could find the words he was going on:

"You remember Sue Croft, Jenny? She's turned up down here. She's decided to marry me at last. But I want to . . . I mean, I had to make sure everything was okay."

He hesitated. "You're sure, Jenny?"

Jenny's throat ached, her heart seemed to turn to bitter, useless water. It was all so simple. All she had to do was say, "No, I'm not sure," and he would understand. But she couldn't do that. Rick was deeply in love with Sue. She was the girl he wanted and had lost and was trying to regain. And he could have her now and be happy. She couldn't take his happiness away from him . . . she couldn't.

"I'm perfectly sure, Rick," she said. "Don't be silly."

"Listen, Jenny—"

"Five minutes are up."

The operator's voice interrupted, brisk and impersonal and final. There was nothing left but the dial tone, zinging monotonously in her ears. She put the phone down, wondering on the surface of her mind what he had been going to say. His "Listen, Jenny," had sounded curiously urgent.

Her knees were not quite steady, but somehow she felt quite calm. She put her hand in her pocket. The letter was safely there. If he had called a minute later she would have been on her way to the Post Office, and the letter would have been on its way to him . . . arriving maybe a day or two days after he was married to Sue. She crumpled it up in her hand and left it where it was. It didn't seem to matter as much as she had thought. What mattered was that she hadn't made Rick Hadley's decency and integrity a boom-rang of tragedy for him.

SHE let the dining-room door swing shut behind her and went out into the den. Her mother looked up from her work.

"Rick?" she asked.

Jenny nodded. "He wanted to tell me Sue has finally made up her mind to marry him," she said. "He's always been crazy about her."

She picked up the evening paper and sat down on the sofa. Tom Wingate, lighting his pipe, stared at her blankly. The match burned down to his fingers. He dropped it with a start and let it burn out on the hearth.

Jenny put the paper down. "I guess I'll go to bed," she said. "It's too late for the mail anyway, and Aunt Alice'll probably be too tired for company."

Her father watched her go out through the living room.

"I will be damned," he said quietly.

Helen looked up. "Tom! What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Tom said. He got up. "I'm going to have a drink. Do you want one?"

She shook her head and watched him go out toward the pantry.

I think we are all going crazy, she thought. She stuck her needle in the work and folded it up. If only Kip's parents weren't coming in the morning. . . .

Jenny was starting upstairs slowly when a sudden recollection of all the crumpled-up sheets of paper in her wastebasket turned her new-found calm to instant panic. She ran up the rest of the way and hurried along the hall to her room. The bathroom door was open and Charlotte Preston was in there staring at herself in the mirror over the wash bowl. Jenny looked quickly about the room, and then at her desk, and her heart gave a sickening lurch to the pit of her stomach. There was a sheet of paper on her desk that she had forgotten to throw away when she abruptly decided to come straight out and write Rick the unvarnished truth. It had written on it, "Dear Rick—I've got some rotten news for you. I guess you'll have to marry me after all—" She could remember the words with nauseating clarity.

"How is Rick, Jenny?"

The tone of Charlotte Preston's voice told her instantly what she already knew.

"He's fine, thanks. He and Sue Croft are finally going to get married. I'm awfully glad."

She managed to keep her answer as casual-sounding as Charlotte's question.

"Really?" Charlotte said.

There was no doubt of it now. Charlotte had been in and read the letter on her desk. Jenny took off her coat and hung it in the closet. In one way it made things simpler. In the morning she would have to tell her mother.

JENNY put her father's breakfast dishes in the pantry sink. Tommy had gone to school, her father was waiting at the front door for Anne to take him to the bank and bring the car back to the house. Her mother was at her desk in the living room making out a last-minute list of the things they had to do before Kip Rogers' parents arrived at three o'clock that afternoon. Jenny moved automatically back and forth clearing the table, listening, waiting for her father and Anne to go and leave her mother alone in the house. Now that there was nothing to do but tell her, she felt a sort of physical and emotional numbness that left her mind strangely clear and dissociated from her body.

She heard her father calling to Anne for heaven's sake to hurry up, and Anne dashing

head. "Jenny! You are the most exasperating human being I have ever known in all my life! Can't you see I'm busy?"

"But, Mother—"

Jenny's voice broke a little, but it was so inaudible that her mother did not hear it. Helen Wingate thrust her menus to one side and reached down for her bag and gloves. She got up, pushing her chair back.

"Listen, Jenny dear." She was trying her best to keep herself under control. "You can tell me later. It can't be as important as this. The Rogerses are getting here at three. I'm in a hurry, baby."

She turned back to her desk and gathered her papers together.

I've got to tell her, Jenny thought desperately. I can't let her go out and meet Charlotte or her mother. She's got to listen. She tried to make her paralyzed lips move.

"And of all days for Adelaide Preston to walk out on me!" Helen Wingate said. "I'm almost frantic. Didn't know they were going, indeed! But it's exactly what Bob would do. Not let them know until breakfast he'd decided to allow them to go. If he was my husband . . ."

Jenny stood holding on to the chair, staring at her. "Gone? Gone where?" Her voice was so strange that Helen Wingate turned and looked at her for the first time.

"Jenny, what is it? What's the matter with you? You're as white as a sheet. Jenny!"



COLLIER'S

"I hope you can read the handwriting on the wall"

MISCHA RICHTER

downstairs. The front door closed behind them. Jenny put the cup and saucer back on the table and went toward the living-room door. If she could only wait till Kip's parents had come and gone, she thought. But ghastly as it would be for her mother, it would be worse still if she went out and heard it being whispered around the town.

She forced herself to open the living-room door and step inside. Her mother was at the desk, her back to Jenny, writing hurriedly. She had her hat on and her bag and gloves were on the floor by her chair.

"When you've finished clearing the table be sure your room is really in order, Jenny," she said without looking up.

Jenny closed the door and steadied herself for a moment against the wing chair at the corner of the rug. Her hand was so white against the cherry-red silk that it startled her.

"Mother," she said.

"Don't bother me, dear," Helen Wingate answered absently. "I've got fifty thousand things to do and I'm almost out of my mind. Really, clear the table, Jenny. Don't leave anything for Maggie."

Jenny tightened her grip on the back of the wing chair and took a firmer hold on her failing courage. She moistened her lips.

"Listen, Mother," she said. "I've got to tell you—"

Her mother dropped her pen on the desk and threw her hands up to the sides of her

"Mother! Who's gone?"

Helen put her gloves and bag down on the table and came over to her. "Jenny, what is it?" she asked gently. She was completely bewildered. "Nobody's gone, dear. It's just Charlotte and her mother, that's all. They're going to New York this morning to get Charlotte some new clothes. The only reason I'm annoyed is that Adelaide was supposed to take the ambulance out to McNair this afternoon, and if I can't find someone else I'll have to do it myself. She might at least have told me she was planning to go. That's all it is, dear."

SHE spoke quietly and patiently, as she would speak to a sick child. The anxiety she had felt the night before, seeing Jenny come into the den, rose acutely in her mind again as she watched her daughter's pale face relax and the feverish brightness go out of her gray eyes.

Helen looked at her watch. "I'm not really in such a big hurry as I think I am," she said. She sat down on the sofa. "What do you want to tell me? Make it snappy, and then you can run over to Aunt Alice's and get some white tulips for the table. After that you'd better take some aspirin and lie down. You've probably got a cold coming on. Now what is it, lamb?"

"It's nothing," Jenny said.

"Now please, Jenny. I didn't mean to be





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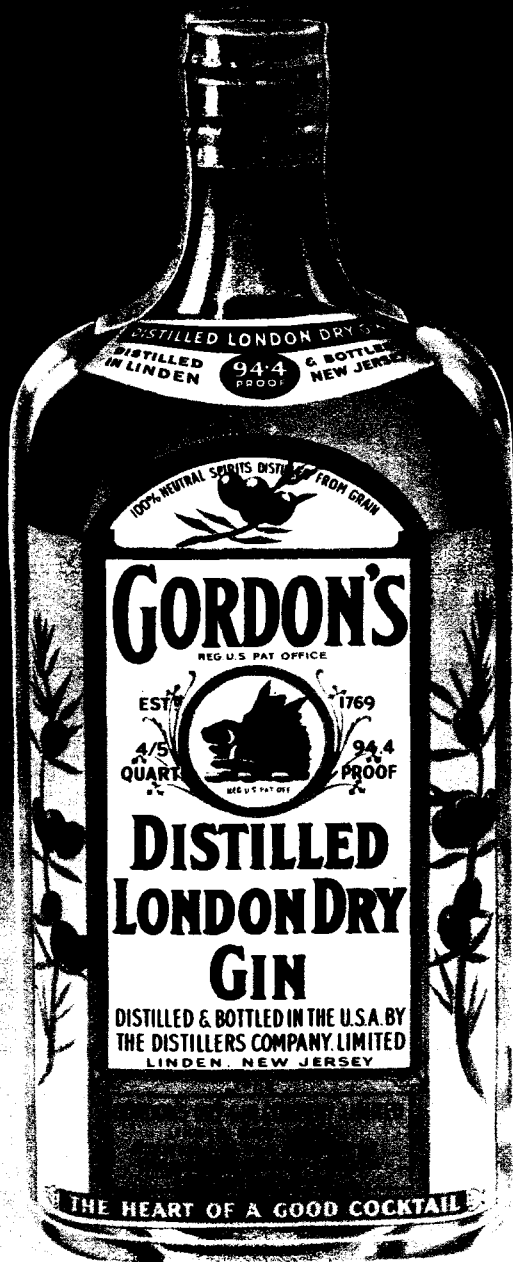
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impatient. I've got loads of time really." Jenny shook her head. She could not trust herself to speak.

"Look, Jenny," Helen said. "If it's about the Bonds last night, don't think any more about it. Your father didn't mean to be cross. It's just that he feels sort of responsible—especially now. He doesn't want anybody to know it yet, but the governor will probably make him head of the whole Bond-sale program in the state. It's wonderful, but he's a wonderful person."

She got up, came over to Jenny, put her arm around her, drew Jenny's dark head close to her and kissed her. "I know I'm not a very good mother, Jenny. I know I've been too busy to pay as much attention to you as I should. But bear with me till the Rogerses have gone and Anne's wedding is over. Then we'll try to catch up some loose ends. And don't worry about the Bonds. It's just because Daddy is important in Fairfield that everybody's sort of amused when he comes a cropper. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, Mother," Jenny said.

"All right, then, darling," Helen Wingate was brisk and efficient again. "I must dash. If anybody calls, I'll be at the Red Cross till 11:30. Pick the tulips with long stems, darling. And put some in your room."

She went on out.

THE door slammed. Jenny sank down in the cherry-red wing chair, rested her head against the back and closed her eyes. Another week... another whole week. Charlotte couldn't tell anybody in Fairfield for at least another week, and Kip's parents would be gone by then. She shivered. It wasn't Kip's parents that mattered as much as her own. It was her mother's sudden gentle remorse, asking Jenny to bear with her. It was her father's position and the people who were amused when he came a cropper. Jenny knew then that she would rather die than ever have them find out.

"I'd rather die. I'd much rather die," she whispered.

She sat motionless in the big chair. She hadn't thought of that before, and it seemed strange to her that she had not, for now it seemed very logical. It was the easy and best way out, for everybody. She opened her eyes and stared blankly in front of her. She couldn't disgrace them all. It didn't matter what happened to her if it saved all the rest of them.

She began to think of death then. It was a strangely unfamiliar pattern, a crooked maze she set her mind to wander in, trying to make it familiar and credible.

Later, cutting the white tulips in the May sunshine, with Aunt Alice stopping to wave at her from an upstairs window, it was hard to think of death. It was hard to think of it when she brought the tulips in through the side door and heard Maggie singing as she washed the breakfast dishes.

It was easier when the Rogerses came. They were rather cool at first and then pleased, obviously relieved to see that Anne's family was all right. She heard Mrs. Rogers talking to her mother out in the den.

"Of course, Helen, we're delighted with Anne. She's charming. Kip's our only child, and we're very conservative people. He'll have great responsibility, and as the standards of young people these days seem to us to have become deplorably base, if that isn't too strong a word, we've been very anxious about him. We wanted him to marry the daughter of a friend, but we're very happy he picked out a girl whose family has standards like our own..."

Jenny put the tea tray down on the table in front of her mother, her hands shaking. There could be no doubt in Jenny's mind what the Rogerses would think and what they would do if they knew about her. It seemed to her that she was carrying around in her bare hand an invisible stick of dynamite which would blow the entire world she lived in to shattered, bleeding bits.

Death would be easier and the best way out... Her family would be like Aunt Alice during that terrible week before she had quietly held up her head and taken up her life again. They would talk about her, after she was gone, the way Aunt Alice talked about Bill, as if he were asleep somewhere

and would awake some day, refreshed and young and gay again. The idea of death didn't seem as terrible as it had at first, and, as she went to sleep that night in the big room on the back corner of Alice Acton's house, Jenny no longer felt so alone.

But she did not think about it when she woke up in the morning. She woke up really sick for the first time, so sick she had to reach for the flower-painted tin wastebasket by the bedside table as quickly as she could. And at that moment the door opened and Alice Acton walked in, carrying her breakfast on a wicker tray.

"I thought I'd bring my breakfast in and have it with you—"

She stopped dead in the middle of the doorway.

Jenny tried desperately to raise her head, but could not. She turned it back on the pillow and lay there with her eyes closed, too sick to care. Out of the wavy mustard-green seasick fog that enveloped her she could hear the sudden, shocked silence... then Alice Acton's voice, perfectly casual, speaking to the maid behind her in the hall:

"Just leave Miss Jenny's tray on the table there, Bella. I'll get it. She's not quite ready for it."

She waited in the doorway, pulling the door a little toward her with the corner of the tray, so that the maid, if she turned, could not catch a glimpse of the small greenish yellow face on the pillow. Bella was not very bright, but she was a woman and she had had six children.

"We'll bring the tray down when we come, Bella, so you don't have to bother coming up again," Alice Acton said.

She went on into the room, put her own tray down on the table and went quickly over to the bed.

"Jenny!"

The tears squeezed out from under Jenny's dark lashes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Do you know what's the matter with you, Jenny?" Alice asked quietly.

Jenny nodded, tears stinging in her eyes. She turned her head over and buried it in the pillow. Alice Acton put her hand gently on her shoulder and stood there, her own eyes closed.

"Oh, you little fool!" she whispered. "You sweet, damned little fool!"

She bent down suddenly and put her arms around Jenny's shoulders. "Oh, you poor, sweet child."

She stood up quickly. "Stop crying, Jenny!" she said abruptly. She went out into the hall, brought Jenny's tray in and put it on the table. "Here. Get some of this inside you and you'll feel better." She gave her a glass of milk and a piece of toast, went back and closed the door. She looked at her own breakfast still sitting there, then went over to the window and stood looking down on the beds of tulips shimmering in the bright May sunshine.

FINALLY she turned back and, without looking at Jenny, went to her tray and poured herself a cup of coffee.

"Your mother doesn't know, does she?"

It was a statement rather than a question, and Jenny did not answer it.

Alice Acton put her coffee cup down. "You know, Jenny, you ought to be spanked till you're black and blue," she said with sudden vehemence. "For heaven's sake, why didn't you tell somebody? Why didn't you come to me?"

Jenny moved her head back and forth. "I didn't want anybody to know. I... I was going to kill myself."

Alice Acton looked at her with sudden alarm. "Oh, Good Lord, that's nonsense, Jenny. Don't be an idiot."

She sat down on the foot of the bed. Jenny was sitting up against the pillows, so white-faced and tragic-eyed as she stared out of the window that Alice Acton could have wept. A futile, momentary anger that had been part of her first reaction had completely gone and she felt nothing but compassion.

"Look, Jenny dear. I didn't mean it, not a word of it."

"I know."

"So we'd better start making sense. How long is it?"

"Ten weeks."





*Every day -*

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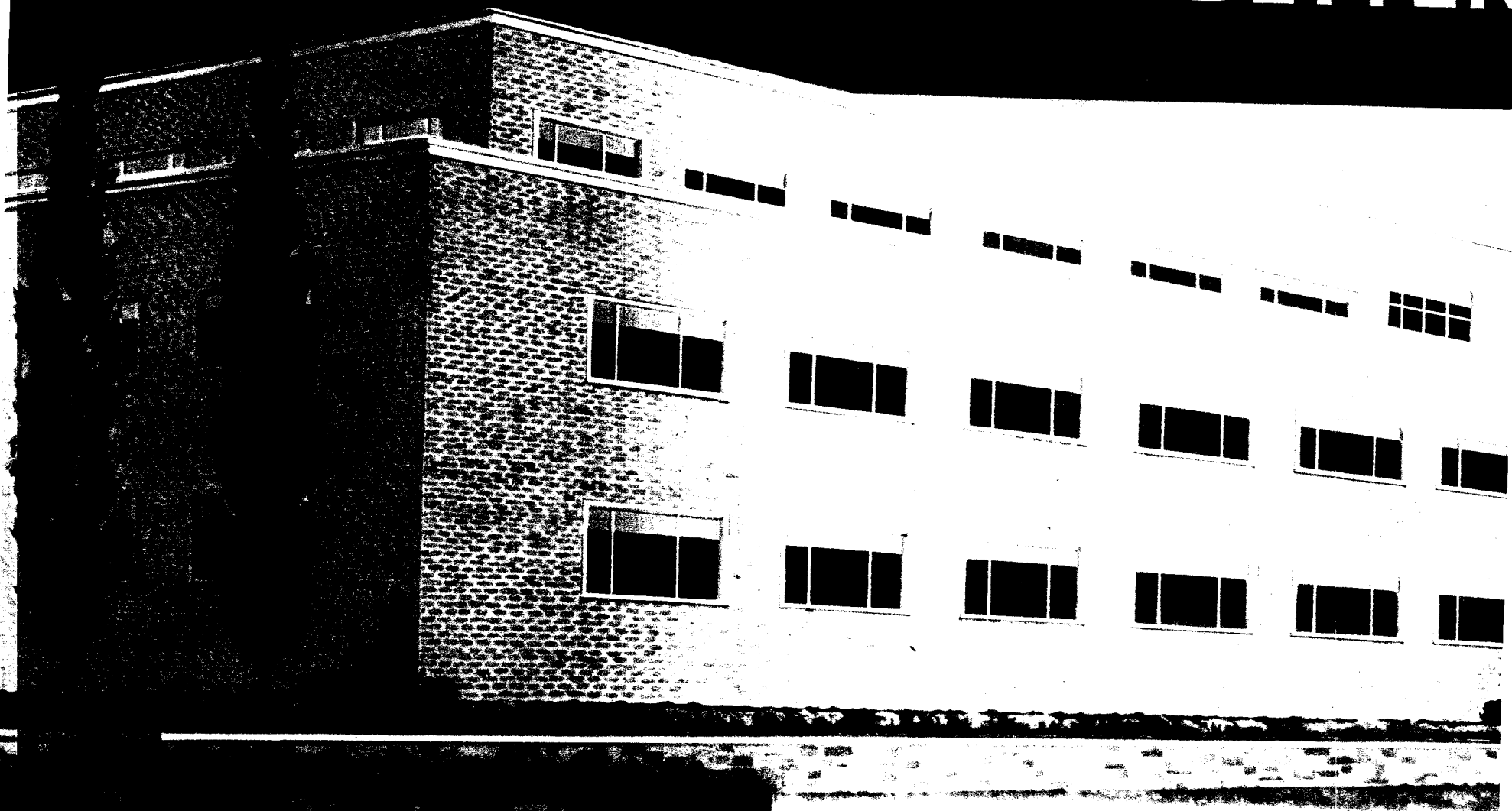


The TCC carries our paratroops into battle, tows gliders filled with men and equipment, rushes supplies to the fronts and evacuates all of our sick and wounded.

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# BEST TODAY..STILL BETTER



## From Firestone Firsts

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## SCIENTIFIC HISTORY

First M. F. steam automobile  
First commercial motor car  
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First automobile on road  
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High on a hilltop, overlooking the huge Firestone plants in Akron, stands a beautiful new building where science reigns supreme. Here, in the Firestone Research Laboratory, is technical equipment so new and so complete that few, if any, similar institutions in the whole world equal it. And here are men of science — chemists, physicists, engineers and technicians—whose records of achievement mark them as recognized leaders in their respective fields.

Research has always been of prime importance at Firestone. From the very day that the Firestone organization was founded, nearly half a century ago, its fundamental policy has always been to make and sell the best products

# Firestone

PIONEER AND



# TOMORROW



on the market and, at the same time, seek unceasingly for ways of making them still better. As a result, Firestone has many notable contributions to scientific progress not only in rubber, but also in metals, textiles and plastics.

Realizing that research will be of even greater importance in the future, these new and enlarged facilities have been provided to assure the continuation of Firestone leadership. In the years to come you can expect from Firestone product improvements of tremendous importance, new products of exceptional worth and more contributions to the world's fund of knowledge. You can depend on Firestone to make the **BEST TODAY . . . STILL BETTER TOMORROW!**

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The advancement of civilization and the happiness of mankind are largely dependent on technical progress. The applications of science enable us to make the best today . . . still better tomorrow.

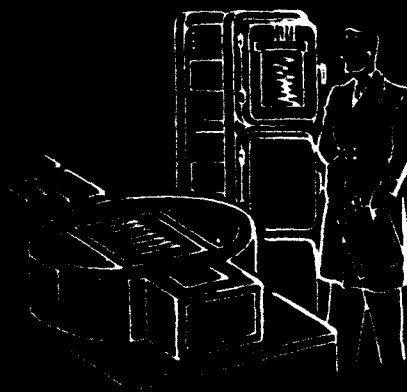
*John W. Thomas*  
Chairman  
The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.



Chemistry is the keystone of modern industrial research. Advanced experimental work on rubber, textiles, metals and plastics will be carried on with the newest and most complete equipment.

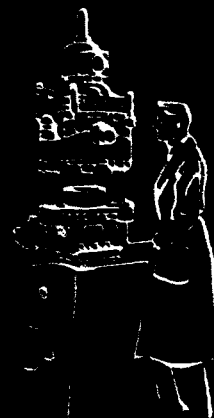


Typical of the scientific precision instruments in the Firestone Research Laboratories are the spectrometer and spectrophotograph (below) used for special analytical work in the development of new and improved materials and products.



By magnifying particles up to 20,000 times their original size, the electron microscope (above) permits detailed examination of complex rubber compounds, textiles, plastics and many other materials which cannot be seen by any other means.

The workability of natural and synthetic rubber compounds and many other substances is accurately measured with the plastimeter (below), an instrument developed by Firestone and now adopted as standard by the rubber industry.



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# PACEMAKER





"Gosh, Hubert—since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow' I'd forgotten we hadn't even seen the Falls!"

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Gem's the blade that keeps your face free from "5 o'clock Shadow"—keeps you neat, smooth and attractive. So insist on genuine Gems. Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, Gems fit precisely, shave perfectly.

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

**GEM**

RAZORS and BLADES

**PAPER PACKS A WAR PUNCH!**  
Fight Waste · Save Paper for Salvage

Alice caught her breath. She mustn't keep being aghast at every answer she got, but she still was . . . breathless, as she tried to think back. It wasn't . . . it couldn't be . . .

Jenny had not moved her eyes from the window, but she seemed to understand. Aunt Alice thought it might be Bill.

"It was Rick," she said. "The night Steve . . ." Jenny did not try to finish it. "I . . . I don't know what happened," she said. "I truly don't. I could have died when I heard about Steve. I . . . I loved him so much. It was like something dammed up inside of me, killing me. And Rick didn't mean . . . I don't know, Aunt Alice. He wasn't trying to—"

Alice Acton made out the faltering, choking sequence, her heart torn with pity. "Oh, don't, Jenny. I know. I understand. Don't try to say it."

"But I have to say it. I wasn't just playing around. I—"

"I know," Alice Acton said. "That's what life is like, I'm afraid. If you'd been playing around it wouldn't have happened. I don't mean to be cynical, but that's the way it is. The point now is what are we going to do. It's pretty late."

"I know. I . . . went to a doctor in Land-over yesterday that a girl told me about . . ."

Alice stared at her. "Oh, Good Lord! All by yourself. Jenny, why didn't you tell us?"

"Because . . . Anne and the Rogerses . . ."

"Oh, blast the Rogerses!" Alice Acton said.

"But there's Daddy—and Mother."

"I know," Alice said. And there's all Fairfield, and there are people like Charlotte Preston, she added to herself.

"I . . . I just couldn't go through with it, even if they'd let me," Jenny said. "Doctor Cameron showed me a picture. It's . . . sort of like murdering somebody, isn't it?"

**A**LICE ACTON got up and poured herself another cup of coffee. Sometimes the young almost broke her heart. She put down her cup. "The thing to do," she said, "is get hold of Rick Hadley. Where is he?"

Jenny shook her head.

"That's the point, Aunt Alice. He called me up last night, to find out if I was all right . . . before he married Sue Croft."

"Oh, Jenny!" Alice knew without being told what Jenny Wingate had said to him.

"Oh, I couldn't, Aunt Alice! I couldn't!" Their eyes met for the first time.

"How could I?" Jenny cried. "It was my fault, not his. He'd never touched me before. And he loved her, he always has! I couldn't say. No, I'm in a mess, you've got to marry me! Could I? You wouldn't have, nobody would have!"

Alice looked at her for a moment. "I'm afraid I have a rather dimmer view of the female instinct for self-preservation, my pet," she said. The smile faded from her eyes.

She came back and sat on the bed again. "We're going to have to tell your parents,

Jenny," she said gently. "There's no way out of that."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Don't be silly. They're not fools. They're going to feel worse because you felt you couldn't depend on them and trust them than if you had told them the truth."

She stopped thinking. "Perhaps if I said I had to go to California or some place for a rest and wanted you to go with me. I think that would go down in Fairfield all right."

She could see the pulse in the girl's throat quicken its telltale beat. "Jenny," she said quickly. "Does anybody else know? Anybody else at all?"

Jenny nodded her head. "Charlotte. At least, I think so."

"Oh, Jenny."

"I was writing to Rick, before he called up. Part of a letter was on my desk."

"And Charlotte was in there? Then she knows, and everybody else will know sooner or later."

Jenny nodded miserably. "I know."

Alice Acton got up and went over to the window. "It can't happen, Jenny," she said quietly. "It just can't."

**O**N THE white shimmering screen made by the bed of tulips in the garden Alice Acton was seeing a kind of shadowy moving picture. There were scenes in it from her own life, scenes out of her past and scenes out of the future of the life of the girl behind her and of the child she was going to bear. Her family, too—Tom Wingate and Helen, Anne and Tommy. It wasn't fair . . . it wasn't fair!

The picture on the white screen of tulips went back to her own youth again, to 1918, in the spring of the last year of another war twenty-six years ago, when she was eighteen . . . just this side of Paradise . . . a Paradise that could so easily have been hell.

She turned back into the room. Her face was pale but her eyes were bright and very clear. "Listen, Jenny. Listen to me and don't say a word. This is what we're going to do: You're going to take my Bill's name. We're going to say you and Bill were married when he was here."

Jenny was staring at her, speechless.

"The baby is his. The reason we kept it secret was that he was killed so quickly. Now that his baby is going to be born we want it known. That's what we're going to do."

"Oh, Aunt Alice . . . no. I couldn't think of it!" Jenny's voice was low and intense. "It's my disgrace. I wouldn't—"

"Stop it!" Alice Acton said. Her eyes were bright with sudden anger. "Never, never so long as you live, Jenny Wingate, speak of an unborn child as a disgrace. The disgrace is the indecency of thinking it so. That baby is coming into this world. It wouldn't be coming if Steve Dillon hadn't left it. It's taking Steve's place. In the eyes of Almighty God that child is as good as you are or I am

(Continued on page 47)



"The Americans are different. They get their wives for nothing, then pay big money to get rid of them" **HERB WILLIAMS**





## Don't make the mistake of forgetting this picture

HERE YOU SEE the last new Packard that rolled off the line—more than *three years ago*.

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So drive it carefully. Take good care of it. For it will be longer than you think before you can get a new one.

You can conserve your car, and prolong its life, by protective service. Take care of little troubles before they develop into major repairs. Don't let "hidden dangers," caused by wartime driving conditions, catch you by surprise.

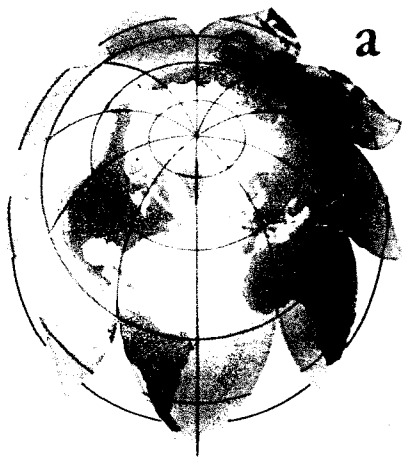
Here at Packard, we've already built over 55,000 Packard marine engines and Rolls-Royce aircraft engines—and still they come. Someday, a new and finer Packard car will roll off our assembly lines. But until that day, remember this picture.

Its moral is: *take care of the car you've got!*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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**a** This is your world, laid out before you, laced with 140,000 miles of air routes that will bring you within hours of anywhere!

**b** Interior of the new passenger version of the Curtiss Commando, typical of the skyliners that will carry 85% of U. S. airline traffic.

**c** Combination passenger-cargo airplanes will carry an expected 9-fold increase in air freight.

**d** A Curtiss Commando flying "the hump" on the aerial Burma Road.



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WHAT A 10,000-HOUR PILOT CAN TELL YOU  
ABOUT THE WORLD OF THE AIR THAT AWAITS YOU



"WE WERE on Christmas Island on Wednesday. On Thursday, we set the wheels down on a New Guinea mud-flat with a load of horses and four-inch guns. The fuzzy-tops had carried in some wounded flyers of ours, across the Owen Stanley Range... I presented the chief with a belt buckle which he promptly fastened in his nose!

"We had our wounded at the base hospital in an hour's flying time, and on Friday we took off for the States again, for a steak and a change of shirts."

Sure that's traveling, says this veteran of the ATC. But traveling is his business, and to him the world's just so many whistle stops. As he puts it, "I'm strictly a big-time driver." What does this all mean to you? "Plenty," he says emphatically. "In the brutal laboratory of war, American equipment has been so proved and improved that air transport has achieved a reliability almost beyond belief."

He'll tell you, for instance, how reassuring it is to be able to fly over those Owen Stanley Mountains in a twin-engine transport with a big part of the total engine power in reserve. And how those engines can normally travel four times around the world between major overhauls.

The best estimates are that 20 million Americans will travel by air within three years after the war! Yes, travel *and ship* by air, for today business is basing its plans upon planes, and the reason is truly amazing: Against a cost of 88¢ per ton mile for air cargo in 1939, such equipment as the new Curtiss Commando—powered by two 18-cylinder Wright Cyclone engines harnessed to automatic Curtiss Electric propellers—can operate today at a fraction of that cost.

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FOR TRADE AND FOR SECURITY...LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

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# THE Heroes

**DÉSIRÉ VERBRAECKE**

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

VIII

AS STORIES of individual heroism trickle back from the battle fronts—epics that find no place in official muniqués—the thing that stands out is strength of man's passion for liberty, and way in which the will to be free can lift heart and soul above all weaknesses of the flesh. Take the case of Désiré Verbraecke, a Belgian pilot who simply would not die. He after time the grave claimed him, but he broke death's clutch to continue fight for his motherland. In May, 1940, when Belgium still had an army, Verbraecke tangled up with three Messerschmitts, and their raking fire not only killed the plane, but filled both him and his server with bullets. With characteristic roughness, the Germans flew low after the crash, and machine-gunned the wreck.

premely confident that their troubles were over, they took off for the Belgian Congo as though on a pleasure flight. Coming to the Pyrenees, their ancient craft could not climb the peaks, and so they calmly flew through mountain gorges, escaping disaster by inches. Not all their courage, however, could fill empty gas tanks, and, facing the necessity of a forced landing, the fugitives turned away from Spain and came to earth in Portugal. Life in the concentration camp was not hard, for the Portuguese were friendly enough, but Verbraecke and Reuter never rested until they got free by a daring trick. Establishing contact with certain secret agents in Lisbon, they were offered passage to England, but the Belgians insisted on the Congo, where the flag of their country still waved. Finally spirited on board a vessel bound for

Gushing blood from a score of wounds and badly burned, the pilot dragged himself and his comrade clear of the flames and then managed to rig up distress signals that attracted the attention of a Belgian army truck.

At the first-aid station, the surgeons removed bullets from Verbraecke's arms, thighs and chest, but refused to take the chance of probing for one that had lodged in his spine. Why torture a dying man? And yet when Belgium's resistance ended, this pain-racked skeleton got on his feet and staggered off into the night. One Georges Reuter, a sergeant, walked with him, equally determined to find some other fighting front. Begging crusts, hiding in thickets, they reached France, only to hear Pétain's request for an armistice, and once again they trudged and starved.

At last they had the luck to find an old touring plane, and after tinkering it into shape, the indomitable pair collected oil and gas from the wreckage in a nearby airfield. Now, suddenly

Matadi, the two came at last to Léopoldville, only to be told that the bullet in Verbraecke's spine made him a hospital case. A week of pleading changed the order, and it was with commissions as pilot officers that the happy pair set off for Libya.

Death, that they had cheated so often, followed implacably. Once they were shot down by the Germans, escaping injury through some miracle, and at another time a sandstorm compelled a crash landing in the heart of the desert. Burning by day, freezing by night, tortured by thirst and feeding on snails, the wretched crew staggered through the waste for a week, and only Verbraecke and Reuter, babbling in delirium, were alive when a British patrol plane flew over. The doctors gave them no hope of recovery, but within a month the two were up again, clamoring for a return to active service.

Now, despite their protests, the friends were separated, and Verbraecke flew off on a mission to Crete without Georges Reuter. Word soon came back that he had been shot down at sea, and, as weeks passed, he was given up for dead. Even as his comrades mourned, however, Désiré Verbraecke reappeared, having been picked up by a British destroyer, which then proceeded to suffer heavy damage by a German aerial attack. "Where is Georges?" was his first question, and when they told him that his "blood" brother had been killed at Bengasi, he turned old and gray.

From London came the report that he and Reuter had been awarded the *Croix de Guerre*, the citations being read before Belgian troops drawn up in Wellington Barracks, but it worked no abatement of Verbraecke's grief. Nor would he listen when his officers urged him to fly transport planes behind the lines, pointing out that he was now thirty-four, and that a German bullet was still embedded in his spine. Now it was not only the motherland that had to be freed, but the friend of his bosom who had to be avenged. "Where is my plane?" was his one answer.

Day after day Désiré Verbraecke took part in the second British offensive that stopped the German drive and beat it back, so terrible a scourge of the skies that his daring became a legend. Only at the very last did his luck run out. In a November dawn, as he raced to his plane to help beat off a sudden attack on the airdrome, a bomb from a Junkers 88 blew him to fragments. What was left of him was carried to a grave beside that of Georges Reuter, and not all the marble monuments mean as much to the Belgians as those two crosses in the sands of Libya. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

# Jenny Wingate

Continued from page 44

or any child of mine or anybody else's. In a sense, that's Steve's child. I wish it was Bill's. But he's dead. He died on his way to fight for what his father and his brothers are fighting for and what Steve Dillon died for, so that people could live in decency and honor. Bill loved you very much. I think he would be happy and proud to know that a name that was his is the means of saving you and your baby for a decent and honorable life."

Jenny sat staring at her. As long as she had known Alice Acton she had never heard any passion like this in her voice. But she shook her head.

"I couldn't. There's Uncle Joe, and—"

"Listen, my dear," Alice Acton said quietly. "I'll tell you something. It's the reason I understand what happened to you more clearly than you do yourself. There was another war. I was just your age. I met a soldier and I fell in love with him. I was so madly in love with him I didn't care what I did. War does that to people. He was going away to die, he said . . . and I fell for it, hard. What's happened to you could so easily have happened to me . . . I was young and I didn't

know anything either. I didn't even know he was married—he forgot to tell me. But Joe knew.

"I wasn't engaged to Joe, but it was Joe who came and pulled me out. I went to New York to spend a week end with my captain, and Joe was at the same camp. He was a buck private. They both met me at the train, and Joe picked up my bag and took my arm and I went with him. I'd known him all my life. He was in the captain's company and he'd seen my writing in the captain's letter and he guessed the story. I can never tell you what he told me that night in New York before he took me to the Y.W.C.A. I hated him with all my heart that night . . . and I've loved him ever since."

She turned aside for a moment. Then she said quietly, "No, Jenny. Joe won't mind. Joe and Bill, both of them, would understand. Bill was always in love with you, Jenny, and you know he adored Steve. It's the way it's going to be, my lamb. But we won't tell your parents till the Rogerses go. And you and I are going to get unavoidably stuck out at the farm this afternoon and stay stuck till they do go."

"I THINK you just got stuck out in the country on purpose, Alice," Helen Wingate said, laughing. She curled her feet up under her on the end of the deep couch in the Actons' library. "You just didn't want to see the Rogerses. And they're not bad really, are they, Tom?"

She looked over at her husband mixing himself a Scotch and soda at the bar in the corner. "But, I'm glad they've gone. It was rather nice to have a cocktail before dinner this evening, and Anne came down with Flaming Hibiscus on her nails half an hour after they pushed off. Tommy started quarreling immediately. It was much more like home."

ALICE glanced at the hall door. "Where are they now? Anne and Tommy?" She was hoping desperately they wouldn't come over. Not just yet.

"Anne went to Tommy's dress rehearsal," Helen Wingate said. "You'd think Tommy had written *The Pirates of Penzance*, the pride he's taking in it. He wanted Jenny to go too."

Tom Wingate sat down comfortably, put his feet up on Joe Acton's leather footrest and drew a deep, contented breath. "Boy!" he said. He smiled at Alice. "Where is Jenny, by the way?"

Alice Acton went over and closed the door and came back. "Look, children," she said.

It was going to be even harder than she had thought it would be. Their world was so perfect, and the contrast with the Rogerses, with their wealth and their prejudices and snobbery, had only made it seem brighter now that the Rogerses were gone and they were left alone with their children. They were both looking inquiringly at her now, sobered by the tone of her voice.

## To Help A Child Build Up AFTER AN ILLNESS



TODAY, many physicians are advising Ovaltine for the child who is run-down after illness—for these two reasons:

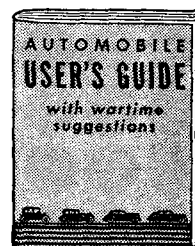
First, Ovaltine supplies the basic food substances—complete proteins absolutely necessary to repair muscle, nerve and body cells—and high-energy foods for vigorous health. Ovaltine is specially processed for easy digestion. Is taken in food-drink form. It usually "stays down" when nothing else agrees.

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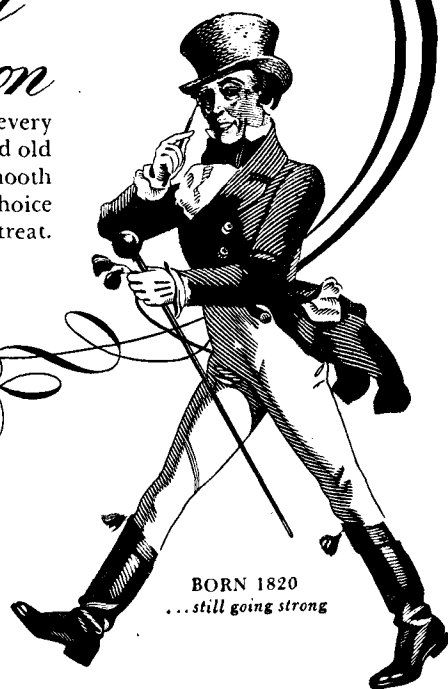
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"Jenny is all right, isn't she, Alice?" Helen asked quickly.

Tom Wingate put his glass down on the table, looking at her.

"You're going to have a shock," Alice Acton said. "And you might as well get ready for it. It's why I asked you to come over tonight. Jenny's going to have a baby."

Neither of them moved; neither of them seemed to breathe. Alice Acton did not look at either of them. The clock ticking in the corner, the night sounds coming through the open French windows rose in a deafening crescendo. Then Tom Wingate got to his feet, not very steadily, his face very pale:

"Where is she?"

ALICE looked at him. Good man! He was taking it... taking it on the chin, but taking it. She still didn't dare to look over at Helen.

"There's one thing I want to say to you first," she said. "Jenny tried to tell you, both. You, Tom, the other night, when you stopped her by telling her how proud you were of her. And you, Helen..."

Helen Wingate was looking straight ahead, her face ghastly.

"She tried to tell you twice. The morning before the Rogerses came was the second time, and you were too busy to listen, at first; then she learned she could put it off for a week. She was at the end of her rope when she came over here that night."

Helen Wingate's lips moved, but no sound came out of them. It was terrible, Alice Acton thought. Having got a little used to it in the last two days herself, she had forgotten how terrible it would be.

"Where is she, Alice?" Tom Wingate said. He seemed to have got older, years older, in barely a moment. His voice was harsh.

"Here I am."

Jenny stood there in the living-room doorway across the room. Alice Acton felt her heart contract with pain as she looked at her; there was something infinitely pale and tragic in the small face with its soft frame of dark hair, the eyes widely opened, the chin raised. Alice turned to Helen Wingate. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes fixed on her daughter were pitiless.

Tom Wingate went past her to the door. Alice saw Jenny's lips tremble and her eyes close, as if she were bowing her head to a savage blow.

"Oh, Jenny," Tom said. His voice was almost inaudible. He put his arms out and closed them around her, drawing her to him. He held her a long time, his face pressed against the top of her dark head. The room was very silent.

"Oh, darling," Tom said. He held her closer for a moment, and then released her and looked down into her upturned face.

"You've been through enough alone, Jenny," he said. His voice was firm and clear again. "We're with you now. Let's sit down and see what there is to do. And don't be afraid, Jenny... don't be afraid any more."

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy!" She caught hold of him and buried her face in his shoulder again. "Oh, don't let Mother be angry at me... I can't bear it, Daddy..."

The anger went out of Helen Wingate's face as if someone had struck it out.

"Oh, don't, Jenny, don't say that," she cried. She got unsteadily to her feet and put her hands out.

"Oh, Jenny, I'm so sorry! It's my fault. Please—come here and sit down. Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry..."

Jenny came slowly over to the sofa. Helen Wingate put her arms around her and held her tight.

"Forgive us, Jenny... it's our fault..."

Tom Wingate's face was pale and set. There was something suddenly primitive and violent about him that Alice Acton had never seen before in his face.

"I've got an idea," she said quietly. "Jenny and I have been talking about it. Jenny doesn't like it because it's a fiction, but there are a lot of fictions in Fairfield. There's old Judge Roe's sleeping sickness, for example. Everybody calls it that even though everybody knows it comes bottled in bond. There's little Addie Fletcher's blindness. I've always agreed the nurse shouldn't have put boric acid in her eyes. You know all the rest of

them. So-called civilization has a lot of fictions propping it up. As long as everybody accepts them they're not attacked.

"And Jenny," Alice Acton said, "was secretly married to my Bill, the week he was here. That's the story I'm going to tell. If I tell it, no one will dare deny it. You can say it's such a shock that you find it difficult to believe, if you like. I don't believe in casual lying, but I'd lie like a trooper to keep Jenny's baby from being branded as illegitimate and having to suffer all its life. And I think most people are kinder than they are cruel. All they need is a chance. We'll give them one. There'll be a few people in town who may doubt it, but I think they'll be glad of a chance to do the decent thing."

She looked at Jenny Wingate, sitting stubborn and rigid on the sofa beside her mother.

"You can't buck society, Jenny," she went on. "It's not only for yourself, it's for your child. It's for Anne and Tommy, and for all of us that love you."

She turned to Tom Wingate: "If you'll sit down, Tom, I think we'd better talk it over. There isn't much time, you know."

"I think it would be better if Jenny went upstairs and went to bed," Helen Wingate said abruptly. She was looking at her husband. The stubborn jutting out of his chin and the hard lines along his jaw had only one meaning. He hated subterfuges and always had. It meant there would be a fight. For once she had Alice Acton on her side.

"I think so, too," Alice smiled at Jenny, reassuringly.

Jenny got up slowly. "Good night," she said. It was hardly more than a whisper. She did not look at any of them. She opened the hall door and started out. Tom Wingate was there beside her, going with her.

"Oh, Daddy," she said softly.

He put his arm around her and went out with her, closing the door behind them. At the foot of the stairs she stopped again.

"Daddy," she whispered. "I can come home again, can't I? I mean sometime..."

When Tom Wingate tried to speak his throat would not work. Her face turned up to him was a sudden white blur.

He held her more closely. "Go and rest a few minutes," he managed to say. "We'll take you home when we go."

He started back to the library.

"Daddy?"

He stopped.

"You don't hate me, do you, Daddy..."

Tom Wingate tried again to speak. All he could do was shake his head.

"Then... will you go up with me, Daddy? I'm... I'm afraid."

SHE was a little girl again, trudging up to bed. The years folded back suddenly in his mind. He could feel a warm little hand again in his and see the wide, grave eyes looking up into his, and feel the moist good-night kiss on his cheek after the last story when the lights were out.

"Jenny," he said. He didn't turn on the light in the big bedroom over the garden. "I love you very much... don't forget that. We'll work it out. I... I think I understand, Jenny. Sometime we can... we can talk about it. Go to sleep now. You're tired."

She put her arms around his neck and held her face against him.

He held her close. It hadn't happened, he thought... it couldn't happen... not to Jenny. She was asleep when he rested her gently back on the pillow. His heart ached with pain and a frustrated, bursting anger.

"She's better off at Alice's tonight, Tom," Helen said. It was after one o'clock, and they were on their way home. "You've got to think of the others—Anne and Tommy. Tomorrow's Tommy's big night."

Tom Wingate was silent for a moment. "She thought we were going to put her out of the house," he said quietly.

"I wish to heaven—"

"Stop it!" he said. He caught her arm roughly and brought her to an abrupt halt at the foot of the garden steps. "You've got to pull yourself together, Helen. My Lord, this is our daughter. Nobody's going to make an outcast of her. She's coming home where she belongs."

"I'm not making an outcast of her. But we've got to think of the other two. I know



you don't like the idea of Bill Acton, but you've got to understand!"

"I don't think a lie ever works in the long run," Tom said slowly. "God knows I'd lie or do anything else to help Jenny. It's not that. It's that I think it's best to face it honestly, and the hell with all the—"

"You can't say the hell with everybody. If it was only Jenny . . . but it's Anne and Tommy, and . . . it's the baby! Oh, it's everything! You've got to see it, Tom. I just can't take it unless you do!"

"All right," he said. "What are we going to do, then? If it's the Rogerses you're thinking about, you know if they found out they wouldn't let Kip marry Anne. Are we going to lie to them? And have them find out later? What kind of hell do you think they're going to make of Anne's life?"

"Oh, Tom, you've agreed . . . you've got to stick to it!"

"What about the Rogerses?"

"I don't know. Anne will have to decide that. But you have agreed, haven't you?"

"I agreed about Steve Dillon," he said curtly. "If I hadn't, this wouldn't ever have happened."

She flared up violently. "You're blaming it on me now! I suppose it's my fault that—"

"It's as much your fault as anybody's. If you'd stayed at home ever . . ."

FOR the first time in twenty-one years Tom and Helen Wingate were having a serious quarrel. It was the first time they had ever turned off the lights in their room and gone to bed bitterly hurt and angry with each other, smarting under the savage cruelty of the things each of them had said to the other. It was five o'clock when Helen got up and went over to his bed.

"Tom," she whispered. "Are you awake?"

"I haven't been asleep," he said. She got into the bed with him. "Oh, Tom, we can't go to pieces this way. I'm sorry. Forgive me . . . I know it's my fault."

"It isn't, Helen. It's mine too." He took her in his arms and held her close. "I'm sorry, too. It was the shock, I guess."

"But it's the only way, Tom. We've got to protect her. And the baby. Oh, the poor, poor little kid. It breaks my heart. She was trying to tell me and I was just too busy. Oh, Tom, we've got to get her and bring her home. It doesn't matter about the others."

"Yes, it does," Tom Wingate said. "It matters a lot. Since Charlotte knows it, it's bound to come out. I guess this is the best way—I've been thinking it over all night. I ought to have been more grateful to Alice. It couldn't have been any easy thing for her."

After a moment he said, "Somehow the thing I can't get over is the poor little kid cashing her War Bonds and going to that horrible place all by herself and me raising hell the way I did." . . .

A week later Alice Acton was waiting inside her front door, looking down the brick path to the street. It was time for the postman to come. She waited there every morning, her fingers crossed, hoping . . . hoping for a letter from Joe in Italy or young Joe in London or Tad in the South Pacific. There had always been one from Bill, but Bill was gone and it took longer to hear from the others.

Then she saw him. He was coming out of the Prestons', stopping to sort out the bundle in his hand. She waited impatiently. The telephone was ringing in the library. The postman was maddeningly deliberate. He had pulled his bag around and was rearranging its bulging contents. The phone rang again. If only she knew whether there was a letter! Then she saw Jenny Wingate come out of their yard and cross over to where the postman was, and saw him smile at her as he took several letters off the flat bundle in his hand. Jenny took them and started across the street again. She was hurrying, coming toward Alice's. It meant letters. She wouldn't be hurrying with ordinary mail. Alice drew a long breath of relief and went into the library to answer the telephone.

"Hello," she said. "Oh, hello, dear, how are you?"

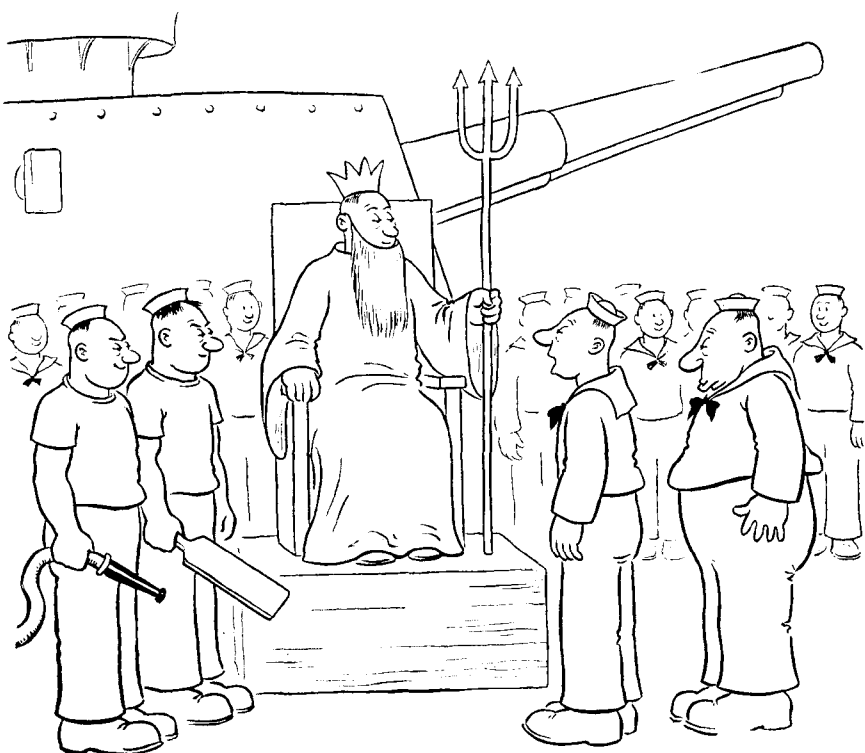
She smiled a little. It was Frances Reynolds. She was the second wife of the Honorable Jacob Reynolds, who had once represented the third district in Washington, and as such was one of Fairfield's first ladies. But she was more than that. She was what Joe Acton had once called the grapevine in female form. That was why, five days ago, Alice Acton had invited her and three runners-up for the grapevine championship to lunch, and had been sitting back ever since calmly watching the information she had given them in strict secrecy gradually seep through Fairfield. There was one thing about women—they were natural-born partisans. Get them on your side first, however irrationally, and they would stick through thick and thin. She could hear herself now, saying: "It was very wrong of me, of course. Joe would be furious. You know what he's like. I should have made him tell Tom and Helen, but Tom and Helen were so set against Jenny marrying in war time, and it was all so brief, and . . . well . . ."

She'd looked from one of them to the other around the table.

"But now Jenny's going to have a baby. I'm

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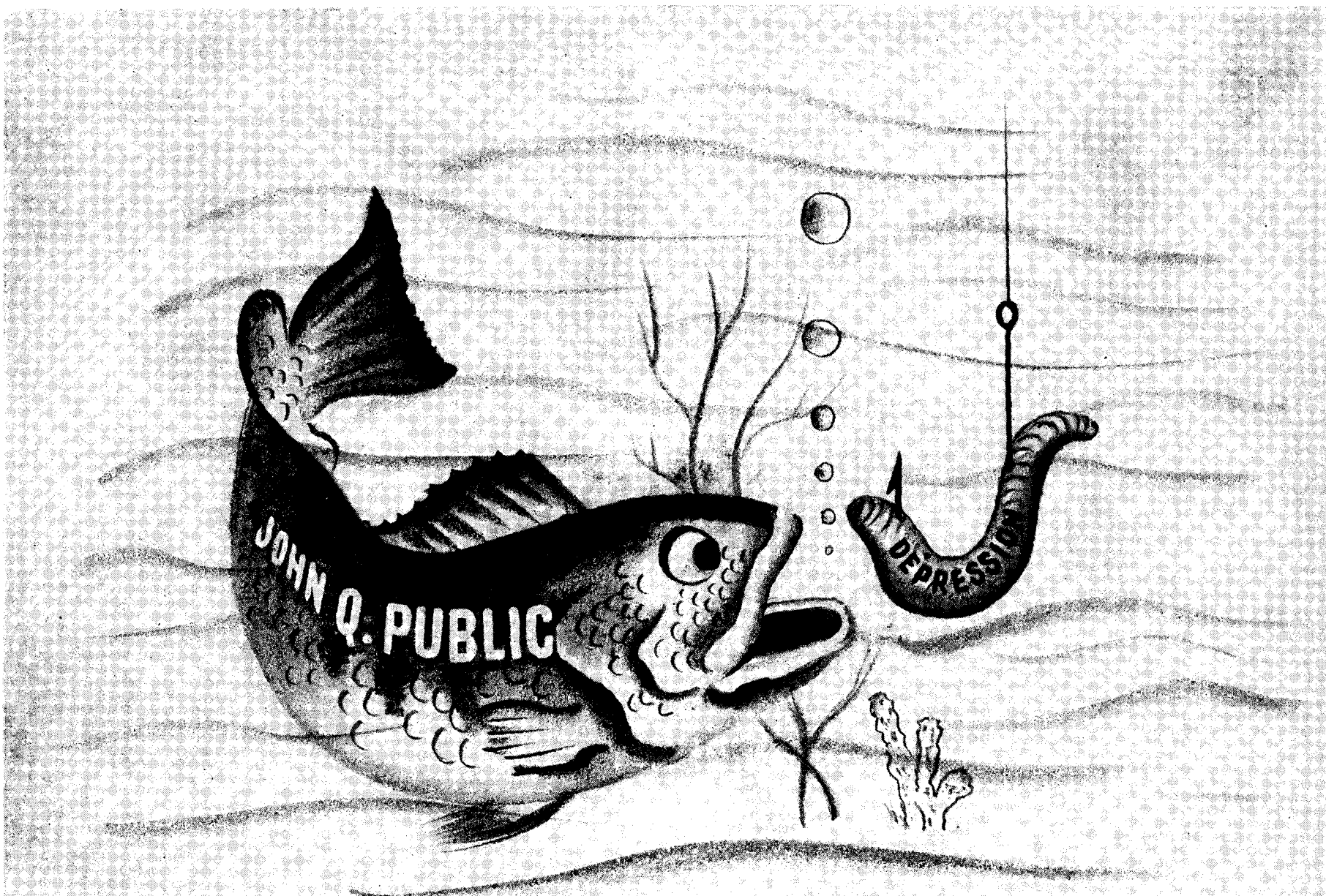
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**HELP  
US  
KEEP**



**PRICES DOWN**

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dreadfully happy, of course, but somehow I never thought of it turning out that way. I don't want you to tell a soul, not until we decide how to go about making some kind of announcement. Of course, I couldn't be more delighted, but Tom and Helen . . . They're fit to be tied, they really are. But I do hope if you hear anybody trying to put her claws in my new daughter you'll smack her down."

She hadn't known how it would go off. She knew the news was spreading, functioning as irresistibly as the law of capillary attraction, but the test was yet to come, and this was it. This was the first time she'd heard from any of the four. She tried to tell from the tone of Frances Reynolds' voice whether she was calling up for another donation or something, or whether her plan had worked.

"Alice dear," Frances Reynolds said. "We're having a few people for cocktails on Saturday. It's for the new head of the hospital at McNair. I'd love for you to come, and could you bring Jenny, darling? I asked Tom and Helen but they're so tied up with Anne's wedding. It may be a little awkward, because the Dillons are coming, but after all, Elizabeth's got to be sensible."

"We'd love to come, Frances," Alice said. "You're sweet to ask us. The poor child isn't feeling awfully well at this point, but we'll see. We're going to Landover to the doctor next week for a checkup. Helen is so busy I wonder if you'd come along and hold Jenny's head out of the window while I drive."

"I'd adore to."

Alice smiled again. The partisan theory was working. Whether Frances Reynolds believed the story or not she would never know. The mere fact that she had been asked to help was what had turned the trick. Alice put down the phone, frowning a little. Tom and Helen should have gone to the party. That was Anne's fault. It was going to be a lot harder to face the town, after all the parties and presents, and say Anne's wedding was off and the presents would be returned, than to face it down for Jenny. Anne had been the most startling and unpredictable part of the whole show.

SHE smiled as Jenny came excitedly through the hall. "Aunt Alice, where are you? There's a letter from Tad!"

"Oh, wonderful!"

Alice went to the library door. "Thank you, angel." She looked at the letter. It was cruel in a way. She was hearing from the South Pacific. Jenny had never heard from Steve out there, until that last shattering message printed in the evening paper.

"How's everything?" she asked casually, knowing everything was pretty foul, wondering how long the brave little face Jenny turned to the world was going to stay intact.

Jenny managed a smile. "Okay," she said. "Kip's coming tonight. They've been on maneuvers and he just got Anne's wire yester-

day. She thought he . . . he just wasn't answering, until he phoned last night."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He doesn't know what's wrong. She just wired him it was all off, she couldn't marry him under false pretenses."

"That seems pretty silly to me," Alice said. "Why didn't she tell him, if that's what she feels she has to do?"

"She said the telephone girl might hear her," Jenny said slowly. "Anyway, she's too . . . too ashamed to tell him. She'd rather he just never knows."

Alice was silent.

"It'll be such a rotten shame," Jenny whispered miserably. "I still think I should have gone away, or something."

"Jenny, my pet," Alice Acton said calmly, "if that's the kind of guy Kip Rogers is, then I think Anne's well out of it. That's what I think."

Jenny shook her head. "Oh, no, because it's not Kip, Aunt Alice. It's his family. He's their only child, and they've dinned family and standards into him all his life. He's terribly fond of them, he wouldn't hurt them for the world. I can see how he feels, and . . . how Anne feels."

She went over to the French windows and stood looking out. "It's all so dreadful," she said. She was silent for a moment. Then she said, in a small wretched voice, "I saw Mrs. Dillon yesterday. She . . . she makes me feel so . . . so awful. I think she knows."

I am sure of it, Alice thought. She smiled at Jenny.

"Well, baby child, she's got to know sometime, hasn't she? It's hard but that's the way

it is. It's what we've got to face, isn't it?"

Jenny nodded. "I suppose so," she said. "It's funny. I wish she could . . . really know. I mean, that I wasn't really being unfaithful to Steve. At least, I don't feel I was."

"No," Alice Acton said. "But I don't know how anybody would ever explain it to Elizabeth Dillon. There are very few people in the world who could understand, darling. But the point is, Jenny, you've got to forget it, forget it completely, and go ahead. It's the future you've got to live in, Jenny dear."

She opened Tad's letter. "You've got to quit worrying, Jenny. Sit down and let's see what Tad's got to say. Oh, good! It's typed and it's nice and long!"

SHE smiled as she sat down beside Jenny on the sofa. Her brown eyes moved, pleasantly excited, over the first page. They stopped suddenly. Her hands shook a little as she put the letter down in her lap.

"Jenny," she said. "Go out in the kitchen, darling, and bring me a Coke, and get yourself a glass of milk."

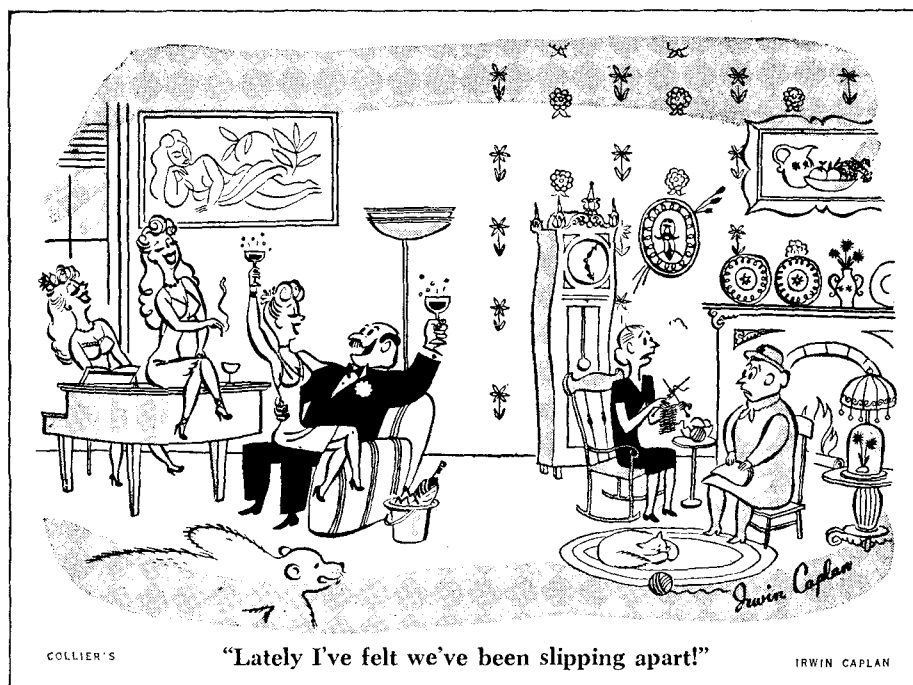
Jenny started, then turned back, her eyes widening: "Aunt Alice . . . it isn't bad news, is it?"

Alice Acton tried to keep her voice steady. "No, darling . . . don't be silly," she said lightly. "I just want a Coke, that's all."

She pressed her hands hard against her knees to keep them from shaking visibly. All she could see was the words that began the second paragraph of Tad's letter in her lap:

"You know, the damndest thing has happened. It looks to all of us like Steve Dillon's still alive."

(To be continued next week)



## Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

"and the lever which opens his canopy is jammed. If he lands in the water he won't be able to get out of the plane. And he's only got a cupful of gas left."

That put it up to the captain, and he had to make a very difficult decision. Could he take the chance of letting Johnny land with a crippled plane that would hit the flight deck at a hundred miles an hour with wheels up and no flaps to slow him down? The captain and the ship's air officer talked it over. The latter told the captain that Johnny was a fine pilot and that, if anyone could make such a landing, he could. It was up to the captain and he decided to take a chance. He had been a carrier pilot himself once. He knew that Johnny, circling the ship slowly now, was in a horrible spot.

The captain gave his orders. Willie Gove motioned to Johnny to land on the deck. Willie took his hands off the stick and, holding them high, clasped them in the universal gesture that means "Good luck." Every man on the carrier knew now what was happening. If Johnny faltered, if Johnny made the

slightest error, his plane would crash, explode, and the whole ship would be imperiled. They cleared the flight deck. The big carrier picked up speed and headed into the wind. The wind would have to act as a brake for Johnny; would have to take the place of his ruined flaps.

Johnny, circling the carrier, kept his eye on the landing-signal officer. He saw the white flag (that meant "Come on in") flutter and he took a deep breath. There was no feeling in his right arm. He grasped the stick with his left hand, kicked his rudder to come into the groove, and settled down for his landing on the fantail. The crippled plane staggered in. Just before he hit the deck, Johnny cut his engine, braced himself, and waited for the inevitable crash. This had to be a miracle.

The plane hit—and so superbly had Johnny judged his distance that his tail hook caught the first wire. The fuselage screamed against the deck. Twenty men leaped to grab the wings in order to stop the wildly careening plane. Axes crashed against the thin coating of the canopy, and eager hands dragged Johnny out.

The air officer took one horrified look at the remains of the plane and said, "Throw it over the side." The doctor was ripping the

sleeve from Johnny's right arm. The plane, broken and shattered, dropped into the Pacific. High on the island, the captain wiped perspiration from his brow. The whole thing had taken only thirty seconds. Then he ordered the ship to commence landing the rest of the air group.

Johnny was down in the sick bay. They picked shrapnel out of his arm and leg. They bandaged him. Then Willie Gove walked in. "I'm glad I ran into you," he said.

"So am I," Johnny said.

"You're lucky to be alive, Johnny," Willie Gove added.

"I am at that," Johnny admitted.

They sent Johnny back to a base after that, and it was there that I met him. He was on his way home for a thirty-day leave.

"You're twenty-six now, Johnny," I said. "That's kind of old for a fighter pilot. You could get yourself an instructor's job at home."

"Like hell!" Johnny exploded. "Don't say things like that. Somebody might hear you and get ideas. I'll love those thirty days home, sure, but then I'm coming back. Yeah. I'm coming back. There's still a lot of Japs to be killed, and I like this Navy. It's a great outfit. The best," he added proudly, "in the world." . . .

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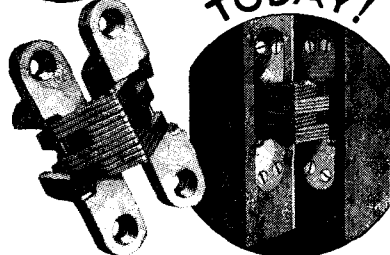
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## Japan's Failure in the Philippines

Continued from page 21

The finger is now being placed on most of the quisling suspects by the guerrilla leaders who have long lists prepared in their mountain hide-outs. I've seen some of these lists. They seem sanely constructed and extremely well balanced considering that they have come out of guerrilla camps where such violence raged even within the men's organizations themselves. For example, one report will read: "Juan Cruz was with a Japanese foraging party that took pigs and corn from the farm of Manuel Felicion on the night of March 3, 1944. Felicion claims no one knew he had pigs or corn except Cruz. This must be investigated. Cruz is in jail."

Out here in the Philippines, this collaborationist problem takes on an amazing and unique twist. In the first place, those who are suspected of co-operating with the enemy are not called collaborationists. The word is taboo here in this American territory. It was decided long before the Free Philippines government left the United States that these doubtful Filipinos would be tagged as "those whose loyalty is under question." Secondly, it was decided that there would be no repetition of the Italian-French collaborationist murders or mock trials if it were humanly possible to prevent such excesses.

No "bolo justice" was to be tolerated. The Filipino guerrilla fighting officers were told, via short-wave radio and through the submarine and airplane pamphlet routes, that MacArthur and Osmeña guaranteed trials, and that sentences for those found guilty in regular Filipino courts would follow immediately upon the liberation invasion. And what has happened thus far, on Leyte and Luzon and elsewhere, indicates that the guerrillas have believed the promise.

### Return to Native Leadership

Within three days after President Sergio Osmeña waded ashore in the Philippines—his only insignia of rank a pith helmet and an open-necked G.I. shirt—any question of his being rejected by the guerrillas or the political underground leaders was dispelled.

He received word by "bamboo telegraph" and guerrilla radio network from leaders on the other islands, welcoming him and his Washington exile cabinet, and asking for orders. The fact that 66-year-old Sergio Osmeña landed back in the Philippines from an invasion barge only a few hours after the first troops drove ashore was impressive to the Filipino population. It would have been fatal to the exiled Filipino Cabinet to wait for the "All clear" signal before returning.

Although General MacArthur expected an open welcome for the Osmeña administration, he admitted that he was frankly impressed by the spontaneity of the "homecoming response" from the Filipino leaders on the as yet unliberated islands. Thus within these same first three days following their arrival together on the mortar-blasted Leyte Gulf beach, General MacArthur turned over all civilian administration of the Philippines "as the islands are progressively liberated" to the new Filipino liberation government.

This speedy turnover of the administration of a war-torn area to civilian control—without its passing through a military occupation period—is not only unique in military invasion history, but it has put General MacArthur and the United States government out on a limb. This immediate release of civil control to the native population is testing the ability and agility of Filipino leaders and their people to maintain order and to reconstruct the Jap-broken system of democratic government.

MacArthur's move wasn't hasty. It was the result of quick and apparently accurate sizing up of the Filipino mind. It must be constantly remembered in the Philippines liberation that it's almost a "family affair." The leaders involved are mostly "old Philippine hands." Many of MacArthur's general officers have served in the Philippines.

It has been the consistent policy of American counter-Japanese propaganda in the Philippines to prove three things to the Filipino.

First: American tolerance toward Orientals and a special friendship and brotherhood with the Filipinos as individuals and as the leaders of freedom of thought and action in the Orient. Second: To prove the advantages of the American way of life through comparison with the Japanese skimpy living and thinking processes. Third: To prove American sincerity through reminders of America keeping its promise to the Filipino people.

On A-Day I happened to be standing talking with President Osmeña and Brigadier General Romulo, when General MacArthur climbed over some splintered palm logs and walked over to us. The general clapped a large hand affectionately on the shoulder of his white-haired Filipino friend. "Well, Mr. President," he asked, "how does it feel to be home again?"

The question caught the rather frail Filipino president right in the middle of his emotions. He couldn't answer for a moment. Finally, his eyes filled with tears, and he lifted his shoulders in a gesture of his inability to say anything.

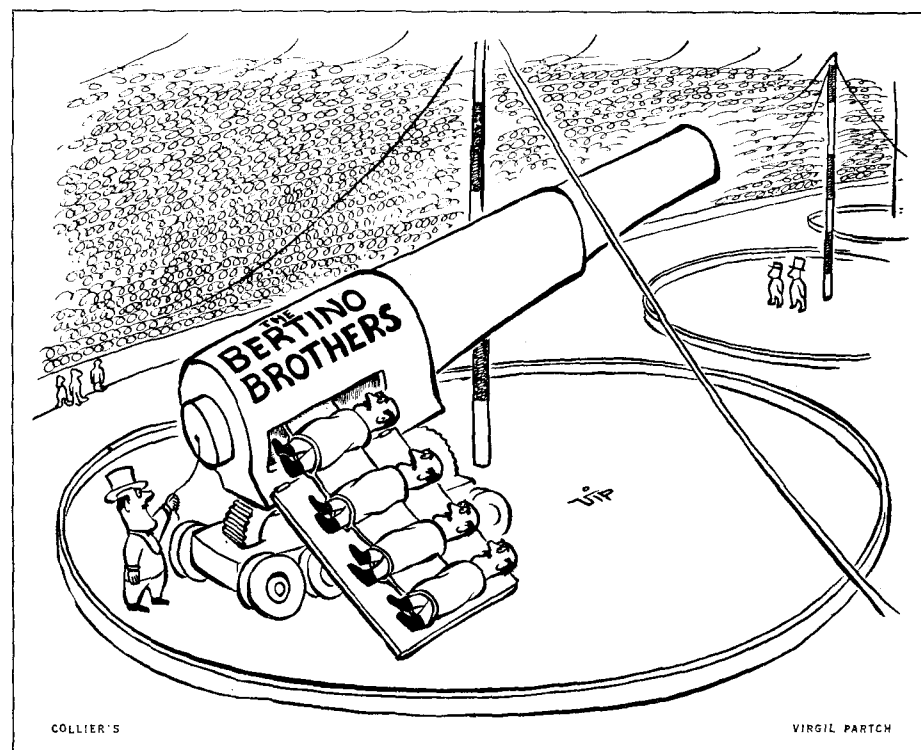
MacArthur spoke again: "We should be in Tacloban in a short time." He pointed north to where, against the green hills, you could see the gray tin roofs of the low-lying

tion. If no job is available, they must remain home under virtual house arrest, although they may go to church. The parole in no way clears the small-fry suspect of the charges brought against him. Those will be decided when his trial comes up later.

In many of these cases, a fine distinction will have to be drawn to determine whether the accused really co-operated with the Japs. Early in the occupation of Leyte by General MacArthur's troops, the public was upset by what was called in city, village and barrio lingo, "prejudiced arrest of townspeople by hill guerrillas." When men like guerrilla chieftain Kangleon came into power with the arrival of the Americans, the hill people first took the attitude that the townspeople who were in daily contact with the Japs were guilty of over-all co-operation.

But President Osmeña pointed out that "There are thousands of Filipino civil servants, especially on the larger islands of Mindanao and Luzon, who necessarily had to hold their jobs to keep the machinery of government operating. These people, generally speaking, are not traitors. There is a fine distinction between the man who retains a job because it is necessary to the public interest and the man or woman who seeks favor and becomes an opportunist puppet."

Also recognized by Osmeña and the inquiry commission is the difficulty of proving in-between cases such as that of Antonio Veloso, nephew of José Veloso, prewar sena-



city which was still occupied by some three thousand Japs. "And when we get into Tacloban," he continued, "I am turning over the administration of the country to you. This may be a little sooner than we planned, but it begins to look as though things are going well enough."

Osmeña had regained his composure as the general spoke. He smiled, then replied in his dignified low voice:

"I am ready, General, any time you are. Just give me notice. We are prepared to submit our plan for civil administration to the guerrillas and to the public for their support. I am confident our long plans made over the past two years will work."

So far, the administration plans appear to be working out perfectly with none of the mistakes or conflict which characterized the Allies' restoration of Italy and Greece to their peoples. The secret of this success is a simple one: gaining the confidence of the Filipinos, including the guerrillas, and keeping the promises made to them. Natives held on minor or merely personal spite charges have been released on parole. These parolees, numbering in the thousands, are released only after being screened by Filipino and American Intelligence officers.

These small-fry suspects must report weekly to their local police chief and they must attempt to get a job, preferably with the CAU, the Philippines Civil Administra-

tor and political boss of Leyte and Samar, who is now closely associated with the Laurel gang. Young Veloso fought at Bataan in the USAFFE. He was captured by the Japs and imprisoned. Finally he went through a Jap indoctrination course with thousands of other Filipinos and was released.

He returned to Leyte where he was immediately grabbed by the guerrillas and imprisoned in a stockade in the southern part of the island, charged with accepting Jap principles. When a Jap patrol appeared at the guerrillas' camp, Veloso asked to be released, so he could fight against the Japs. He was released and told not to go to Tacloban but to stick with the guerrillas.

He went to Tacloban, he says, to see his family. The Japs picked him up and put him in prison again, then released him. He worked in the Leyte provincial administration office. When the Americans returned, he was jailed again. Now, sitting puzzled behind bars, he is probably the most imprisoned and freed man in the islands.

A Filipino Solomon will be required to solve cases of this caliber. But there will be no such difficulty in deciding the fate of the Three Blind Mice, when and if they are apprehended. President Osmeña and the loyal Filipinos are determined to get their new postwar government off to a good start. History will record its progress.

THE END





Illustration of the first official raising of the United States Marine Corps.

# Philadelphia

## The Heritage Whisky



*"Resolved: That two battalions of Marines be raised, that they  
be distinguished by the names of the First and Second  
Battalions of American Marines, Philadelphia, 10 November, 1775  
By Order of the Congress, John Hancock, President"*



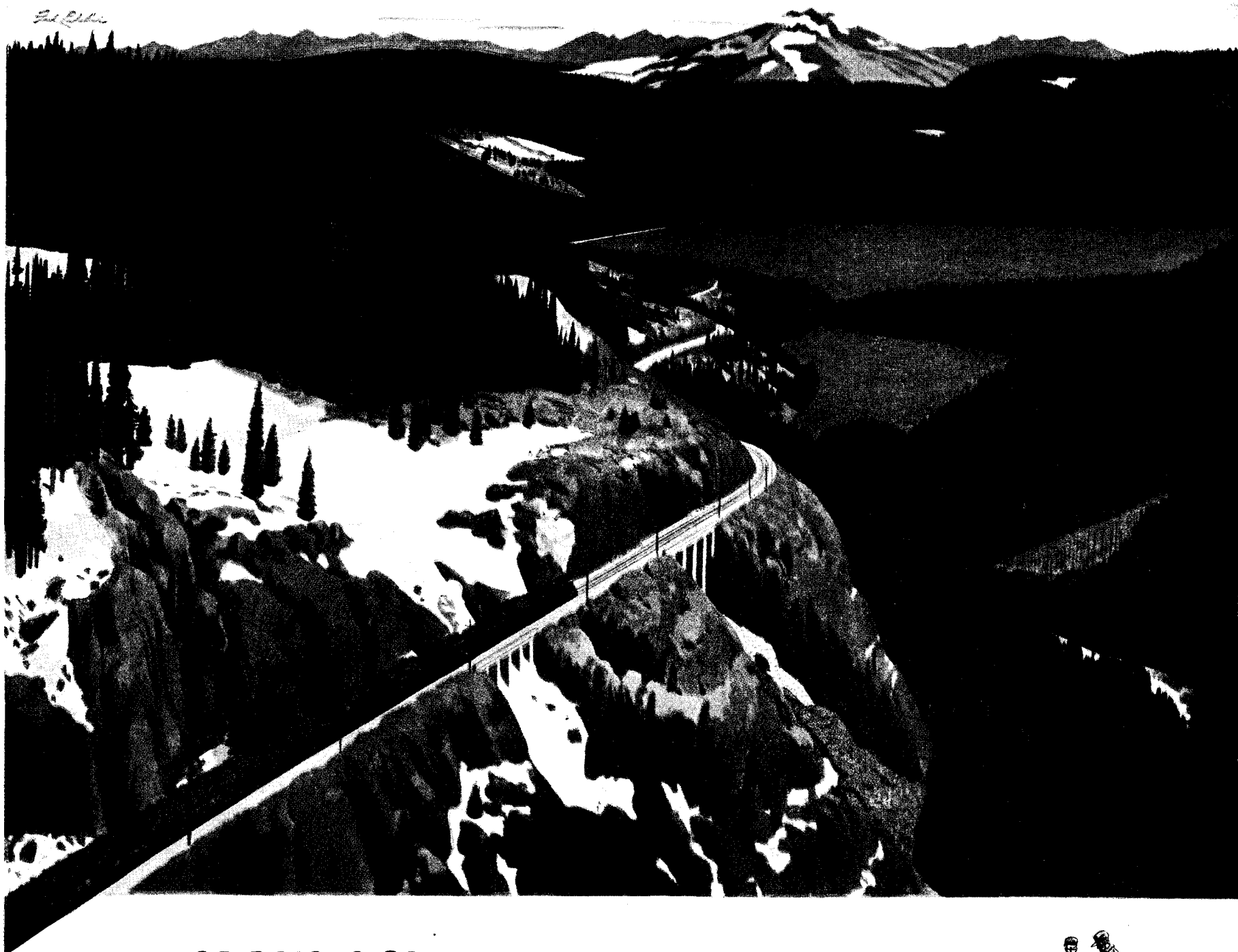
Colonial Philadelphia was the gathering place for hardy and convivial souls who met to enjoy the good cheer lavished on all who visited the Nation's capital. Thus gallantry and hospitality are naturally associated with Philadelphia . . . a heritage proudly upheld today by Philadelphia Blend . . . Here is a whisky you might justly reserve for special occasions, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend regularly and often.

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## *MAIN 14120 meets the Cascades* *on Southern Pacific's Shasta Route (DESTINATION TOKYO)*



"Main" is Army for troop train. Main 14120—southbound from Portland, Oregon—has a date with a transport. Main 14120 is in a hurry.

From Portland to Eugene and on to Oakridge the train has easy going—through rolling farm country and along the lovely Willamette River. But at Oakridge the easy going ends.

Here Main 14120 gets a helper engine and goes mountain climbing. Swiftly civilization drops below as the train roars up the Cascades—through dense evergreen forests and lonely canyons—up to Cascade Summit and then along a high forested plateau past lovely Odell and Crescent Lakes to Klamath Falls.

Another climb to 5063 feet. Then down past mighty Mt. Shasta and across an arm of vast Shasta Lake (Shasta Dam). Down through the Sacramento River Canyon and its fertile valley to San Francisco Bay. On time.

Main 14120 is just one of thousands of troop trains we have handled, but it illustrates an interesting fact about Southern Pacific's job in the war.

Almost every time a Southern Pacific train moves from one place to another, it has to hurdle a mountain range. This means wonderful scenery for sightseers, but real problems for the men who operate the trains.

Mountains demand powerful locomotives, top-notch railroading and constant vigilance against the stormy whims of Nature.

Southern Pacific serves the principal West Coast ports of embarkation, and more military and naval establishments than any other railroad. Our war load is mounting steadily as America's armed forces increase the pressure on Japan.

When peace comes, tourists will again speed between Portland and San Francisco on our Shasta Route. Many will visit Crater Lake National Park, see mighty Shasta Dam and tour the spectacular Redwood Empire, along this route.

But that must wait.

Now, night and day the war trains must roll on Southern Pacific's four scenic routes.

They are rolling along the bayous and cypress glades of Louisiana, across the great sweep of Texas and Arizona on our SUNSET ROUTE . . . along the old Long Horn Trail on our GOLDEN STATE ROUTE from Chicago through El Paso, across the colorful Southwest . . . on our OVERLAND ROUTE they follow the historic path of the Forty-Niners over the High Sierra and down through the old gold workings to San Francisco. And as we've told here they climb the Cascades and Siskiyou on our SHASTA ROUTE.

Night and day the war trains will roll until Japan is defeated.



# S·P

**The friendly Southern Pacific**

Headquarters: 65 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California



She wavered. She was lost. Her father said nothing, not pressing his victory. He merely started off down the deserted beach, his robe flapping in the wind. Andrea followed him, sedately at first, then suddenly skipping a little to catch up.

It was shockingly early, not quite seven o'clock. All the streets were deserted. Only 'risky dogs and sleepy milkmen were abroad in the Florida sunshine. They turned in at the first drugstore they came to.

Her father closeted in one of the two telephone booths, Andrea Garland was left to fend for herself. A boy was sweeping out the place. A sullen-looking girl was polishing the electric grill behind the soda counter. Andrea perched herself on a tall green stool and presented her back to the unspeaking girl.

Like that, she couldn't help hearing the conversation of the man in the other telephone booth. He hadn't bothered to close the door and he was shouting angrily, broad in a gabardine-covered shoulders hunched toward the mouthpiece.

**ODDLY**, he was calling long distance, too. He had the toll change all piled neatly on the little shelf—quarters first, then nickels and dimes. His voice got louder and louder as he kept saying No. No, he would not go on a lecture tour. He didn't care how much money there was in it. No, he wasn't writing a book. He wanted sleep. Carefully he spelled the word out to somebody in Chicago who must have been a very hard character indeed.

Finally the operator interrupted him for more toll. In his excitement, his arm brushed the coins on the shelf and they went cascading down on the floor, rolling out of the booth, under Andrea's stool, around the candy counter and the display of perfume bottles. Money was everywhere.

The operator's voice squeaked higher. The man's tones became soothing and desperate. Andrea took pity on him. Down on her

## Winter Holiday

Continued from page 24

hands and knees in a twinkling, she scrambled for the money.

"A dime, a dime," he whispered desperately. And then, with confidence, he added into the phone, "Okay. Keep your shirt on, baby."

Andrea noticed he wore yellow socks and highly polished brown shoes. A brown pigskin bag, a small typewriter case, a roll of tattered newspapers, a khaki overcoat draped carelessly over them, made an interesting heap outside the phone booth. Eying these things speculatively, Andrea wondered about him. His voice sounded strong and icy bright.

When he turned from the phone at last, Andrea was back on her stool. She made an attractive scene. She knew it. She was used to making nice scenes for people to look at approvingly.

He said: "You're a good guy."

"Am I?"

"Very good," he said. "May I buy you a soda?" He grinned lopsidedly.

"I haven't had breakfast."

"Then may I buy you breakfast?"

"I'm a Girl Scout," Andrea said, shaking her head. "I don't accept pay."

He said, "I needed to give that guy a piece of my mind. It was better for me than a tonic."

She said, "I rather gathered that."

He stood easily, with his hands in his pockets and looked at her. His ears were large and his mouth was wide and his eyes were dark and trusting. He was young and not in uniform, a curious fact. He was lean and solid and not overly tall.

Andrea smiled. He seemed so unnecessarily grave. "Do I pass?" she said.

"The grade is A." He tilted his head slightly, to improve the view. "It is good to

see such things. I like American girls. They have no brains." He grinned lopsidedly again. "I'm a newspaperman," he said. "Business is very good. Any rags, any bones, any blood today?"

Andrea flinched. He saw it.

"Don't be shocked," he said, moving his shoulders. "People talk like that. Boring people. People like me." But he knew that he was not boring, that he was fascinating her. He took her for a beautiful wide-eyed child. She was not. He misjudged her; and thereby lost his heart.

It was as simple as that. It was exactly like that, in a drugstore in Palm Beach with the sunshine making warm patterns on the floor.

"I've got ten days between the Atlantic and the Pacific," he said, "and I'm going to sleep every day of that, all day." He sighed with pleasure at the idea, bending to take up his luggage.

At which instant her father erupted from his telephone booth. His round face was flushed with much effort. He took off his cap and mopped his brow.

"Guess what, Andy?" Mr. Garland groaned. "The Big Stuff is coming down here. Be here tomorrow. Gosh, Andy," Mr. Garland gasped with honest piety, "what'll I tell your mother?"

"Here?" Andrea said.

Mr. Garland staggered over to a stool and sat down. He had promised his wife not to do business for ten days, and here he was doing business. He was torn between his loyalty and his love. His love of business won out.

"It's seventy thousand yards of piece goods for the Hagerstown factory. We need it and Herman Boop has it, and Herman Boop is here. In Palm Beach."

The strange young man said, "Don't tell me there is a man, alive, of flesh and blood, called Herman Boop."

"He is alive," Mr. Garland answered absently, "but he is not flesh and blood. He is dollars and cents." Then his eyes widened and he looked at the young man with intense surprise.

Remembering manners, Andrea did her best: "This is my father," Andrea said. "And this, Father, is—"

"Max Whitney," the young man supplied hastily.

Formalities over, Mr. Garland went back to his own troubles: "Andy, I've got to find a room for the Big Stuff, and I've got to look up Herman Boop without your mother's knowing."

"You won't find a room," Max Whitney said. He wrinkled up his nose in evident distaste. "These twenty-dollar-a-day foxholes with hot and cold running water are all booked up. I know. I—"

Frowning, Mr. Garland said, "Listen, Andy. There's got to be a room. I may be too old for that board of directors that meets in New York tomorrow, but sweet dahlia!—I'm not too old to find a room."

"Age," Max Whitney said, "is a state of mind. Age is not a matter of years."

**THEY** eyed Max Whitney. They began, collectively and at once, to like Max Whitney very much.

"But about that room," Max persisted, "I myself slept on a park bench last night." Again, he began gathering up his luggage for departure. "Going back there, too. Probably have that as a permanent address for two weeks."

"And imagine!" Andrea said. "We have a room we aren't even—" Father and daughter exchanged glances.

They had the same idea. Nevertheless, it was up to her father to extend the invitation.

"We've only three more days to stay," Mr. Garland began hesitatingly, "but if you'd care to have the room. That is, if you'd like—"

Light came over Max's face. He said to Andrea, "Does he mean it? My gosh, does your father mean it?"

"Come on, boy," Mr. Garland ordered impatiently. "Let's see what Mrs. Garland says about you." And without more ado, he led the way homeward, his daughter having to skip now and then to keep up with the swift pace and the newspaperman striding along beside her.

Mrs. Garland was a small-boned woman,

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## WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Little habit they picked up in Paris. I don't mind indulging their whims"

COLLIER'S





## ALBUM OF A FAMILY *with a Proud Record*

And proud records aren't built in a day! For more than 50 years, Westinghouse home appliances have been giving the "Lift of Living Electrically" to millions of grateful owners.

These useful appliances have taken the backbreaking work out of washing . . . the eternal pot-watching out of cooking . . . the wasteful spoilage out of storing food. They've shown the homemaker how to clean house easily . . . how to iron clothes with least effort . . . how to do the thousand and one other tiring household tasks with greatest ease.

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PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE

Each of the 22 different laborsaving devices pictured was made before the war. Postwar models will be even better. And there are many exciting *new* appliances ready to bear this famous name.

But not yet. At the moment, all the skill and resources of the Westinghouse Appliance Division are devoted to war work. And will be as long as it's necessary. But there's a new day coming . . . a day when Westinghouse will again prove to be a "friend in need" to harassed housewives. Let's all do everything we can to make it soon.

30 MILLION PRE-WAR

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very fair, rather younger than her husband, whose whole impulse was kindness. Her kindness was a personal kindness, to be offered with her own hands, and Mrs. Garland enjoyed nothing more than looking after people.

And when she beheld Max Whitney, she saw that he needed looking after. She saw it instantly and overwhelmingly.

Max was sweet to her. He allowed himself to be bossed; he chuckled and was pleased and winked only once behind her back at her laughter. Andrea was not startled. Andrea shook her head warningly, turning down the top sheet of the spare-room bed.

"I think a nice swim," Mrs. Garland said, "is what you need first. Julius will loan you a pair of his trunks."

**PROTESTING** availed nothing: Max must go swimming. Tucked into one of Mr. Garland's two-sizes-too-large bathing suits, Max ran elegantly into the waves after Andrea. Andrea was like a dolphin in the sea, she frolicked. She was here, there, and everywhere. Max trying to follow.

She swam far out and began to feel unreasonably gay. Then, exhausted, she pulled herself out of the deep water and lay exactly where she was, with the warm green waves washing over her.

"You do that beautifully," Max said. His short blond hair stood on end; he looked up

at himself. Breakfast was eaten picnic fashion under the big orange beach umbrella. Andrea and the guest sat cross-legged in the bright sunlight, wolfing down bacon and eggs and toast and coffee cake.

"You people are much too nice," Max said. He was exceedingly grave now. "This reminds me of my first picnic."

Mrs. Garland nodded complacently. "Does it? I'm so glad."

"I was fifteen," Max said, not speaking to Andrea but meaning that Andrea should hear it. He put down his coffee cup and accepted a piece of coffee cake. "There were ten in my family. My father was a brick-layer and my mother was Irish. Three girls, the rest boys." Max spoke thickly, his voice a little blurred with the memory: "We played in the alley. We ate, not always enough, but we ate and we were clean and it is not an easy thing to be clean in Pittsburgh. Then when I was fifteen, that summer," Max said, "my brother Louis had a car. He'd put it together from junk heaps."

Andrea's father moved his shoulders understandingly. "I had one of the first cars when I was very young," he said.

After a pause, Max went on. "Louis took us all out to the country. We had a picnic. Nothing like this," Max said, munching cake; "just bread and sausage and bananas."

Mr. Garland asked about the war. Max answered dryly, and Andrea saw that it was

Her father groaned. "Trouble is my middle name."

Max poked his head out of his door. "What's up?"

He looked rested. Lines were smoothed out of his funny face. He looked only about twice as old as his twenty-seven years.

Andrea caught her breath. "Hello," she said. "Lunch, lazybones."

Lunch was a quiet, cozy affair—except for Mr. Garland. He was not feeling cozy.

"How would you kids like to take a walk with me?" he managed to ask at last, with his third cup of coffee. "Of course, we'd have to help your mother with the dishes first, Andy."

Suspecting nothing, falling instantly into the trap, Mrs. Garland replied urgently, "Nonsense, Julius. I love washing dishes. You know I do." She began shooing them out of the small sun-flooded kitchen.

They departed, Andrea being careful to avoid Max's eyes for fear she would giggle outright. In silence, being friends, they walked two blocks. Mr. Garland heaved a mighty sigh, looked behind to be sure he wasn't followed, and gleefully hailed a passing taxi.

At the first two or three hotels, Max Whitney trotted in hopefully with Mr. Garland, looking for a room for himself. "I would," Max said, "accept a shelf in somebody's kitchen."

Gloomily Mr. Garland wagged his head. "That wouldn't suit the Big Stuff."

At the fourth hotel, Max sank back in his corner of the seat and, not watching Mr. Garland disappear behind the grilled doorway, looked at Andrea with evident appreciation. "What's that thing you're wearing?" he said.

"A play suit."

"That must be another way of spelling dynamite," Max said.

Wistfully Andrea smiled. "It's not me. It's the designer. Designers are like Chopin. You can never tell what they're going to do to you."

It went like that: they talked. They talked the afternoon through while the taxi driver took them from hotel to hotel and waited for Mr. Garland to make inquiries about Herman Boop. They were busy making a rare web of magic between themselves. They discovered that they liked peach ice cream and Keats when he wasn't talking about beauty, and October, and very little of Shakespeare, and almost everything of G. B. Shaw; they told each other about their childhoods; they were enormously serious and enormously light-hearted. The afternoon fled; and, talking, they hardly knew where it had gone.

"Well," Mr. Garland said, reappearing for the last time from a hotel, "I've located Herman." His grin made a half-moon of delight. "He's going to join us tonight with a lady friend at the Tennis Club."

Andrea looked at her father as if she had difficulty remembering who he was. "But, Father," she cried, blinking rapidly, "how will you explain Herman to Mother?"

"I won't explain," Mr. Garland said. "It'll be an accident, meeting him like that." Mr. Garland nodded firmly; Mr. Garland hoped it would work.

**SO, CROSSING** her fingers, did Andrea that evening.

Mrs. Garland had sent the three of them off, a few hours earlier, begging off when they asked her along, saying she needed sleep. Which they had known she would do—Mrs. Garland hated night clubs. But Andrea did not have much time to consider her father. She danced every dance with Max, even at the risk of offending Herman Boop. Herman was with an unnatural blonde, a very plump lady who chattered constantly.

Andrea wore a lollipop-green dress with a tiny round jeweled collar and a bow at the back hitched up to be almost a bustle. Her chestnut hair, quite dark in the reddish-glow lamplight the Tennis Club afforded, was caught in a kind of Psyche knot.

Max danced well, lightly, for so solid a man. He and Andrea alternated between the polite conversation at the table—which did not mention seventy thousand yards of piece goods that Herman Boop had, and Julius Garland wanted desperately—and the



"I can't eat, I can't do my homework. I think it's you, Gertrude"

COLLIER'S

SYDNEY HOFF

om playing jacks with himself in the sand. "I ought to. I teach it."

"Swimming?"

"Swimming," Andrea said, "at the West-aven school."

He frowned against the sun. "I suppose the little darlings have doting papas stuffed with greenbacks, and hunger is a word they learn to spell in the second grade."

Andrea said, shaking the water out of her ears and getting herself to a standing position. "On the contrary, Mr. Whitney. They're all underprivileged children. Some of them have never even seen a pool." Then he relented. "Mother always makes me wash my hands with strong soap every evening when I come home."

He grinned that very lopsided grin, ruefully; and Andrea laughed.

"Your nose turns up," Max said.

"So does yours," Andrea said. "Only more so, Mr. Whitney."

He flung sand at her. Andrea dodged, and they were off, screaming like wild healthy children, for the house. They met her mother coming out, laden with a tray, and managed to pull themselves up short. But they could not stop laughing. Laughter was like wine to them.

Andrea's father and mother regarded this weekly, halfway amused at nothing them-

a torture to him, that he was sick of war. Sick in a way that words could not describe.

In an effort to distract her father, Andrea interrupted, "Have you forgotten? About tonight, Father?"

Her father looked decidedly sheepish, averting his face from his wife. "I was just going to ask Max if he would go with us. I promised Andy to take her dancing. Don't you think it would be nice, Martha?"

"Why, Julius!" She was utterly amazed. "Of course! But I thought..."

Mr. Garland smiled. "A little fun hurts no one. Will you come with us, Max?"

Max Whitney glanced fleetingly at the girl. "If I can keep my eyes open," Max teased, as one might mock a very small child who is quaintly amusing.

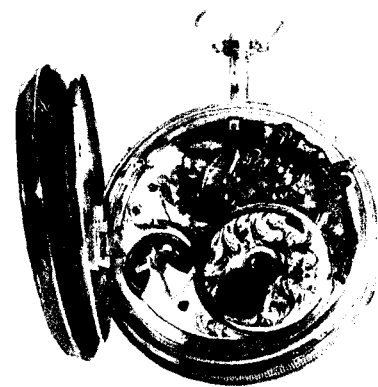
Abruptly, then, the two men decided they were wasting time; they should be sleeping! They helped gather up the breakfast things and then went off to their respective rooms to sleep.

Lunch was postponed until two; but then Andrea was delighted to wake the loafers.

Her father was easy. He opened one eye carefully. "Andy," he whispered, "I've got to see about the Big Stuff this afternoon. I've got to get out."

"Sugarlump," Andrea said gaily, "you're heading for trouble."

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everything....*

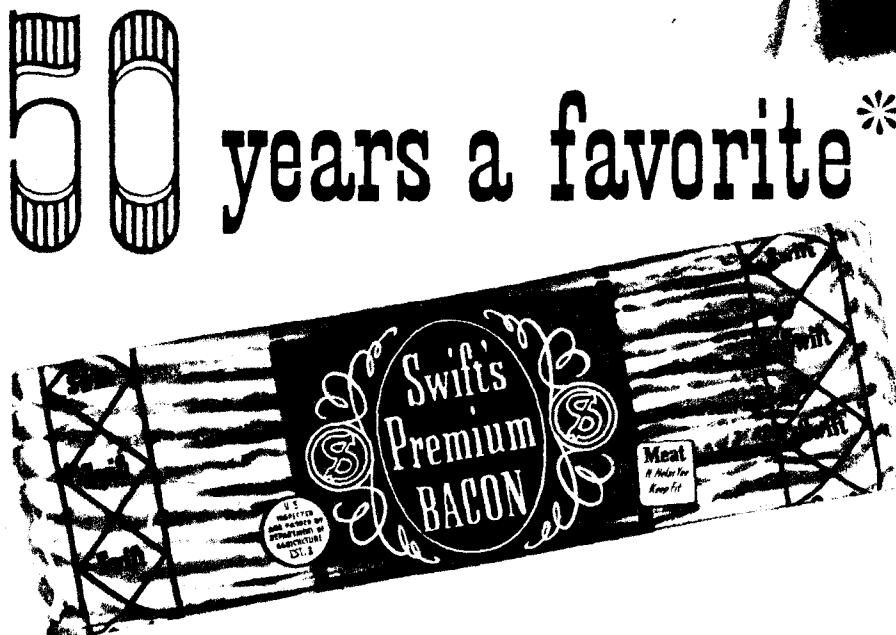
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crowded dance floor; and between them, Andrea and Max said nothing, until Max danced her out into the garden.

The garden was walled. Bright moonlight silvered the world and turned the scarlet poinsettias into black gypsy shadows dancing in the breeze against the high garden wall. The music stopped and Andrea hugged Max with her head on his chest, bear-fashion.

"It's been a lovely day. Thank you for the loveliest day, Max. The loveliest day of all my life."

He kissed her. It was a funny little kiss, and then it got quite out of bounds. It swept them away and away and away. Max stood back and looked at her with that lopsided grin. He kept her hands. He held her hands tightly between them.

"I think I must be in love with you," Andrea said.

His voice was almost rough: "Look, infant. Don't throw that word around. It's serious when it happens. Have you ever been in love?"

Andrea considered. "A little around the edges. But never like this. You make me—dizzy," Andrea said candidly.

"Stop telling me fairy tales. I might believe you."

She was not coy. She had no devices and no pretense—not with Max Whitney. She said, "But it is real, very real, Max. This morning I looked at the world and I was merely audience. And now I am a part of it, now because of—"

"Me, infant?"

Suddenly Andrea was furious. She pulled her hands free and stood there feeling lost and naked without her hands in his hands. "Why," Andrea said, "must you keep insisting I'm so young? You said this morning that age was merely a state of mind and—"

"Exactly," Max said.

Now he was under control again, and her heart rocked against her ribs, and her heart said: If I had time! If I only had a little time!

"I'd only hurt you, Andy." He peered at her gravely in the moonlight. "The things I've seen—the things I've done and been in war would hurt you. I'm worn out. I'm an old, old man," Max said.

She turned and fled and was glad the lights inside were dim. Tears were rolling down her cheeks; she saw what happened next in a blur of tears. For it appeared, from the loud voices, that Herman Boop's lady friend possessed a husband. This husband had appeared unexpectedly, feeling indignant and threatening the trembling Herman, Latin fashion, in excited Latin-sounding words.

"But, my dear man," Mr. Garland protested, "there is some mistake. This lady is here at our table at the express invitation of my daughter," he lied handsomely, "who

found her alone at the bar and recognized her—ah—as a friend of a friend in New York."

The little scene ended. The Latin and his wife left, and Herman, saying over and over to Julius Garland, "You are my one friend, my best pal, anything I own is yours," was towed carefully home to the Garland cottage, given a stiff drink and reminded that in this goods-shortage time he possessed seventy thousand yards of overall material which Mr. Garland wanted. It was done cleverly, vigorously. Andrea enjoyed watching her father operate. The grateful Herman signed the bill of sale then and there, before departing.

"Julius," Mrs. Garland said, but she was not really very angry, "how could you? I suspect all day you've been scheming. You promised, Julius. No business, you promised."

With that in her ears, Andrea tumbled into bed, and the first thing she heard the next morning was her mother's excited voice. But now her mother sounded altogether happy. Andrea lay listening, not catching the words. Her thoughts were for herself. Her head ached bitterly. If I only had time; a little rest, sleep—sunshine; they would do wonders for Max. A state of mind can be changed.

Wearily Andrea got out of bed and regarded herself critically in the mirror. What she saw turned her toes up. What she saw sent her flying out into the living room, forgetting even to catch up a robe.

THEY were all there, even Max, his hair in wild disarray, exclaiming over a telegram. Before Andrea could utter a word, they thrust the telegram gleefully under her nose. Coldly the telegram said:

CONGRATULATIONS. MASTERLY WORK. NOT COMING DOWN AS NO NEED SEE HERMAN NOW. STAYING TO NOMINATE YOU FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Mrs. Garland said happily, "Julius, I'm so proud. Julius, you don't mean, actually, that the Big Stuff was coming here?"

"But look!" Andrea sputtered. "Look, everybody! I've got the measles, and now we'll have to stay at least two more weeks. Even Max!"

They stared. They remembered that the Westhaven School had closed because of measles. They paled; and then Max got a certain look in his eyes, a look of "Well, maybe I believe in fairy tales, too." Max started toward her.

Andrea backed away. Andrea cried, not wanting to, "Go away, go away, Max. You'll catch something from me."

Max did not hesitate. "Whatever I've caught from you," Max said gently, with infinite wisdom, "I've already got."

THE END

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

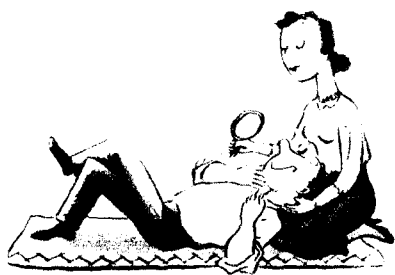
IT DOESN'T matter much, but we have a short note here from Pfc. Knox Burger, a former neighbor now acting as Saipan correspondent for Yank, the Army weekly. "I'm not going to waste my time telling you about my jaunt over Tokyo in a B-29," he says. "Read Yank if you want to know what I'm doing. However, I think you ought to know that my pal Duffy and I have three mice in our tent. Their names are *Liberté*, *Egalité* and *George*."

OF MORE general interest, probably, is a communication from another friend and Yank correspondent. He is Sergeant Charles Pearson, who has been in Australia for quite a while—long enough, at any rate, to report authoritatively on the alcoholic phase of the war Down Under. "You've heard about jungle juice," he writes, "but you probably don't know just what it is. It is something. In most cases it's made from raisins, apricots or currants. These are mixed with sugar water and yeast and set out in a reasonably clean oil drum to work. The man who sets it out in the kunai never has trouble finding it; you can either smell it at a hundred yards or

see the flies at seventy-five. This type gags you at first but becomes smooth along about the ninth drink. There is, though, only one real jungle juice. Not much is known about its concoction other than that the fermenting mass must contain the leaves or bark from a tree rich in alkaloid of the strychnine or quinine type. For several days after imbibing this nectar, the natives are paralyzed from the hips down. This may seem somewhat undesirable but is said to be preferable to the big head type of hang-over." That disposes of jungle juice and slakes our thirst for some time to come.

BE THAT as it may, only yesterday we were watching two men who were leaning heavily on a neighborhood bar and feeling no pain. Obviously, they had been there for more than a short time. Suddenly one of them allowed he'd better call his office. In the phone booth, he dialed a number, asked his office switchboard operator for his secretary, then waited. Finally he leaned out of the booth and addressed his pal. "I don't know what goes on," he said plaintively. "Every time I call my office I'm busy!" . . . G. W.

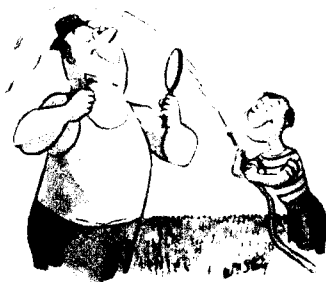




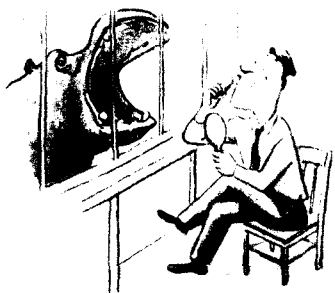
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## Trouble Afoot

Continued from page 15

bone behind the second toe. Lifted out of contact with the ground, the first metatarsal has to hand over its load to its frailier colleagues. For even a slender person, this can amount, in walking, to as much as sixty pounds. The effects of the misplaced weight include calluses, inflamed tissues, irritated nerves, and chronically strained joints.

Even more common is another anatomical defect. In many cases, the ligaments leading to the first metatarsal are lax. This condition is generally inherited, though it may be caused by rickets or by letting an overweight baby stand on its feet too early in life. The unstable first metatarsal joints resulting from these droopy ligaments function about as well as wobbly table legs. Not only does the loose-jointed bone fail to contact the ground, but the foot rolls inward, giving the idea that the arch is falling.

This position throws a terrific strain on muscles and ligaments. It often causes pain in the legs and back as well as in the foot, and makes even vigorous citizens walk like candidates for an old-age pension. Although these structural defects usually date from birth, it is likely to require twenty-five or thirty years for the results to become noticeable.

Luckily, these sufferers are far from being without hope. Better understanding of the foot's mechanism has resulted in new remedies, much more effective than the old-fashioned and often unscientific treatments still frequently used. Believing that "falling arches" are due to a weakening of the muscles, many victims pick up marbles with their toes, and do other forms of pedal calisthenics. This, says Doctor Morton, is entirely wrong. In the first place, the arch isn't held up by muscles; their duty is motion and keeping the leg bones vertically balanced on the foot. In the second place, the abnormal position has made those muscles exceedingly weary. What they need is rest.

The first step in treating maladjusted and aching feet is to go to bed and stay there until the pain disappears. Another phase of the treatment is contrast plunges. All the patient needs are two buckets, some water and a watch. First, he dips his feet to the point of six inches above the ankle into water as hot as he can stand, for a minute and a half; then into cold water for half a minute. This is repeated five times. Afterward, it is helpful to rest for half an hour and move the toes and ankles a little to improve the circulation if the feet are not painful.

### First Aid for a Short Bone

As for the bone that is shirking its part of the job, the answer is surprisingly simple. If you had a little table with a short leg, you would probably steady the inadequate support by propping it up. The same thing can be done for a weight-bearing bone. A leather sole about an eighth of an inch thick is worn inside the shoe. Though it does not reach under the lesser metatarsals, there is a projection that goes beneath the first one. This platform gives the short bone something to rest on and permits it to carry its share of the load.

Symptoms usually disappear with gratifying rapidity. During a test made at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi, and reported by the Journal of the American Medical Association, ninety men suffering from foot pain, calluses, and excessive fatigue were proved by the X-ray to have short first metatarsals. These cases were fitted with leather insoles. After about eight days rest and treatment, seventy-six of them were able to return to full military duty.

Though the insoles are very simple devices, you can't run out and order a pair from a near-by shoemaker. It is necessary to take X-rays of the feet, find out to what extent the first metatarsals need propping, and then provide platforms of exactly the right design. Only a doctor can prescribe them.

But what about the arch supports you may have been wearing? Though useful, Doctor Morton says, for completely broken-down

feet, they are likely to weaken feet which don't require extreme measures.

A large part of the patient's comfort depends, of course, on his choice of shoes. People with short first metatarsals should realize that high heels rank as their Number One enemies. They are the most important reason why nearly ten times more women have foot difficulties than men. If the heel is very high, a woman might be walking on her second metatarsal alone, with none of the others making contact. This means that the entire weight of her body is thrown on one little bone about as thick as a cigarette.

A good way to prevent trouble is to wear sensible heels for one's regular occupations, and high heels only for occasional dress affairs. Sometimes women who have tottered around on spikes for twenty years find, when they try to reform, that low-heeled shoes cause them considerable pain. This is because their calf muscles and heel cords have become shortened. At first, they should wear low heels for only an hour or so a day, increasing the time as their feet and legs become adjusted.

### Cure-Alls May Be Disappointing

Many people with ailing feet think that they can solve all their problems by buying "orthopedic" shoes. Before shoe rationing went into effect, over \$200,000,000 was spent for footwear of this kind every year. Yet those who expected a cure-all were likely to be disappointed. No make of shoe can lengthen a short metatarsal, cure feet puffed up because of a kidney ailment, or remedy a dozen other diseases and malformations.

The best guide in shoe buying is comfort, without any expectation of miracles. It is important to be certain that the model is long enough and broad enough, and that it fits snugly around the heel. Also, a shoe shouldn't be selected until one has stood up in it, for when the body's weight is put upon the feet, they become a half size or even a size larger. If a shoe has to be "broken in," be sure that it was a bad choice.

Prominent among the results of improper footgear are corns and bunions. Corns are bits of armor plate used to protect the skin against rubbing and excessive pressure. Having them removed will help only temporarily; the cure lies in buying better-fitting shoes.

That other bane, the bunion, is a projecting, overgrown and inflamed head of a first metatarsal, caused, in most cases, by shoes so small that they bent the big toe over and forced it out of line. Treatment ranges from soft leather "bunion pockets" in the shoes to removal of part of the first metatarsal bone. Since this operation is often unsatisfactory, it's better to wear the right size shoe and avoid the affliction.

Of course, pain or swelling in the feet is not always due to a mechanical derangement. Such conditions can be caused by arthritis or by diseases of the blood vessels, the nerves, the kidneys or the heart. This is another reason why it is wise to bring troublesome feet to a doctor.

One of the best recipes for foot health is to sit as often as possible with the legs stretched out on a level with the hips. When the feet rest for long periods on the floor, the blood has such a difficult, uphill job returning to the heart that foot and leg circulation becomes sluggish.

Another way to forestall trouble is to save your feet unnecessary punishment. Busy mothers frequently declare that no matter what the X-rays might say, it is impossible for them to spare their feet. Yet analysis of their activities often shows considerable wasted effort. There is no law requiring one to stand up in order to iron, wash dishes, or manicure vegetables, nor is a day of needless department store tripping an ideal recreation.

Fortunately modern research has found new ways to treat the most common of foot ailments. But it is still necessary to give these much neglected extremities proper consideration: to wear well-fitting shoes, to keep one's weight within reasonable limits, and to coddle them a bit whenever possible. You'll undoubtedly be able to buy a new car after the war, but there will be no way to secure another pair of feet.

THE END

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*Love*

## IS TOO BIG *by* NANCY TITUS

**Dodie felt that life and love were passing her by, but, when the time came, she found out, to her surprise, that her heart had a lot to learn**

**D**ODIE was not sure when it was she began wanting something *big* to happen to her. It must have started when Don, her brother-in-law, was reported missing, but it didn't happen all at once. The wanting emerged slowly, sending out its shoot gradually, like a bulb under hard winter earth—growing larger and stronger, pressing within her, demanding to spring forth.

She could not have explained how she felt to anyone; not even to Sue Foster, her best friend. For Sue was still content with life, the way it had been for Dodie, with being a fifteen-year-old sophomore and listening to Frank Sinatra and keeping candy bars in her locker; with yelling at football games and putting the initials of the football captain, who did not know she was alive, on the cover of her French II notebook. No one would

know how Dodie Haskell felt; for no one her age felt the same way; and no one older would believe she *could* feel this way.

This feeling was . . . Oh, it was longing for a chance . . . to love terribly; to die for a cause; to dedicate herself to something. And it was so strong that there were times when she thought she would burst, literally burst, if something magnificently awful and tragic and dramatic did not come to her.

As it had to her sister. Until this year Calla had been just Calla; six years older; to be envied for her vivid prettiness; to be teased; to look out for, when Dodie'd used some of her perfume or borrowed a pair of her stockings. Calla's marriage to Don Meadow had been only mildly interesting to Dodie. Don was a Navy flier, but Dodie didn't think he looked much as she thought a flier *should* look, shortish and stocky and plain as he was. And although she missed Calla, in the two years while her sister followed Don to his bases, before he was transferred to the Pacific, she certainly did not look upon her as a heroine.

Not until the day when Calla had the word about Don. Dodie would never forget that day. She'd come home from school and found Calla sitting on the sunroom floor,

with Petey, her year-old baby out on a blanket; sitting very quiet, not playing with the baby, just watching it. Calla looked up at Dodie, the skin white around her fine-cut mouth and said, "Don's missing, Dodie."

Dodie said, "Oh. Oh, Calla . . . I'm sorry," and began to cry.

"Don't cry, Dodie," Calla said softly. "He'll come back all right."

But Dodie went to her room and cried until she had to stick a handkerchief into her mouth. It wasn't really for Don. She hardly knew him. It was for Calla: Calla without tears, so still, as though she were listening for something; it was for something Dodie had never sensed before, and did not understand now, but which stabbed at her, hurtingly.

From that day, Calla had assumed the stature of a queen of tragedy. Everybody talked about her. "It must be so hard on her. But she's taking it so wonderfully. She's so brave." She never broke down, even before the family. She went right on talking about Don . . . only she didn't watch for the mailman any more, the way she had.

Calla went for long walks alone, but when she returned, she never looked as though she had been crying. Dodie knew that she often

Dodie looked at the picture of a flier surrounded by native girls fanning him with palms and feeding him coconut milk. "That's my version of what Don's been doing since he's missing," Calla said.

went to light a candle for Don in the little Catholic church the other side of town.

Calla and Don had lighted candles for each other the first night they met. Dodie had thought it a funny thing to do, but now became beautiful. They'd met at a party in the city, Calla and Don, and right away they had wanted to be alone. They'd left the party and gone walking down Fifth Avenue. When they came to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Don had said, "Let's go in." They had, and on impulse, shyly, had lighted the candles and fallen in love then and there.

Dodie thought it sad and lovely that Calla went on lighting them. So heartbreaking, yet satisfying, too; and, in a way that would have seemed wrong if she'd said it, but which she could not help, she wished she could part of something like that.

It was terrible for Calla, but she was *living*. She belonged to the big, the soul-shaking things. And what was going to happen to Dodie? Nothing. People would look at her the wide gray eyes and the freckle-dusted nose and the black mop of hair, hanging low her shoulder blades, and they would know how huge and strong and capable was her heart.

If just once she could show her heart, instead of her outside . . . and prove it could meet the test. . . .

If she could show it to Jim Patterson. . .

**E**VER since Jim, Don's best friend, a Navy flier himself, had come home on a thirty-day leave, after two and a half years in the Pacific, and spent so much time at the house, talking with Calla, Dodie had known she *could* meet the test. . . . She could not about Jim just the way Calla felt about Don.

But he'd never know that. He sat in the living room, a long, bronzed young man, and talked to her, as to an equal, but his eyes kept going to Calla. Dodie would wait forever for Jim if he asked her to; if he were missing, or if he were killed, she, like Calla, would go on bravely. She could even live to the supreme trial of having another man want her, as Jim so obviously wanted Calla, and never know, as Calla did not, that he existed. But the opportunity to prove to Jim that she was as grown-up as Calla, to offer him her heart and her courage, never materialized.

And then something had to happen. Red McDonnell coming home from college before he went off to the Air Corps, humiliating her, just when she *had* almost almost . . . made Jim see her as she really was.

Jim was staying for supper that night, and Dodie dressed in her best, square-necked beige wool, with the big red flowers at the hem. It wasn't much use dressing, but she changed, grimly, knowing she was going to have to face her father's "What's come of Dodie?" and that for all the difference it would make to Jim, she might as well go to dinner wrapped in burlap. She put a net over the back of her hair to hold it smooth, reddened her mouth, but when she looked herself, she could have put her fist through her reflection. She still looked like Dodie . . . dressed up, perhaps, but dressed up for dancing school.

Yet when she went downstairs and found Jim sitting on his heels, lighting the fire in the hearth, there was a moment . . . a moment . . .

Her mother was in the kitchen, and Calla was putting the baby to bed. Jim was alone and he glanced up at her and said, "Well, Dodie, you look lovely."

Dodie, her heart beating fast, leaned against the mantel and said, "Thanks," her yearning and all the bigness in her caught in that one word.

"Is tonight some special shindig? A party that counts?"

"No," Dodie shook her head.

He stood up, so tall beside her. "Just your own morale?" He smiled at her, his smile wasn't teasing. It was warm.



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*Noted Hollywood Columnist*

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*New York Times*

"The screen said Happy New Year with M-G-M's NATIONAL VELVET, which will be hard to match all year long for the tops in entertainment!"

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*Nation's No. 1 Radio Reporter*

"NATIONAL VELVET is a picture to see and to cherish! You will thrill to its story, its acting, its climax—and live on VELVET the rest of your life!"

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# NATIONAL VELVET

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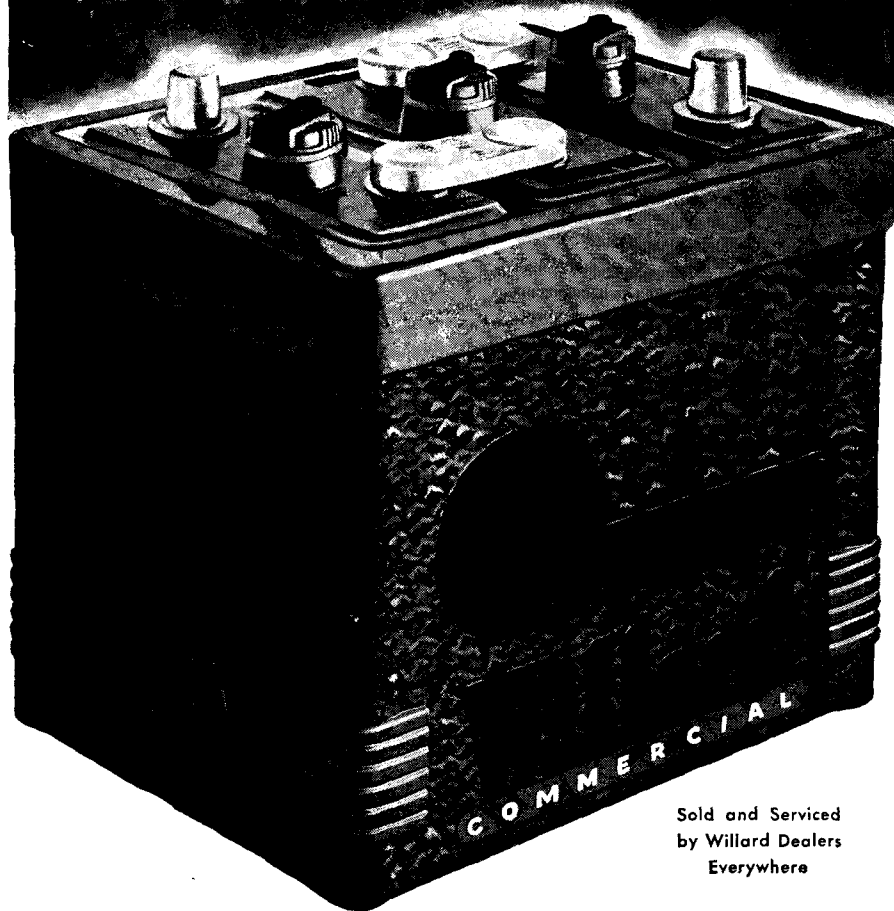
Based on the Novel "National Velvet" by Enid Bagnold. Starring

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JACKIE JENKINS • ARTHUR TREACHER • Directed by CLARENCE BROWN • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN  
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friendly, like his eyes, and Dodie swallowed hard.

"No. For you," she said in a small voice. She could hear the tick of the clock on the mantel behind her, louder than her own words.

But Jim was neither surprised nor embarrassed. He said gently, "I'll remember that, Dodie. A man hasn't many times in his life when a woman dresses up just for him."

A woman! Her gray eyes leaped to his face and found it still serious. And he did not look away, but held her gaze, until she thought her heart was going to tumble right out of her chest.

And then her mother came in with a tray of tomato-juice cocktails, and Calla came down. Her father slammed in the front door, slapping down his newspaper on the hall table and asking if it was roast lamb he smelled . . . and the moment of magic was gone.

Dodie could scarcely eat at dinner. Now, she kept thinking, *now, maybe later.*

Please, please, she prayed over the lamb and peas and mashed potatoes.

The doorbell pealed sharply and insistently and they all started. Color came up in Calla's face, hope and fear mingled in a sudden wave; and then Red McDonnell's voice shouted hoarsely, "Hey, Haskells . . . anybody home?"

And Calla, the hope and fear gone together, called out, "Hey, yourself, Red."

RED came sauntering into the dining room, hands in his pockets, with that swagger he'd had ever since he'd gotten in the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve, his bright hair sticking up in an Indian crest and a green bow tie, clashing with the blue of his eyes, askew at his neck. He came in, just as though he owned the place, shaking hands with Dodie's mother and father, giving Calla a big smack on the cheek and throwing Dodie a "Hiya, Small Change." She could have killed him.

Her father asked, "What are you doing down from college, Red?"

"I got a notice saying I'd be called within the next two weeks, and I wanted to have a little time home."

"We'll all be sorry to see you go."

Dodie was silent. Having given him a cool smile, she went on with her meal.

"Except Dodie here," Red grinned. "How about it, Dodie? Not even a penny's worth of being sorry from you?"

"A plugged nickel's worth," Dodie said, and caught Jim's amusement.

Red helped himself to a biscuit from her butter plate. "What are you doing tonight? Ye gods, I want to have some fun before I go and it seems as though everybody's sewed up or busy somehow."

He was perfectly casual, tilting back the legs of his chair. Any other girl, the college girls he took out, he would have given a line, but not Dodie. Oh, no. She was the kid next door and he could come right out and say he was only asking her for a date, because nobody else would go with him. She felt her stomach turn into a frozen knot.

She opened her mouth and closed it, and then Jim said, easily, "Give the guy a break, Dodie. I'd have asked for one myself if I weren't taking the early train back to town."

The way he said it, she knew, sinking, that he wouldn't have, but Red shot her a glance of interest, and she was able to say, with dignity, "Well, since you're going away so soon . . ."

It wasn't exactly like a date when they started out. Red loped ahead of her to the movies, exactly as he'd gone ahead when he once had to see her to school, and they didn't speak all during the picture. He leaned over the arm of his chair, away from her, and Dodie carefully leaned in the opposite direction and tried to pretend it was Jim Patterson beside her. But when it was over, there was only Red, saying, "Come on, stir your stumps," and rising lankily.

They crossed to the drugstore for sodas afterward, and Dodie was still thinking, Jim wouldn't have asked me out. . . . He still thinks I'm a kid and Red was just better than nothing. It was when they ran into Lennie Allison and Betsy Smith, that she felt another kind of flicker. They waved to her, behind Red's back and signaled to know how she happened to be with him . . . and she

realized that, after all, he was eighteen and he'd been to college and was going in the Air Force, and to them, who did not know Jim Patterson, Red was *important*.

Sitting by him at the counter, she caught him looking at her in the mirror.

"Say, Dodie, I just noticed you're all swanked out tonight. Can't be for me. . . . Was it that Jim fellow? Who is he anyhow?"

A biting retort was on the tip of her tongue, but out of the corner of her eye, she saw the girls leaving, looking back at her with open envy, and she smiled, suddenly and obliquely, "Oh, I was expecting you. I'm psychic."

He grinned. "Go on. There's nothing in that stuff."

"Well, what about people who are dying and they think of somebody . . . and that person knows it?"

"I'll bet if I was, and thought of you . . . you'd never know it."

"I bet I would."

It was funny to be talking this way with Red. As though he weren't Red at all.

They walked home the long way around, through the park along the harbor. Red didn't stride ahead this time, but strolled at her side, talking to her about college.

"Did you hate to leave?" she asked him.

"In a way. But all the other fellows were going. I mean . . . sometimes I wish everything would be over so I could go on at school . . . and sometimes I hope it lasts long enough for me to get out there. When I think of guys like Don, I don't want to stick home. But a girl wouldn't know what I mean."

"But I do!" Dodie cried passionately.

They were cutting up the path to the Post Road, now, and Red took her elbow. "You know, Dodie," he said, "I used to think you were just a plain brat. But you've sure changed." He added, "I was thinking in the drugstore, you could pass for a Smith girl." It was the ultimate flattery.

At the steps to her house, he paused, his hand still on her elbow: "Am I going to see you again before I go?" He stood so the light from the street lamp hit the bony planes of his young face, giving it an older, hawkish look.

Dodie, with a new and unsuspected coquetry, said, "Maybe . . ."

"No 'maybes' about it." His hand slid down her arm and gripped her fingers, squeezing them hard; and swiftly, fiercely, a piercing sweetness leaped from his touch.

"So long," he said, and then he was gone, cutting across the lawn to his house. But Dodie stayed there, hearing the last dry leaves of the maples speaking to one another, looking down at the hand he had held.

*But it was only Red. . . .*

HE WAS waiting for her, perched on the rail by the gym door, when she came out of school the next day.

He said, "Hello, Dodie," and the words caught her, and blew her toward him.

"Hello, Red."

"I've got the car. I took Mom to the doctor and I have to call for her, so it's ours for a while. We can't ride any place, but I thought we could go down by the water or something." He spoke as though, somehow, something had been settled between them for ages and ages.

They drove to the point and got out of the car, climbing over the sea wall and walking down the rocky beach, along the water's edge in the crisp, translucent afternoon—the sky so blue and the sand almost amber in the late sun.

Dodie was caught up in a misty, scarcely breathing spell. She tried to think how it would be, walking here with Jim Patterson, and she could not. He had receded; he had been a dream and Red's touch last night had broken through the dream. Now only Red was real, walking beside her, scaling rocks over the choppy waves, the wind blowing his copper hair and flattening his slacks against his long legs.

They heard the roar of a plane, and both stopped, looking over their shoulders to watch the bomber that lumbered out of the brightness of the West.

"B-24," Red said. "You don't see many around here."

"Will you fly one?"



"I'd rather be a fighter pilot."

He had a queer look on his face, his head tilted to follow the plane; half-eager and yet half-frightened and unbelieving, as though he couldn't quite see himself, Red McDonnell, up there.

Dodie was standing so close to him that she caught the boyish smell of wintergreen chewing gum and hair tonic, and she could not believe it either. Nobody so real, nobody she'd known as long as she'd known Red, whom she had watched mow the lawn and carry in groceries for his mother, whom she'd seen leaning from his window at night, blowing cigarette smoke outside, so his parents wouldn't know he was smoking, could be going away to the Army.

He put his arm around her. "Dodie," he said. He kissed her. He put both arms around her, and, as though she'd always known the gesture, she raised her own to clasp him.

And from her breast, the bigness, the feelings she had been harboring, leaped to life. "Are you going to miss me, Dodie?"

"Awfully," she whispered.

"I fell for you last night, Dodie. No kidding. I fell with a bang. How about waiting for a guy?"

Dodie tipped back her head; her black hair was wild all around the shoulders of her polo coat, and her gray eyes were as black as her hair. This was the big thing. Not pretending about it, as she had for Jim; but real, for Red.

"Oh, I will. I will, forever."

"Maybe I oughtn't to pin you down when you're so young. You go out with whoever you want to . . . but just keep me the one. If you really mean that."

"I won't even go out with anyone else."

"Gosh, Dodie . . ." He kissed her again, his mouth warm on hers, and, with that aching sweetness.

She was Red's girl. The miracle had come to her. It seemed to her it must, it really must be fate. That he'd lived next door, and all, just so they could finally discover each other, before he went away.

They were constantly together. They went to the movies, they went dancing, they went twice to the city; once to see a show at Radio City in the afternoon, and another time for dinner and the theater at night.

But it was the evening they lit the candles, like Calla and Don, that sealed it for Dodie. They had taken a walk, on a warm Sunday night, back toward the woods that rose up from the other side of the railroad tracks. They walked hand in hand, and the undue Indian summer warmth had brought the fog rolling in from Long Island Sound; it flowed around them in wraithlike wisps, yet, above, the sky was clear and the stars shining.

She'd never forget this night, Dodie thought. How it was, walking like this with Red. A million, million years would pass, and it would still be this time for her. They passed the church, where Calla so often went, and Dodie clasped Red's arm.

"Red . . . let's go in and light candles."

He stared at her. "Are you nuts? What for?"

For just a second it wasn't right. He should have been thinking the same thing.

"You know," she said, "for each other."

"I'd feel like a sap."

"Oh, please . . ." She tugged at his hand.

"Okay . . . okay."

They went in hesitantly. There were a few people on their knees in the dim light, and at the altar the candles burning in their red and white cups. They went up, tiptoeing, and awkwardly, not quite knowing what to do, each lit one. Then Dodie pulled Red back to the first pew, down to his knees beside her.

She lifted her head, in its gay peasant kerchief, her eyes wide and dark, gazing at the candles, and a kind of radiance filled her. Now she was dedicated. Now like Calla, she was going to wait forever, no matter what happened. Even if Red never, never returned. Her eyes and her throat were full.

When they were out again on the street, she still could not speak. She had to stare down, so Red would not catch the gleam of tears in her eyes, and she said in a low voice, "That means I'm absolutely always going to be yours."

Red said, "Dodie, you make me feel . . . Well, I don't know how. . . . So darned solemn." Right there, where anyone could see them, he ducked his head and kissed her, but on the cheek and with a strange sort of tenderness. "No one ever had a girl like you."

She knew it was just the same way with him.

**H**IS orders arrived the next morning. He came over while the Haskells were eating breakfast, his blue eyes bright, and hot with excitement. He was to report for duty three days later. He walked with Dodie to school, and he kept talking about whether he'd be sent to Alabama or Mississippi or Texas, and if any of the boys he'd known would be with him. Until now he had not said much about it, and Dodie felt an unexpected, sharply feminine pique.

"You sound as though you couldn't wait to be gone."

"Well, you know how it is."

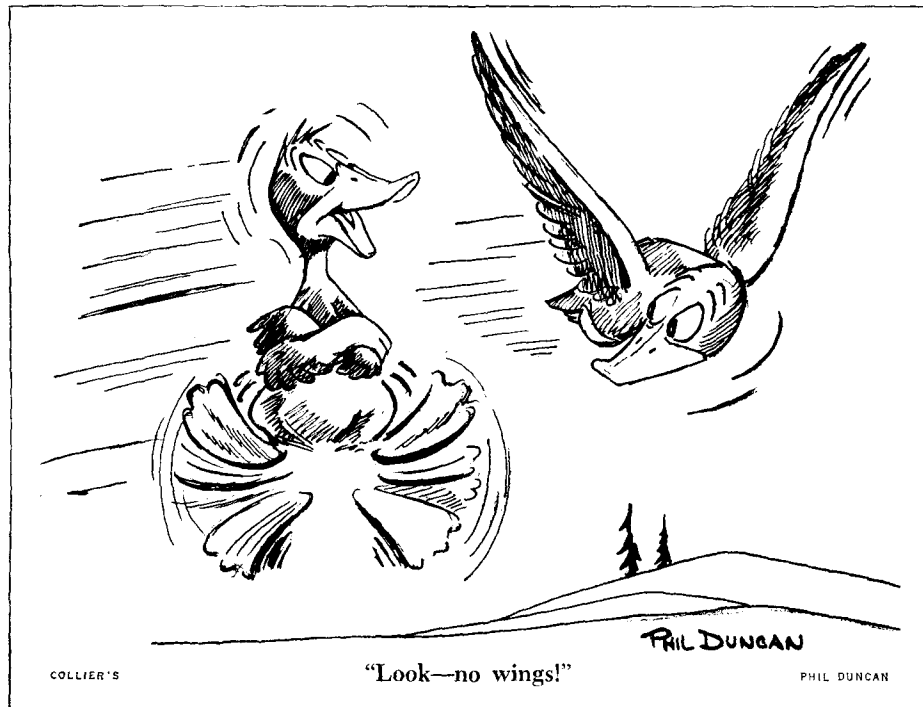
"I guess so," Dodie said, but she didn't.

He said, "See you after school," but when she came out he was not there. She raced home. Suppose he'd gotten other orders and had to report right away? All day she had been rehearsing the last goodbye. . . . Oh, he couldn't have left without that. . . .

He hadn't. He'd gone to Westport to see another college friend who also had gotten his call. Just like that. When Dodie phoned his home, his mother told her, "He said to tell you he'd be back tonight."

She hung up, feeling cold all over. Their next to the next to the last afternoon, and he'd gone off to see some boy he'd probably see in training anyway.

He wasn't home by supper. The cold feel-



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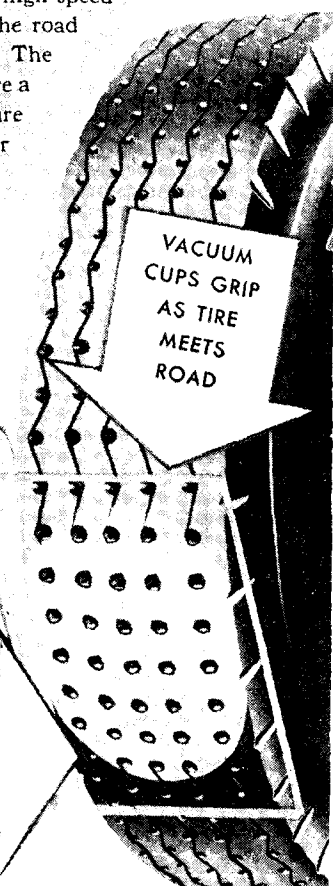
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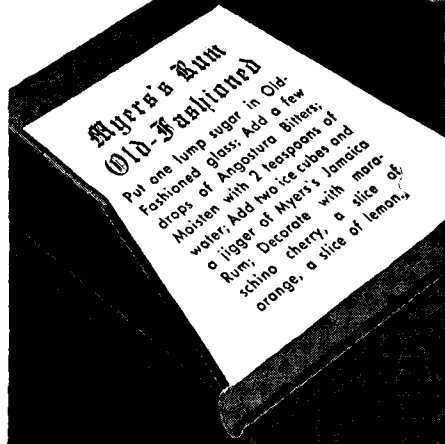




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ing spread into the pit of her stomach. He loved her. He wanted her to wait for him, forever... and he was forgetting a date.

Jim Patterson had come out to the house again. It was nearing the end of his own leave and he wouldn't be seeing them again, he said. He'd been playing with the baby all afternoon, while Calla sat at the card table, working a jigsaw puzzle, her dark head bent and her white hands hovering over the pieces, wrapped in that air of gentle detachment. At times Jim would come up to the table, with Petey on his shoulder, and fit two or three pieces together, and Dodie could see his brown eyes intent on the top of Calla's head.

Oh, Dodie would be as indifferent as Calla, for Red's sake.

But why did Red stay so long in Westport? He hadn't come by eight... or nine. He couldn't forget. She resolved into an inert lump in the corner of the couch in the living room, not wanting to be with the others and yet not able to leave them.

At half past nine he came, charging in the front door as though nothing had happened. "I hear your orders have come," Jim said. "Yeah," Red said carelessly. "Dodie's told me your leave is almost up. Going out again?"

"I hope to."  
"Give me a while and I'll be out there with you."

He acted as though he were already one with Jim. "Grab your coat, Dodie, and we'll see what's doing around town."

She complied only because she could not argue with him before the family, but she turned on him when they were outside. "Why did you have to stay up in Westport so long? I was scared. I thought you'd gone already."

"Don't be dumb," Red said. "I got to talking with Joe and he wanted me to stay for dinner. You and I didn't have anything special on."

She was stung. What was wrong with him? He wasn't the Red he had been last night.

HE DIDN'T want to be alone with her. He wanted to stop in and see everyone he knew, to tell them he had his orders, and then go to the drugstore, when the movies were out, and find who was there. Everybody made a big fuss, shaking his hand and clapping his shoulder; you'd have thought he was going overseas the next minute. He hardly seemed to know Dodie was there.

Even when he drove her home, he wasn't with her. He stopped before the house and Dodie waited for him to put his arm around her. He didn't.

He said, "Look, Dodie, you won't be mad, will you, if I call off our plans for tomorrow? I wouldn't do it, but Joe and I've rounded up a gang from college, and we want to have a stag in New York."

His voice was careless and removed from her. Dodie stared straight ahead.

"Ah, Dodie, don't be mad." He put his arm across her shoulders then. "You're still my girl and all. But... I can't explain it..."

She still stared ahead, angry, biting tears fighting their way into her eyes; not tears of bravery and love. He didn't have to explain. She knew what he couldn't say, though she couldn't have said it herself. Some kind of a man-thing had happened to him with the orders. Before then, his leaving hadn't been quite real to him, and, not being real, had perhaps scared him a little; made him want to hang onto something, and somebody, familiar. But now he knew he was going and he had crossed over, away from her, to a place where he didn't need her.

He gave her a hug. "You write to me," he said. "Don't forget to write, now."

But he didn't want her to wait. She knew it. There was something bigger in his life now; too big for anything else.

Out of her hurt she said the only thing she could. "I'll write if I can spare the time," and got out of the car, not listening to his "Now, Dodie," banging the door; and went up the walk, her lip trembling.

He waited a moment, and then she heard him let in the gears and back up to his own driveway.

She felt so cheated. That was it more than anything else. Cheated of all that chance to be strong and to be brave.

She went slowly up the porch steps, and heard someone come running to the door, throw it open. Her mother cried, "Dodie. We've phoned all over for you. Don's been found!"

Dodie said, "Oh." It didn't come to her, just at once.

"We don't know any of the details. Only that he's safe and on a Navy hospital ship."

"I guess Calla must be turning hand-springs." It was hard to make it mean anything, through her own misery.

"No, she took it quietly, the way she took it when he was reported missing. She's gone upstairs, by herself, for a while. It's a great deal for her to be able to believe after all these months of worry."

DODIE couldn't believe it herself. Nothing seemed any different, knowing Don was safe. Jim was on the phone trying to contact someone he knew, high up in the Navy Department in Washington, to try to get more news. Her father was standing eagerly beside him. They were all so concerned with the event, they did not notice Dodie, now she had been told. She slipped up the stairs. Calla was in her room, but the door was

stood that Calla had known all along that Jim was crazy about her. And perhaps, sometimes, not knowing if Don would come back, she'd wished she could take Jim, and have somebody.

Maybe Dodie didn't know about love at all. Maybe it was simpler than she'd thought, and more complicated, at the same time. Maybe it was something that happened to you, in spite of yourself; not something you made by lighting candles, but that lighted them, of itself. Maybe it wasn't that you held onto it, but it held onto you.

"Go down, Dodie, and say I'll be there."

She had been going to creep away to her room, but she went down again. Jim was coming into the room, and she could hear her mother and father, still at the phone, calling friends.

"Calla says she'll be down," she told Jim.

"Good. She's a grand girl, Dodie. This has been tough on her. No wonder Don couldn't stay out of the picture." He put a brown hand under her chin. "You're a grand girl, too, Dodie. How is it going with you?"

His eyes had a twinkle in them, but there was understanding, too, and beneath his sympathetic look, which seemed to read



"Of course I'm glad to see you resume business again, but I'm afraid our Roger can no longer be counted on as a customer"

COLLIER'S

SCOTT BROWN

open and the light on. She was at her desk, and Dodie saw that she had out the scrap-book she had kept while she and Don lived at his Naval bases, and in which she had illustrated everything they had done with her own pen-and-ink sketches. She had put it away the day he was missing, but now she was drawing in it again.

She turned her head and called, "Dodie? They told you?"

"Yes, I... I think it's wonderful," Dodie said.

"Do you want to see what I'm doing?"

Dodie went in and looked at the picture. Calla had drawn a picture of a Navy flier, lying under a palm tree, surrounded by native girls, who were bandaging his head and fanning him with palm leaves and giving him coconut milk to drink.

"That's my version of what Don's been doing since he's been missing," Calla said. She smiled, and then she looked up at Dodie. "It's a silly thing to be doing now, I suppose." Her voice broke, and she leaned her head against Dodie's arm. "Oh, Dodie, I never thought..."

And seeing Calla hunched over there, the India ink smudged on her fingers, what had happened to her no longer seemed magnificent or dramatic. She caught, for just a moment, the loneliness and fear, that was almost monotony.

"Tell them I'll be down in a little while," Calla said. "Tell Jim I'll say goodbye to him. He's been so nice to me..."

The way she said that, too, Dodie under-

what had happened with Red, she choked suddenly.

"Red..." she said.

"Sure," Jim said. He knew. He caught her by the elbows and swung her up, so her eyes were level with his own.

"You don't want to wait for one man yet. Dodie, you want to wait for a time."

Surprisingly, he kissed her. Lightly, but his hands hard under her arms. And it was just the same as with Red. The same sharpness, the same sweetness; and when he set her down, she was confused and shaken.

"Work up on the waiting, Dodie, but don't make it for any one of us yet."

HE WAS smiling at her, and at first she didn't know what it was she felt; whether she'd discovered it still was Jim, as it had been in the beginning. Then all at once, she knew it wasn't. It was a lightness; a kind of buoying relief.

She'd tried to make something big touch her; but it hadn't, quite... and she was still free. She didn't have to be brave. She didn't have to be like Calla. Her heart wasn't really strong enough, because her heart wanted to see if there would be more Reds and more Jims.

And she was glad!

She cried, "Gosh! Sue doesn't know about Don... I can't wait for Mom to get off the phone. I'm going right over and tell her," and turned and raced from the room, headlong, like a child.

THE END





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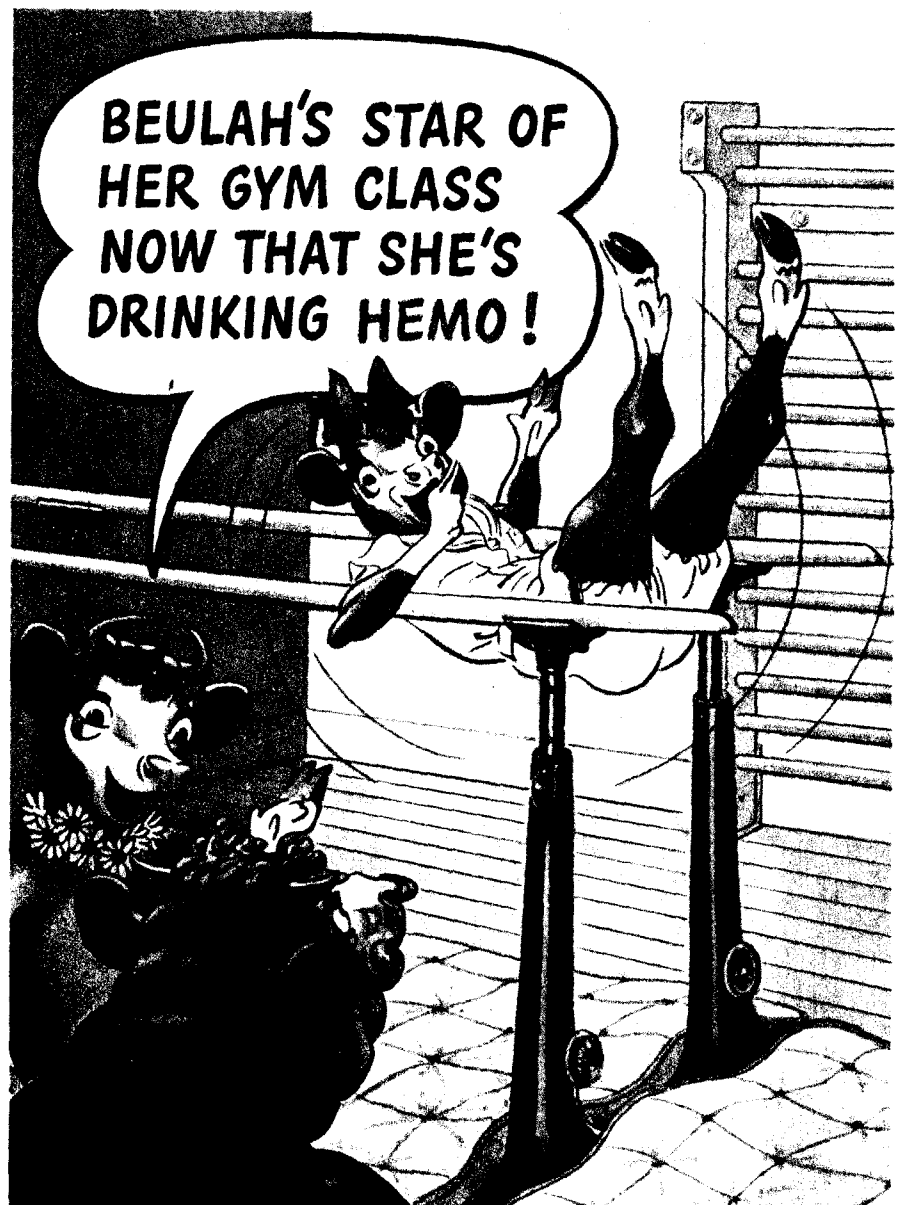
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IF IT'S BORDEN'S,

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# Borden's Hemo



he had ever attempted to store it for long periods.

Spanel worked out the storage problem as it went along. To prevent the latex from deteriorating, the walls of the underground tanks had to be impregnated with chemically treated beeswax, with hot irons and by hand. The underground city took shape. Meanwhile, Spanel worked on an even tougher problem: getting millions of additional pounds of latex into the country. He had to find tankers where there were none. He unearthed steel drums where none were thought to exist. He persuaded ship captains to make extra ports of call. He drove and cajoled until a river of latex began to flow from the Pacific. On December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor, the last ship laden with latex cleared the Panama Canal and headed north for Dover.

Safely tucked away in Spanel's underground labyrinth were millions of pounds of latex. Here was liquid treasure which money could not buy. Spanel surveyed it fondly, but not for long. The government needed it, and Spanel gave it up.

"I knew they needed latex," he chuckled. Spanel came here from Odessa, Russia, with his mother, father and sisters. He was even. The Spanels moved into a converted garage in Rochester. The plumbing was in the alley.

Spanel sold papers to stretch his father's a-a-week earnings. But, being Spanel, he could have to be at the top of even the bottom of the ladder. At twelve, he owned four newspaper routes which he worked with neighborhood boys on a fifty-fifty basis.

For a while, Spanel thought he would like to be an engineer. To pay his way at the University of Rochester, he took a job testing temperatures and making flue-gas analyses in Rochester gas works. The hours were from 8 P.M. to 5 A.M. Classes were from 8:30 A.M. to 4 P.M. Between the two, Spanel could get little sleep. Now, at 44, he thinks that people spend too much time in bed. He uses a night to catch up on his reading, his work and his worry.

#### Called to the Cloth

Spanel's ascetic life of lonely reading at the gas works in Rochester turned his thoughts to a life of study and meditation. He decided to go in for the ministry. He enrolled at a seminary in Cincinnati and, as usual, looked about for some means of sustaining himself while he studied. He became a part-time distributor of radio parts. In his first year at the seminary, he earned \$2,000 per year and above living costs. He decided that the cloth was not for him.

It took Spanel almost two years to get the idea that would make him his first million.

He noticed that his mother put out clothes on a line to air them. Some of the clothes fell into the spring mud. This inspired Spanel to invent a mothproof bag in which clothes could be cleaned by suction from an attached vacuum cleaner. Ultimately he made a deal with a vacuum-cleaner company, helped organize their sales, and, by age thirty-one, he had made his million.

By 1930, he had lost interest in the bag and had discovered latex, the sap of the rubber tree from which crude rubber is made. The 19-year-old American rubber industry used, as its raw material, rubber congealed from latex. The latex itself was practically neglected as a raw material for finished products. Enough men knew that if it were used directly, it would yield stronger products that did not deteriorate and would be more plastic than products made from rubber.

To Spanel, the neglect of latex was like neglecting milk only to make butter and cheese and not using the milk as milk. He asked his patent lawyer to dig up every patent that had been taken out on latex here and abroad. There were 4,000 of them, chiefly for treating and compounding latex as a preliminary to producing rubber products from it. Spanel filed the patents as a hungry man would find, found that few were using latex to manufacture articles directly. He studied latex in his laboratory. He studied markets. He designed a bathing cap.

Unlike the bathing caps produced by pressing rubber between two molds, he would dip

a single mold into a bath of latex. The latex would adhere to the mold. Then it would be cured by heat, peeled off to provide a bathing cap. It was as simple as that. Long batteries of molds could dip and produce thousands of caps in a matter of hours.

Spanel built his first latex factory, complete with curing ovens. He and his men lighted the ovens and went off to toast the enterprise with a celebrating beer. When they returned, the factory was in flames. Two details had been overlooked: The burners had been built too close to the floor, and the floor was not fireproofed. Spanel filed no insurance claim. "That's no way to start a business," he said.

The factory was rebuilt and fireproofed. The batteries of new molds were ready. Latex was poured into the dipping tanks. The signal was given. The molds dipped into the latex bath. But the latex which had behaved so beautifully on the single-model mold in the laboratory now slipped back sullenly into

There, past midnight, he routed his patent lawyer from bed, explained to him the principle of surface tension. A basic patent was born.

Spanel's original molds failed because they had a troughlike edge. By straightening and sharpening the edge, Spanel gave the principle of surface tension a chance to work. On his third try, he succeeded.

In a little while, Spanel was dipping hundreds of caps at a time. Then he canvassed a middle-class neighborhood in Rochester, asking women what they used their bathing caps for. He learned that although women could only find bathing caps in the stores during the summer, they used them the year around to wear under the shower. Spanel taught dry-goods stores to stock bathing caps the year around instead of seasonally. Spanel had big plans. He would build a new plant of 100,000 square feet at Dover, Delaware. It would be completely automatic. This was the beginning. He would make other things

## Spanel: What a Man!

Continued from page 23

### TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



"American Marines most treacherous. You protect your rear expecting assault, then they pull sneak attack from front"

the latex bath without adhering evenly to the mold. The moisture in the atmosphere caused by the grouping of many wet molds was responsible.

Here was a disaster that could not be repaired by simply rebuilding a factory. In desperation, Spanel went to New York. There in his favorite Russian restaurant, to the plaintive music of Gypsy balalaikas and fiddles, he brooded dark thoughts over his *horsch and blini*.

Absently, Spanel dipped his knife into his glass of water, watched the drops cling to the knife's edge and slide off. That's the way my latex behaves, he mused. Suddenly he sat up. Latex was of a thicker consistency than water. If water could cling to the knife's edge before falling, why couldn't the thicker latex not only cling but remain on the knife and leave a thickened edge?

Spanel shouted for the waiter, ordered a glass of coffee cream. He dipped his knife into the cream. It did just what he had hoped it would. It formed a film on the knife and accumulated at the edge to form a reinforced edging. Spanel ran hatless from the place, hurried to the Pennsylvania Station and caught the first train to Washington.

from latex. All this would have been interesting at any time. But then, in 1932, it was remarkable.

Spanel's friends shook their heads and asked him, "Don't you know there's a depression on?"

He hardly heard them. He made latex bathing caps. Then latex girdles and baby pants (Make your baby socially acceptable!) caught on. Latex was on its way toward encompassing a large part of the female and infant anatomy of the country when the war came.

In the space reserved for his girdle ads, Spanel reprinted a column by Dorothy Thompson, warning, in 1939, against the Nazi menace. The reaction was tumultuous. It was the first time that a corset maker had turned seer, had tried to sell in high-cost advertising space, not goods but ideas.

The late Raymond Clapper picked up his Washington paper one day to read, for the first time, Vice-President Wallace's speech on The Century of the Common Man. Clapper was reading the speech in the form of a paid, full-page ad over the name of International Latex Corp. In his column the next day, Clapper wondered why editors overlooked the speech when it was first made. The col-

umnist told his millions of readers that Spanel had saved the speech from oblivion. Editors the country over read Clapper, scrambled for the text of the Wallace speech. Spanel advertised A Plea for United Nations Relief, and other noncommercial war-winning ideas by the score.

Although he has a 26-room, 14-acre estate at Princeton, New Jersey, he seldom sees it. He sleeps in an improvised bedroom adjoining his office. With his son, David, 15, away at prep school, Spanel's wife, Lois, spends much of the time alone, a situation she shares with other "war widows."

In his plant and out of it, Spanel has a reputation for getting things done. Once when he met Henry Kaiser, the shipbuilder was agonizing over the difficulty of getting fifty-eight tons of high-alloy steel he needed desperately. "I've been to Donald Nelson. We've been through every nook and cranny of WPB. Even Nelson can't get it for me!"

From his corner of the room Spanel said, "I think I know how you can get it. In fact, I believe you can have it by noon tomorrow."

Kaiser eyed Spanel in disbelief, but the latter miraculously produced the fifty-eight tons of steel on time.

"The government isn't a machine," he told the amazed Kaiser. "It's run by human beings, and you've got to get to the right ones."

One of the "right ones" in this case was WPB planning committee member, Wally Heinze, later Co-ordinator of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, and now Spanel's general manager. The steel was located in a Houston, Texas, warehouse. In fact, Kaiser had an option on it, but could not get WPB permission to buy. Heinze gathered in one room every WPB official who for months had been passing the buck to every other official. Cornered, they stayed in that room until Heinze walked out with the authorization.

#### A Lesson in Economics

Once when lethargic salesmen failed to make as many calls as they should, Spanel called them to a meeting. He asked them for all the loose change they had. A hat was passed around. Into it the men dropped their dimes, pennies, quarters, making a kitty of about twenty-two dollars. Spanel took the hat, walked to an open window and heaved the money into the street. Instantly the men were on their feet.

"What are you so excited about?" Spanel asked. "You're worried about small change thrown out of a window. Yet the days you waste sitting around cost each of you hundreds of dollars."

The salesmen got the point.

In many small towns where life depends on war plants, there is foreboding, insecurity, as the war's end approaches. In Dover, Delaware, there is hope. The people of Dover can see things happening, with their own eyes. Bulldozers are churning up 30,000 square feet of ground for a new plant.

When the war is over, the new plant will convert Spanel's wartime assault boat into a motor-powered, nontippable craft to be rolled into the family jalopy, and so open up boating and fishing to people of modest means. Spanel has plans for a new, flexible-walled washing machine easy on clothes, and for a bigger output of the staple baby pants and girdles.

To those who openly envy his business sagacity, Spanel says, "Dumb luck has played a tremendous part in everything I've ever done."

Spanel's postwar plans go beyond products. To increase his employees' interest in boosting production, he plans a profit-sharing program. He is designing special equipment to be operated by crippled veterans. A job awaits every crippled veteran who is related to an employee in Spanel's plant.

He is so impressed with the way the American dream has worked out in his own case that all the wartime taxation the government has been able to devise has not seemed quite enough to Spanel. Unsolicited, he recently returned \$1,500,000 of his profits to the Treasury.

"Imagine *having* a million and a half to give back to your government!" says Spanel. "What a country!"

THE END





# Anthropological Katie

By Amy Porter



Katie sings a gentle little Portuguese song while fishermen throw a line to ensnare her. "I'm showing you the samba which the Batuke people like to dance," she sings, as she winds and unwinds the line about her waist. "I have a sweetheart and everything is going just fine with me." In the end she allows herself to be caught in the arms of the fisherman of her choice.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S  
BY KARGER-PIX

Miss Dunham in her much-discussed Rara Tonga number. It's a folk tale of the Polynesians of a South Pacific island, in which The Chosen Woman wins the attentions of The God. The Jealous Husband, for his protest, turned into a snake. Sinuous hand and arm movements, the characteristic sidewise motion of the head, show the influence of the Hindu and Javanese dances.



IF YOU were a serious anthropological scholar, you wouldn't like it either, maybe, if somebody described you in the public prints as "the hottest thing to hit Chicago since Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked the bucket."

Katherine Dunham, Ph.B., lecturer, scholar and authoritative interpreter of primitive dance rhythms, also objects to being labeled "simmering," "sizzling" and "sexy."

That's the tone the critics take, though, every time she lands in town with her all-Negro company of dancers. This season they write that way more than ever. Possibly because her new show, now on a cross-country tour after a sell-out New York opening, is a snappier production than the dance concerts she used to give to anthropological-minded audiences.

Miss Dunham's strangely mixed career, now reaching up to solid success, was not exactly planned. It just grew spontaneously out of her natural talents—a good analytical mind, and the kind of feeling for the dance, that makes it impossible for her to keep still when she hears music.

Her childhood was not happy, although she can't say why, unless it was because she and her family were Negroes in a predominantly white community. Her father ran—and still runs—a dry-cleaning establishment in Joliet, Illinois. He and her brother usually were the only Negroes in their school classes. She doesn't remember being discriminated against. "But," she says, "in some subtle way I felt that something was missing."

Katie was quite a success in the school's dance recitals but she had no ideas of a career. Her family wanted her to become a teacher, and that suited her. She followed her intellectual brother (now a Ph.D. and a professor at Howard University, Washington, D. C.) to the University of Chicago, majoring in anthropology.

Inevitably she danced, and Ludmila Speranzeva, formerly of the Moscow Theater, saw her and took her on as a student. For the next several years Katie divided her time three ways—classes, work in the school library and dancing. She and Ludmila started a store-front studio in Chicago's art colony, with the idea of developing a Negro classical ballet.

But Negro families with money enough to pay for lessons are, Miss Dunham says, more conservative than white families and leery about letting their daughters get mixed up with theatrical dancing.

After appearances with her school ballet group at the Chicago Art Theater, and with the Chicago Opera Company, Katie applied for and received a fellowship from the Julius Rosenwald Fund to study anthropology and dancing in the Caribbean. She gathered up 3,000 feet of movie film, a recording apparatus, a trunkful of Fifth Avenue clothes, and set out for Haiti, Jamaica and Martinique.

### Back to the Roots of the Race

She lived for a time among the isolated maroon people in Jamaica and wrote a book about them, which Henry Holt will publish. Her house was the best in the village, at \$5 a month, and as the people came to know her, they let her see their most secret rites, like the Myal dance, based on the belief that the dead come back to life. She attended funeral feasts and understood that the idea of all the wild singing and dancing was to externalize grief to make it bearable. Also the maroons believed that if they, the survivors, were dead, the deceased would come back to comfort them, and they definitely wanted the dead to go away and stay away.

"A good field technique, I found, was to establish the relationship between my ancestors and theirs," says Anthropologist Dunham. "They thought of me as an American, not as a Negro, until I talked to them about our common African ancestors. Then they accepted me."

Once when she couldn't get reservations on a boat from Kingston to Martinique, an elderly native offered to enlist the aid of one of his ancestors in her behalf. She met the man in the graveyard at midnight and stood by while he dug around in his ancestor's grave, said prayers and made an offering of sweetmeats. Next day, still no reservation. Her elderly friend was annoyed. He went with her again to the graveyard, but this time he bawled his ancestor out for not co-operating and he left rum for the ancestor to get drunk on. That fixed it. The next day she got her ticket.

Katie wrote some scholarly essays during her trip, and sold lighter magazine articles about the Caribbean under the name of K. Dunn. Back at the University of Chicago, she studied for a master's degree, then quit school to put on her own ballet with the Federal Theater.

During 1938, she supervised a WPA writers' project, investigating cults in Chicago. She found that some Negro cults had been started by the Japanese to embitter the Negroes against the whites. One cult taught that if a Negro really wanted to get to heaven, he had to cause the death of a white person.

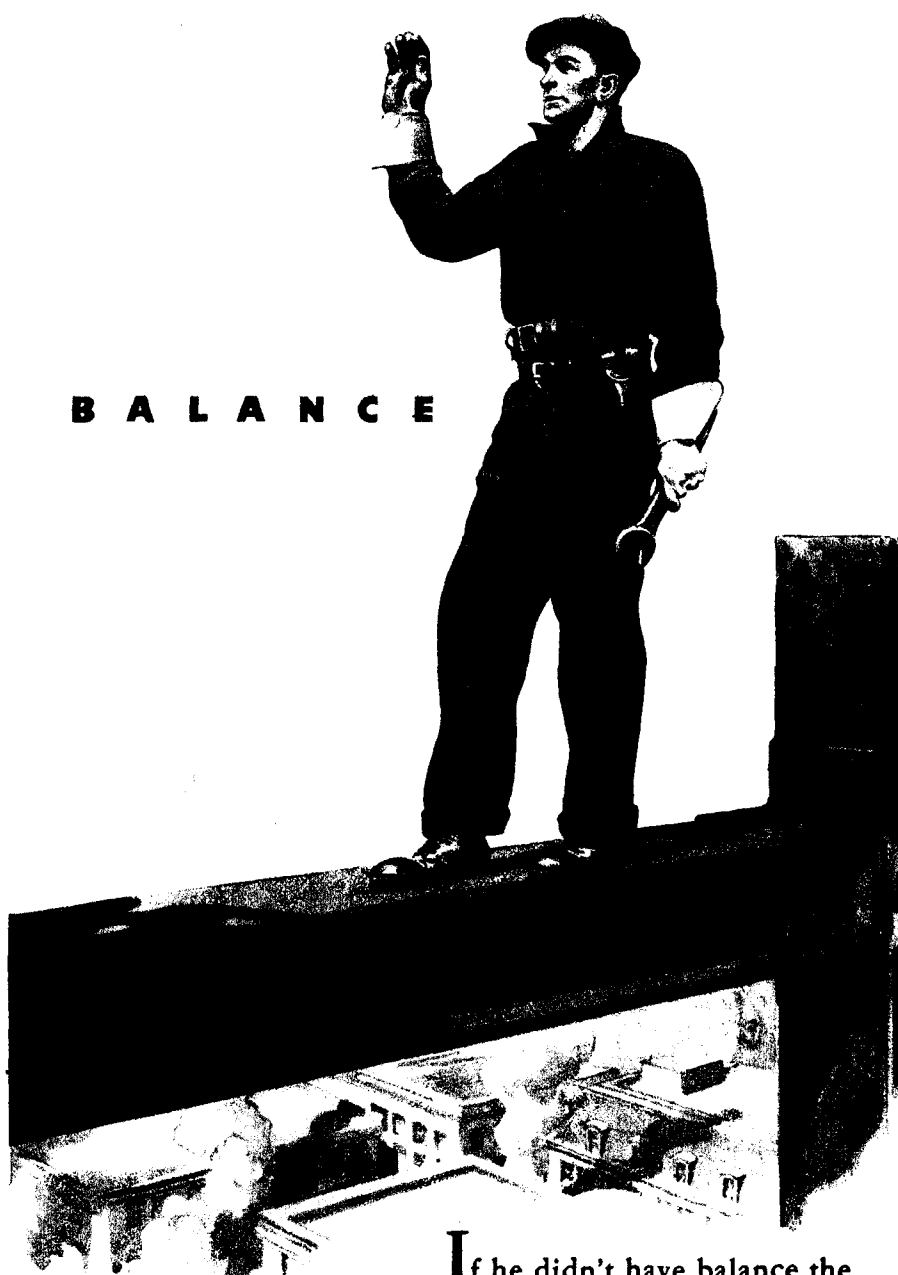
In 1939, Katie finally abandoned scholarship for dancing. She came to New York to coach the dancers in the Labor stage show, Pins and Needles, and, on the side, presented a series of Sunday-afternoon (Continued on page 80)

bird cages and cigars are standard equipment for the idies who circulate around Caribbean ports, Anthropologist Dunham avers. The dance is a Cuban rumba





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## Brothers Are the Same

Continued from page 22

hung with gleaming pendants. His nose was straight, with nostrils delicately flanged. The bones of his cheeks were high, the ridges of his jaw were hard, and his eyes were long and dark and a little brooding. He used them now to glance at his weapons which lay beside him—a spear, a rawhide shield. These, and a short sword at his belt, were his armament.

He lowered his glance to the place he watched. The ravine was overgrown with a thicket of thorns and the light had not burst through it yet. When it did the lion within it would wake, and the moment would come.

A feeling almost of hopelessness surged through him. It did not seem that he, Tamas, could in this great test prove equal to his comrades. All had passed it: all had earned the warrior's title—and none had faltered. Even Medoto—especially Medoto—had proven brave and more than ready for his cloak of manhood. Songs were sung about Medoto. In the evenings in the manyatta when the cattle drowsed and the old men drank their honey wine, the girls would gather, and the young men, too, and they would chant to the heroes of their hearts.

But none chanted to Tamas. Not yet. Perhaps they never would—not one of them. Not even...

He shook his head in anger. He had not meant to think of her—of Kileghen of the soft, deep-smiling eyes and the reed-buck's grace. Even she, so rightly named after the blithe star Venus, had only last night sung to Medoto, and he to her, laughing the while, as Tamas, the yet unproven, had clung to the saving shadows letting his fury burn. Could she not make up her mind between them? Must it always be first one and then the other?

He saw it all with the eye of his memory—all too clearly. He saw even the sneer of Medoto on the day the elder warrior, the chief of them all, had tendered Tamas his spear with the wise words: "Now at last this weapon is your own, but it is only wood and steel and meaning nothing until it changes to honor, or to shame, within your grasp. Soon we shall know!"

And soon they should! But Medoto had laughed then. Medoto had said, "It seems a heavy spear, my comrade, for one so slight—a big weight for any but a man!" And Tamas had made no answer. How could he with Kileghen leaning there against the boma as though she heard nothing, yet denying her innocence with that quiet, ever-questing smile? At whom had she smiled? At Medoto for his needless malice—or at Tamas for his acceptance of it?

He did not know. He knew only that he had walked away carrying the unstained spear a little awkwardly. And that the joy of having it was quickly dead.

NOW he spat on the earth where he rested. He raised a curse against Medoto—a harsh, a bitter curse. But in the midst of it he stiffened and grew tense. Suddenly he lay as still as sleep and watched only the ravine and listened, as to the tone of some familiar silence.

It was the silence of a waking lion, for morning light had breached the thicket, and within his lair the lion was roused.

Within his lair the lion sought wakefulness, and suspicion came to him on the cool, unmoving air. Under the bars of sunlight that latticed his flanks and belly, his coat was short and shining. His mane was black and evenly grown. The muscles of his forelegs were not corded, but flat, and the muscles of his shoulders were laminated like sheathes of metal.

Now he smelled men. Now as the sunlight fell in streams upon his sorrel coat and warmed his flanks, his suspicion and then his anger came alive. He had no fear. Whatever lived he judged by strength—or lack of it—and men were puny. And yet the scent of them kindled fire in his brooding eyes and made him contemplate his massive paws.

He arose slowly, without sound—almost without motion, and peered outward through

the wall of thorns. The earth was mute, expectant, and he did not break the spell. He only breathed.

The lion breathed and swung his tail in easy, rhythmic arcs and watched the slender figure of a human near him in a cleft of rock.

Temas had risen, too. On one knee now, he waited for the signal of the lifted spears.

Of his ten comrades he could see but two or three—a tuft of warrior's feathers; here and there a gleaming arm. Presently all would leap from the places where they hid, and the Masai battle cry would slash through the silence. And then the lion would act.

But the silence held. The interminable instant hung like a drop that would not fall, and Tamas remembered many of the rules, the laws that governed combat with a lion—but not enough, for stubbornly, wastefully, foolishly, his mind nagged at fear of disgrace—fear of failure. Fear of Medoto's ringing laughter in the manyatta—of Kileghen's ever-questing smile.

"I shall fail," he thought. "I shall fail before Medoto and, through his eyes, she will see my failure. I must fail," he said, "because now I see that I am trembling."

And he was. His hand was loose upon the long steel spear—too loose, the arm that held the rawhide shield was hot and too unsteady. If he had ever learned to weep he would have wept—had there been time.

BUT the instant vanished—and with it, silence. From the deep grass, from the shade of ant hills, from clustered rocks, warriors sprang like flames, and as they sprang they hurled upon the waiting lion their shrill arrogant challenge, their scream of battle.

Suddenly the world was small and incapable. It was an arena whose walls were tall young men that shone like worn gold in the sun, and in this shrunken world there were two poles—Temas and the lion.

He did not know when or how he had left the rock. It was as if the battle cry had lifted him from it and placed him where he stood—a dozen paces from the thicket. He did not know when the lion had come forward to the challenge, but the lion was there.

The lion waited. The ring of warriors waited. Tamas did not move.

His long Egyptian eyes swept round the circle. All was perfect—too perfect. At every point a warrior stood blocking the lion from improbable retreat—and of these Medoto was one. Medoto stood near—a little behind Tamas and to the right. His shield bore proud colors of the proven warrior. He was lean and proud, and upon his level stare he weighed each movement Tamas made, though these were hesitant and few.

For the lion did not seek escape, nor want it. His shifting yellow eyes burned evenly with even fire. They held neither fear nor fury—only the hard and regal wrath of the challenged tyrant. The strength of either of his forearms was alone greater than the entire strength of any of these men; his speed in the attack was blinding speed, shattering speed. And with such knowledge, with such sureness of himself, the lion stood in the tawny grass, and stared his scorn while the sun rose higher and warmed the scarcely breathing men.

The lion would charge. He would choose one of the many and charge that one—yet the choice must not be his to make, for through the generations—centuries, perhaps—the code of the Masai decreed that the challenger must draw the lion upon him. By gesture and by voice it can be done. By movement, by courage.

Temas knew the time for this had come. He straightened where he stood and gripped his heavy spear. He held his shield before him, tight on his arm, and he advanced, step by slow step.

The gaze of the lion did not at once swing to him. But every other eye was on him, and the strength of one pair—Medoto's—burned in his back like an unhealed scar.

A kind of anger began to run in Tamas' blood. It seemed unjust to him that in this crucial moment, at this first great trial of his courage, his enemy and harshest judge must be a witness. Surely Medoto could see the points of sweat that now rose on his forehead and about his lips as he moved upon the embattled lion. Surely Medoto could see—or



sense—the hesitance of his advance—almost hear, perhaps, the pounding of his heart!

He gripped the shaft of his spear until pain stung the muscles of his hand. The lion had crouched and Temas stood suddenly within the radius of his leap. Around the lion the circle of warriors had drawn closer, tighter, and there was no sound save the sound of their uneven breathing.

The lion crouched against the reddish earth, head forward. The muscles of his massive quarters were taut, his body was a drawn bow. And, as a swordsman unsheathes his blade, so he unsheathed his fangs—and chose his man.

It was not Temas.

As if in contempt for this confused and untried youth who paused within his reach, the lion's eyes passed him by and fastened hard upon the stronger figure of another—upon the figure of Casaro, a warrior of many combats and countless victories.

All saw it. Temas saw it and, for an instant—for a shameless breath of time he felt an overwhelming ease of heart, relief, deliverance—not from danger, but from trial. He swept his glance around the ring. None watched him now. Under the hypnotic spell that emanated from the duel of wills between Casaro and the beast, all action, all thought was frozen.

Slowly the veteran Casaro sank upon one knee and raised his shield. Slowly the lion gathered the power of his body for the leap. And then it happened:

From behind Temas, flung by Medoto's hand, a stone no larger than a grain of maize shot through the air and struck the lion.

No more was needed. The bolt was loosed.

But not upon Casaro, for if from choice, the regal prowler of the wilderness had first preferred an opponent worthy of his worth, he now, under the sting of a hurled pebble, preferred to kill that human whose hand was guilty.

He charged at once, and as he charged, the young Temas was, in a breath, transformed from doubting boy to man. All fear was gone—all fear of fear—and as he took the charge, a light almost of ecstasy burned in his eyes, and the spirit of his people came to him.

Over the rim of his shield he saw fury take form. Light was blotted from his eyes as the dark shape descended down and upon him—for the lion's last leap carried him above the shield, the spear, the youth, so that, looking upward from his crouch, Temas, for a sliver of time, was intimate with death.

He did not yield. He did not think or feel

or consciously react. All was simple—all now happened as in the dreams, and his mind was an observer of his acts.

He saw his own spear rise in a swift arc, his own shield leap on his bended arm, his own eyes seek the vital spot—and miss it.

But he struck. He struck hard, not wildly or too soon, but exactly at the precise, the ripened moment, and saw his point drive full in the shoulder of the beast. It was not enough. In that moment his spear was torn from his grasp, his shield vanished, claws furrowed the flesh of his chest, ripping deep, and the weight and the power of the charge overwhelmed him.

He was down. Dust and blood and grass and the pungent lion smell were mingled, blended, and in his ears an enraged, triumphant roar overlaid the shrill, high human cry of his comrades.

He was conscious that his hands were empty—that his friends were about to make the kill that must be his. Yet he was caught; he was being dragged. He had scarcely felt the long, crescentic teeth close on his thigh, it had all been so swift. Time itself could not have moved so fast.

A LION can drag a fallen man, even a fighting man, into thicket or deep grass with incredible ease and with such speed as to outdistance even a hurled spear. But sometimes this urge to plunder first and destroy later is a saving thing. It saved Temas. That and his Masai sword which now was suddenly in his hand.

Perhaps pain dulled his reason, but reason is a sluggard ally to any on the edge of death. Temas made a cylinder of his slender body and, holding the sword flat against his leg, he whirled, and whirling, felt the fangs tear loose the flesh of his thigh, freeing it—freeing him. And, as he felt it, he lunged.

It was quick. It was impossible. It was mad—but it was Masai madness, and it was done. Dust clothed the tangled bodies of the lion and the youth so that those who clamored close to strike the saving blows saw nothing but this cloud, and could not aim into its formless shape. Nor had they need to. Suddenly, as if En-Gai himself—God and protector of these men of wilderness—had stilled the scene with a lifted hand, all movement stopped, all sound was dead.

The dust was gone like a vanquished shadow, and the great, rust body of the lion lay quiet on the rust-red earth. Over it, upon it, his sword still tight in his hand, the youth lay breathing, bleeding. And, beyond that, he also smiled.

He could smile because the chant of vic-

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COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE

Collier's for February 24, 1945

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## How to go after a COLD

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>1</b> Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.            | Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue and fights infection. |
| <b>2</b> Alkalinize your system.                                            | Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms <i>sodium citrate</i> , an excellent alkalinizer.       |
| <b>3</b> Insure regular elimination.                                        | Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.                     |
| <b>4</b> Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.     | Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.                                                                    |
| <b>5</b> Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor. | Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.                                                       |

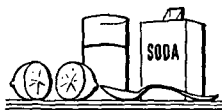
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tory burst now like drumbeats from his comrades' throats—the paeans of praise fell on him where he lay, the sun struck bright through shattered clouds; the dream was true. In a dozen places he was hurt, but these would heal.

And so he smiled. He raised himself and, swaying slightly like any warrior weak in sinew but strong in spirit from his wounds, he stood with pride and took his accolade.

And then his smile left him. It was outdone by the broader, harder smile of another—for Medoto was tall and straight before him, and with his eyes and with his lips Medoto seemed to say: "It is well—this cheering and this honor. But it will pass—and we two have a secret, have we not? We know who threw the stone that brought the lion upon you when you stood hoping in your heart that it would charge another. You stood in fear then, you stood in cowardice. We two know this, and no one else. But there is one who might, if she were told, look not to you but to the earth in shame when you pass by. Is this not so?"

Yes, it was so, and Tamas, so lately happy, shrank within himself and swayed again. He saw the young Kileghen's eyes and did not wish to see them. But for Medoto's stone, the spear of Tamas would yet be virgin, clean, unproved—a thing of futile vanity.

HE STRAIGHTENED. His comrades—the true warriors, of which even now he was not one—had in honor to a fierce and vanquished enemy laid the dead lion on a shield and lifted him. In triumph and with songs of praise (mistaken praise!) for Tamas, they were already beginning their march toward the waiting manyatta.

Tamas turned from his field of momentary triumph, but Medoto lingered at his side.

And now it will come, Tamas thought. Now that which he has said with his eyes, he will say with his mouth—and I am forced to listen. He looked into Medoto's face—a calm, unmoving face—and thought: It is true that this, my enemy, saw the shame of my first fear. He will tell it to everyone—and to her. So, since I am lost, it is just as well to strike a blow against him. I am not so hurt that I cannot fight at least once more.

His sword still hung at his side. He grasped it now and said, "We are alone and we are enemies. What you are about to charge me with is true—but, if I was a coward before the lion, I am not a coward before you, and I will not listen to sneering words!"

For a long moment Medoto's eyes peered into the eyes of Tamas. The two youths stood together on the now deserted plain and neither moved. Overhead the sun hung low and red and poured its burning light upon the drying grass, upon the thorn trees that stood in lonely clusters, upon the steeped shrines of drudging ants. There were no birds, no raspings of cicada wings, no whispings of wind.

And into this dearth, into this poverty of sound, Medoto cast his laugh. His lips parted, and the low music of his throat was laughter without mirth; there was sadness in it, a note of incredulity—but not more. Not mockery. Not challenge.

He stared into the proud, unhappy face of Tamas. He plunged the shaft of his spear into the earth and slipped the shield from his arm. At last he spoke.

He said, "My comrade, we who are Masai know the saying: 'A man asks not the motives of a friend—but demands reason from his enemy.' It is a just demand. If, until now, I have seemed your enemy, it was because I feared you would be braver than I, for when I fought my lion my knees trembled and my heart was white—until the charge was made. No one knew that, and I am called Medoto, the unflinching—but I flinched. I trembled."

He stepped closer to Tamas. He smiled. "It is no good to lie," he said. "I wanted you to fail, but when I saw you hesitate I could not bear it because I remembered my own hour of fear. It was then I threw the stone—not to shame you, but to save you from shame—for I saw that your fear was not fear of death, but fear of failure—and this I understood. You are a greater warrior than I—than any—for who but the bravest would do what you have done?"

Medoto paused and watched a light of wonderment kindle in Tamas' eyes. The hand of Tamas slipped from his sword, his muscles relaxed. Yet, for a moment, he did not speak and, as he looked at Medoto, it was clear to both that the identical thought, the identical vision, had come to each of them. It was the vision that must and always will come to young men everywhere—the vision of a girl.

Now this vision stood between them, and nothing else. But it stood like a barrier—the last barrier.

And Medoto destroyed it. Deliberately, casually, he reached under the folds of his flowing shuka and brought from it a slender belt of leather crusted with beads. It was the work and the possession of a girl—and both knew which girl. Kileghen's handiwork was rare enough, but recognized in many places.

"This," said Medoto, "this, I was told to bring, and I was told in these words: 'If in his battle the young Tamas proves himself a warrior and a man, make this belt my gift to him so that I may see him wear it when he returns. But if he proves a coward, Medoto, the belt is for you to keep.'"

Medoto looked at the bright gift in his hands. "It is yours, Tamas!" He held it out. "I meant to keep it. I planned ways to cheat you of it, but I do not think a man can cheat the truth. I have seen you fight better than I have ever fought, and now this gift belongs to you. It is her wish and between us you are at last her choice." He laid the belt on the palm of Tamas' open hand and reached once more for his shield and spear. "We will return now," Medoto said, "for the people are waiting. She is waiting. I will help you walk."

But Tamas did not move. Through the sharp sting of his wounds, above his joy in the promise that now lay in his hand, he felt another thing—a curious, swelling pride in this new friendship. He looked into the face of Medoto and smiled, timidly, then broadly. And then he laughed and drew his sword and cut the beaded belt in half.

"No," he said. "If she has chosen, then she must choose again, for we are brothers now and brothers are the same!"

He entwined one half of the severed belt in the arm band of Medoto, and the other half he hung, as plainly, on himself.

"We begin again," he said, "for we are equal to each other, and this is a truth that she must know. She must make her choice on other things but skill in battle, since only men may judge a warrior for his worth!"

IT WAS not far to the manyatta and they walked it arm in arm. They were tall together, and strong and young, and somehow full of song. Tamas walked brokenly for he was hurt—and yet he sang:

"Ol-Konyek of the splendid shield  
Has heard the lowing of the kine . . ."

And when they entered the gates of the manyatta, there were many of every age to welcome Tamas, for his lion had been brought and his story told. They cheered and cried his name and led him past the open doors of the peaceful earthen houses to the singara, which is the place reserved for warriors.

Medoto did not leave him, nor he Medoto, and it was strange to some to see the enemies transformed and strong in friendship, where yesterday their only bond was hate.

It was strange to one who stood against the boma wall—a slender girl of fragile beauty and level, seeking eyes. She was as young as morning—as anticipant. But this anticipation quickly dimmed as she saw the token that she had made—one half borne hopefully by Medoto, the other as hopefully carried by Tamas!

Both sought her in the gathered crowd both caught her glance and gave the question with their eyes. Both, in the smug, self-satisfied way of men, swaggered a little.

So the girl paused for an instant and frowned a woman's frown. But then, with musing, lidded eyes, she smiled a woman's smile—and, stranger yet, the smile had more of triumph in it, and less of wonder than it might have had.

THE END



## De Gaulle Challenges the Future

Continued from page 13

from the clandestine press of the resistance days. The best of them are: *Combat*, *Le Franc-Tireur*, *Libération*, *Résistance*, *Front National*, and *France-Libre*. There are today seventeen Parisian dailies, each having a circulation of around 200,000, which is all they are permitted under the current paper restrictions. Most of them could double or treble their circulation in a week if they could get the newsprint.

Whether or not there will be a clean-up in French literature is a question which greatly puzzles a people torn between bitter resentment at French writers who sold their pens to the Germans and Pétain, and their passionate belief that any great writer must be allowed to write as he pleases at any time. That the government will prosecute writers who directly collaborated with the Germans is clear. One of them, Henri Béraud, has already been tried and condemned to death, though De Gaulle has commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. There are some authors who apparently did nothing treasonable enough to get them into the courts but who, nevertheless, are considered by patriotic French authors to have been deficient in their duties as French citizens.

### A Literary Boycott

Against these, the National Committee of French Writers has decided to take action of its own. Members have pledged themselves unanimously not to have any "professional contact," with the writers on the committee's own black list—which is surprisingly long. Here are a few names: Paul Allard, René Benjamin, Henri Béraud, Louis-Ferdinand Celine, Jacques Chardonne, Pierre Drieu la Rochelle (now in jail), Pierre Dominique, Alfred Fabre-Luce (in jail), Bernard Fay, Jean Giono, Alphonse de Chateaubriant, Bernard Grasset, Sacha Guitry, Abel Hermant, Edmond Jaloux, Georges de la Fouchardière, Charles Maurras (in jail), Henri de Montherlant, Maurice Martin du Gard, André Salmon, André Therive and Paul Morand—all well-known French authors.

I asked Vercors, author of *Le Silence de la Mer* and the leading writer produced by the underground, what the black-listing would mean. His explanation was that no committee member would allow his writings to be issued by a publisher who also published the work of anyone on the black list. This meant not only books, he said, but magazines and newspapers.

When I put the same question to Georges Duhamel, venerable member of the French Academy, he said he doubted whether much would come of the committee's action. It was impossible, he thought, for writers to black-list writers and the worst authors would be handled by the courts.

Just now the courts are pretty busy with other kinds of traitors, for the purge has scarcely begun. And it has been going much too slowly to suit most patriotic Frenchmen. So great did the pressure become on De Gaulle to speed up the trials that he was forced on December 2d to issue a decree assuring a more rapid process of the law.

But here, too, De Gaulle showed his shrewdness. It would have been a most popular thing for him on his return to Paris to have acceded to the public cry for "quick justice" for the traitors. But he well knew that there would be an unfavorable reaction abroad and an inevitable one in France that he was taking personal vengeance, railroad-ing his enemies to the guillotine.

For his Minister of Justice, he selected François de Menthon, who, though a militant in the resistance, was a conservative, conscientious Catholic who, everyone knew, would go out of his way to see that all accused of treason and collaboration got a fair trial. De Menthon was a guarantee that there would be no revolutionary revenge.

While it is true that on December 27th, De Gaulle spoke out in the Consultative Assembly against the too harsh judgment of those who "erred in Vichy," this did not mean that Pétain and Laval and their satel-

lites were going to escape trial. A special High Court of Justice has already been constituted to try the Vichyites. To many Frenchmen, they are more treasonable than those who worked directly for the Germans in the occupied zone, for they abetted Germany in strangling France and sending off to captivity hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen in the name of a French government.

General de Gaulle has not allowed the innumerable home-front problems to distract him from prosecuting a vigorous foreign policy. Indeed, foreign affairs may be said to have become an obsession with him. His objective is simple: to make France a great power as speedily as possible. To accomplish this, De Gaulle saw from the beginning that he needed to achieve two things: First, rapidly build up a strong army; second, come to hard and fast agreements with his allies, which would secure for France an important role in the peace. In an incredibly short time, he has succeeded in achieving both. By the end of spring, he will have an army of 1,000,000 men, equipped by the United States. And France's participation in the peace as a major power has already been agreed to by Washington, London and Moscow.

Another and, I think, splendid obsession of De Gaulle's is that this time the German problem must be solved if there is to be any peace in Europe and the world. Like all Frenchmen, he has had enough of German aggression. He hopes that Dumbarton Oaks will result in a real security league. But in the meantime, he is determined to team up with any power which will help France keep the Germans from breaking out again. The power most likely and best equipped for this task is Russia, which is why he went to Moscow last December. The crux of the new Franco-Russian understanding is a common determination to keep German aggression curbed, if they have to do it alone.

For one thing, you may be sure, the De Gaulle government is going to demand a change in the status of the west bank of the Rhine and also of the Ruhr, which together comprise the heart of Germany's heavy industry. De Gaulle does not want to annex them for France but he does insist, as Georges Bidault said recently, that these areas "no longer be governed militarily, economically, administratively, by Berlin."

### France's Role in Europe

The French foresee some sort of international rule, with France, because of its geographical proximity, playing an important part in that rule.

De Gaulle will hear nothing of the British suggestion that France form a bloc with the other nations of Western Europe, an idea which Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden were said to have sprung on him with some vigor in Paris, last November 11th.

"I do not believe that we should form a bloc of the nations of Western Europe," he said flatly recently. "It would be nonsensical and a bad policy, for Europe is one."

There are two reasons, I think, for his staunch opposition. First, he knows that the Russians oppose the Western bloc because they suspect that it might one day be turned into an anti-Russian bloc. Secondly, he believes that a Western bloc would never be strong enough (as the events of 1939-40 showed) to handle the German problem alone. Either it will be handled in co-operation with Russia or it will not be handled adequately at all. Most Frenchmen, so far as I could ascertain in Paris, agree.

In foreign as well as in domestic affairs, then, General de Gaulle appears to any objective observer to have the vast majority of his people behind him. How long this state of affairs will continue depends—as I suggested earlier—to a large extent on how well he stays tuned to the subtle and complex nature of the French during the turbulent years ahead. His chances appear to be good because he has an uncanny knowledge of and feeling for his own people.

THE END



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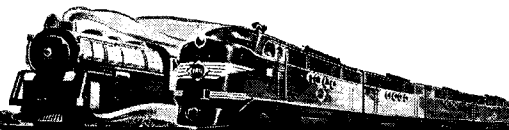
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"Po' little boys," old Drunken Mary said unhappily. "You better take dis gingerbread and go someplace"

## WHEN ~~THE~~ IS GONE

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

When a forgotten sweetheart popped up out of Father's memory book, old Drunken Mary took the situation in her stride—and what a stride

WHAT'S ailing Mr. John?" old Drunken Mary asked.

"Why, nothing, Mary," my mother said. "Why?"

"Well, sumpin' is. He ain't eat my spoon-head last night." Old Drunken Mary waved her flatiron to emphasize that fact. "And you know that man—how he is about my spoon-head. Sumpin' wrong."

"Maybe it's this Sunderland coal-pit suit," my mother said apologetically. "If he wins at, he'll probably be attorney for the Sunderland estate, and that means a lot of money."

Old Drunken Mary studied that a moment, then bent back to her ironing. "Ain't money. Mr. John ain't that particular about money. Sumpin' else. Sumpin' disturbing him."

My father was the picture of health, right in his prime, nearly six feet three and a hundred and eighty pounds, exactly his weight when he'd been a hammer thrower at Southwestern Presbyterian University, although that had been more than fifteen years ago. He certainly didn't look to us as if anything was ailing him.

But old Drunken Mary was acute about those things. She went a long way back of us—back to that Kentucky tobacco farm where she had watched my father grow up. When we were not around, she called him Bubber, but she considered it unwise for family discipline to call him less than Mr. John in front of us. I guess she was a little crazy over him, possessively, which was a chore for him sometimes. She was fussy about what he ate

and how he felt and whether Mother made him happy—things like that—and so we weren't too much concerned when she started fretting over him.

There was, though, something. We heard about it that night at supper while Father was carving the roast. Father had studied biology at Southwestern Presbyterian, slicing up frogs and earthworms for microscopic slides, so he was pretty meticulous about his carving. He concentrated on it. And if he spoke at all, it was offhand.

"By the way, Nan," he said, scowling at the roast, "I ran into Martha Kettleston today. She's visiting the Stones."

"Martha who?" my mother asked.

"Kettleston, Kettleston—you must remember her. The girl I led the prom with in my senior year."

"Oh, yes," my mother said. Just that.

"So we had lunch together," Father said. Mother pushed her romaine around her salad dish. There was no reason why she

shouldn't push romaine around her salad dish, but somehow, right then, we three boys could feel a chill coming into the room.

"And how was Martha?" Mother finally asked.

Father made a firm pass at the roast. "Just fine," he said. He hesitated a moment. "I—ah—I asked her out to dinner next Sunday."

"Oh, John, you didn't!"

The carving knife slipped. It rarely ever slipped. "Now, Nan, Martha's just an old friend, just a girl that I—why, I thought you'd want to see her again."

Old Drunken Mary was coming in with coffee while he spoke. And if we hadn't felt that chill before, we would have known something was wrong from the way she cut her eyes. There was a quick, uneasy look in them, and they narrowed a little as she frowned.

"And why should I want to see Martha Kettleston?" my mother asked. "Please, John, don't think that I've forgotten that



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senior prom. Don't think that I'll ever forget, me sitting home, while you and Martha Kettleston—"

Father looked frayed. "Now, Nan, I must have told you a thousand times how that happened. I was the senior president and when they elected Martha sweetheart of the senior class—"

"Elected?" Mother cried, giving a little laugh. "Oh, John! Why everybody knew it was you who managed that."

Father's knife clicked. He'd slipped again. "Suppose," he snapped, "we drop it all. I'll telephone Martha that you're ill. Here, Henry—pass this plate!"

"Oh, no, John," Mother cried. "We'll have her here! I won't have Martha Kettleston thinking I'm the kind of woman who gets ill every time her husband's old sweethearts come to town."

"Henry!" my father cried. "Pass this infernal plate!"

We heard old Drunken Mary moving out. We stared intently at our roast. We pushed our peas around and made a lot of clatter with our knives and forks, for this was not the kind of thing that happened in our home.

Usually my father was a very amiable man, an easy man, with all that fine Kentucky joviality, except when he was working at the business of being stern, the way he felt a father ought sometimes to do. And of course Mother was Mother, fond of tea parties and auction bridge and thin cucumber sandwiches, helpful but not too diligent with the Altar Guild, a matron in the sense they used to give the word—aware of her dignity and her age, and proud of them. Just proud enough to make them seem the worthwhile things.

All this made a very pleasant household to grow up in. There was a satisfying feeling of permanence about it, as if Father had always been a lawyer turning forty, and Mother always had been thirty-seven, her dark hair done securely in a chignon on her neck.

We boys had heard about Cornelia the Roman matron, and her jewels, and that was how we saw ourselves: we jewels, we little rubies with a setting all our own. It certainly never had occurred to us that our Cornelia had once—well, gone to proms, or hated any senior sweethearts with a name like Martha Kettleston. We felt displaced, hurt by this evidence of a prior life, and sympathetic to my father who, after all, knew lots of people there in Birmingham, practicing law, and had lunch with a lot of them. That was part of going downtown every day, and why Mother should get upset, we couldn't understand. It was unsettling to us. Something, we knew, was wrong.

**T**HEN things got worse. Next afternoon when we came in from school to change into our corduroys, Mother was gone. That shouldn't have alarmed us, but it did. I guess we'd almost been expecting something terrible. And then old Drunken Mary looked up from the kitchen range.

"Po' little boys," she said, making a noise deep in her throat that had a sad, commiserating sound. "Po' little boys—you better take dis gingerbread and go someplace."

"Mary, what's wrong?"

"Ain't nothing wrong." She ran her fingers slackly in the wirelike wool beneath her cap. Even that gesture had despondency in it. And there was something strange in Mary's eyes—something remote, the way she looked when she had overdosed herself with paregoric for her miseries. "You better take dis gingerbread and go someplace," she said again, shaking her head unhappily.

We took the gingerbread and tiptoed out. We went down to the creek and sat there on the footbridge, watching the minnows darting in the water cress, not talking much. But scared. It was the way it was with us at funerals. We couldn't cry—we didn't know what we'd be crying for—but we were scared.

When we got home, mother was back. The place she'd been to was the beauty shop. I don't know what they'd done to her—she still looked thirty-seven and Cornelia-ish—but they had sharpened up the edges, giving her a spanking new look. And right away, a large brown parcel came. It was a dress of pearl-gray tailored silk. It had a shirtwaist

that was like a rhododendron bloom, pretty and soft with all its frills. But it wasn't Mother. It seemed, to us—well, too modish, too smart.

"There," Mother said, twirling it grimly back and forth before her mirror, "that ought to do."

Ought to do what? We didn't know. We didn't want to know. We shut our minds to what was happening in our home—until that Saturday night, when Father came from downtown with a pink tinge on his cheeks, the way he always looked when he'd had a massage. "What's happened to your face, John?" Mother asked. "It looks so puffy."

Father stiffened his back. "I'm tired," he said.

"Are you? Oh, yes—your pin-stripe suit came back. You sent it to the cleaners, didn't you?" And then, too innocently for us not to notice it: "I found that old fraternity pin of yours in my jewel box. It's on your dresser."

The pink on Father's cheeks turned dark. "Thank you," he said, his voice formal and tense. "Nan, I've had a very grueling day with that Sunderland case and I'm hungry. What are we having?"

"Spoonbread, I think."

"Spoonbread!" Father roared. "For the Almighty's sake, isn't it possible for a man to get a decent meal—"

He stopped, swallowing hard. Old Drunken Mary was standing by the kitchen door, watching him come home. It was a sort of evening ceremonial with her, and usually she loved it, watching him, but when he started exploding about the spoonbread, we heard her snort. It wasn't loud. But it was loud enough. She whirled and went back in the kitchen. And we heard pots bang.

Mother spoke bitterly: "Now, look what you've done."

**F**ATHER went to the sideboard in the dining room. He grabbed its door and took a bottle out. He poured some bourbon whisky in a glass, up to the brim, drank it, and whispered, "Damn!" Then he went to the kitchen door. "My, Mary!" he boomed heartily. "What smells so good?"

The pots banged.

"Spoonbread, I'll bet," he laughed, that kind of teasing laugh he used when he was humoring her. "If there's one thing we Kentuckians enjoy—"

"Bubber, you jest ain't acting right."

"Why, Mary—Mary, hang it all, look out!"

For she was marching almost over him. She had it all, spoonbread and bacon, everything we had for supper piled upon a tray. She went past Father without seeing him and put the tray upon the dining table.

"Po', po' little boys," she whispered; then with a full, choked look she marched right out and closed the kitchen door.

And more pots banged back there.

Mother sat down. We boys crept to our places at the table, looking downward at our plates. Father sat down.

"Now, we'll say grace," he said. "Oh, Lord . . ."

The back door slammed. Father mumbled something hurriedly, and just as hurriedly we said, "Amen."

We didn't get the full significance of all of that at once. All we boys could understand was that something was wrong. Something was gone, and gloom was thickening upon us as we marched upstairs to bed.

But a night's sleep and the bustle of Sunday morning seemed to lessen the tension in our house. Mother had planned a very special Sunday dinner, roast chicken and candied sweet potatoes, rice with gravy, green beans, and floating-island pudding for dessert and, of course, salad and soup and celery curls.

By eight o'clock, as soon as she could get my brothers off for Sunday school—I had a cold—she knew she had to start on it if it was going to be ready when Martha Kettleston arrived. But still there was no sign of old Drunken Mary; she hadn't come in from her shack in our back yard. Because of everything, Mother was nervous over rushing her, but finally she went out there and knocked. She got no answer. And when she went inside, old Drunken Mary was gone.

Mother got a little panicky then, because sometimes Mary went in to Birmingham on

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at urday nights, and sometimes what she did re was a caution. By that time, our telephone was ringing. It was the Central Police station desk sergeant, calling Father.

Father banged the receiver back upon its hook. "Of all the times for her to go on a bender, she would pick this! I've got a notion to send her back to Hopkinsville!"

"Oh, John! What has she done?"

"Oh, just cut up a man, that's all. Just got her skinful of something and pulled out a razor—"

Mother went white. "And here I am with company dinner for that awful—for Martha Kettleston! John, you've got to get her out."

"Get her out!" cried Father. "She's in for assault with intent to commit murder."

"Oh, that's ridiculous! She's just heart-broken over what you said about her spoon-bread. You've simply got to, John."

"Have you the faintest idea," Father roared, "what murder means? Why, Great Scott, Nan, you can't thwart justice just because you need her for Sunday dinner."

"Thwart justice" is a very splendid thing to say," my mother snapped. "But look at everything—look at this stove, look at this house! Look what's got to be done by one o'clock. Oh, don't 'thwart-justice' me, John Frederick Williard—"

Father swelled up. He let his breath come out as slowly as he could. "Now, Nan—confound it, Nan—"

"Aren't you a lawyer?" Mother cried. "Do something, then. You brought her from Kentucky, didn't you?"

"I did! And what's more if I'm given time—"

"And every bit of this is for that old sweet-heart of yours!"

For such a big, imposing man, Father was fast. When Mother said that last, he really moved. In fact, he jumped. It was as if she'd jabbed him with a pin. He kept on jumping down the hall, shaking the house; he got his hat and jammed it far down on his head. He didn't say a word as he went out.

Right then, Mother sat down. There wasn't any chair, so she sat on the floor, making a catchy sound as if she'd caught my cold. She held her hand across her eyes. Then she got up very fast and ran, blindly it seemed, toward the kitchen.

ut this was one of Mother's prewar dinners, the kind they'd had where she was born Virginia's Eastern Shore, where they for how time has passed since Appomattox. Cook a lot of kitchen help, a lot of hands. Dishes simply weren't the sort of things whip up while she dressed for company.

Mother must have realized what she was against.

he flew around, jerking at things, as if violent would work the miracle. She ed off the chicken's pinfeathers and ved it in the oven, then went to start water running in her tub, thinking she'd

get that bath before the final rush. Then she came back to snap the beans. That done, she went back to her tub, and she had just got good and soaped when she remembered that the rice ought to be steaming. She came out dripping wet.

"Eleven o'clock!" she cried, and off she rushed to finish with that bath. And that was when my brother John fell off the henhouse roof.

At any other time, I think, my mother might have taken that in stride. For one thing, John was always falling off the henhouse roof, and all it ever did to him was turn him blue. No broken bones or anything like that—just that dark, mottled blue, and maybe some gasping. But this time when she heard us yell and then come charging in the house—it always scared the stuffing out of us to see him lying there gasping—it rattled Mother.

With all that soap on her, she flung herself into a robe and ran out to the chicken yard and picked John up, and when she staggered back with him, there wasn't much trace of the job the beauty shop had done.

SHE laid John on the sewing-room couch and took his temperature, then packed his head in ice. Except that he was blue, he looked all right, and since he wasn't crying much—just groaning some, to keep her interested—she tried once more to finish with that bath. She really needed it by now. She'd just climbed back into the tub when she remembered the candied sweet potatoes.

"I'll never make it," she kept saying, as she rushed around, taking John's temperature every few minutes and peeling those potatoes, losing the thermometer and then the knife, watching the clock and thinking of that bath. "If John doesn't bring Mary back I just—oh, I just can't!"

It did look bad, and we were really worried. For when she got back into the tub, she thought about the floating island pudding.

It was exactly twelve o'clock when the doorbell rang. Mother was trying to slip on the pearl-gray dress. She came out with her face flushed and her hair a little loose, a comb between her teeth, mumbling, "Thank heavens, now we'll get things done—"

A girl was standing in the door. At least we thought she was a girl, cool and prim in something blue and summery, with a huge picture hat upon her golden curls that gave her face a peeping-out, coquettish attitude. She had a limp-backed purple leather book held lightly in her hands.

"Hello," she said gaily and smiled at us.

It was terrific. She seemed so young and beautiful. She looked exactly like a kindergarten teacher we'd had. Exactly like her, even to the tiny, mystifying wrinkles at the corners of her wide, blue eyes.

And then: "Why, Nan!"

I guess that Mother, after all those years,



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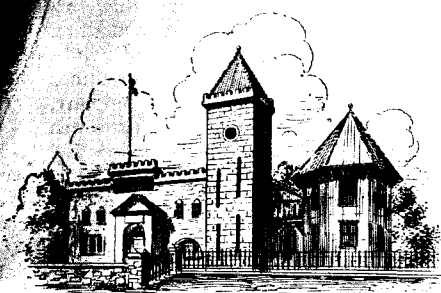
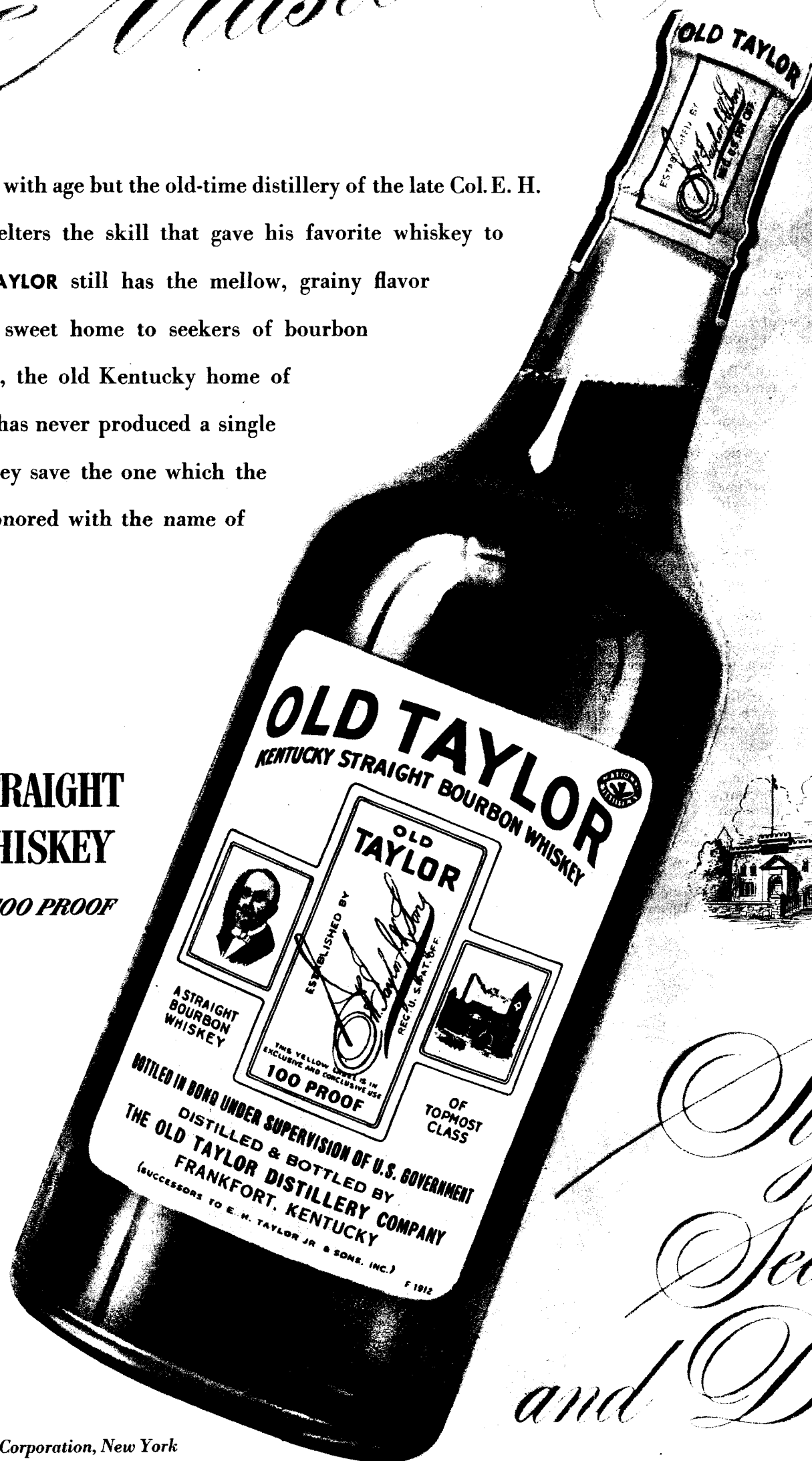


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was a shock to her. But she was certainly a shock to Mother. That pearl-gray dress was twisted half around, and then that comb, when Mother tried to smile, kept sliding in her mouth. The trouble was that Mother was prepared to grab old Drunken Mary, rushing her to finish things, and she was just a little overwhelmed.

"Why—why, Martha Kettleston!" she said at last.

Instinctively they kissed. Mother seemed numb, but Martha Kettleston recovered fast.

"Nan, dear, you're looking simply wonderful. And these—these darling boys! These precious little boys! John's boys—"

"John's boys," said Mother through her teeth.

"Oh, I could kiss them! Aren't they dears? I could just kiss them half to death." And she threw out her arms.

Henry got timid instantly. He never was so much for being kissed. He dodged around and grappled Mother tight above the knees, the way a bear cub does. That was the true Cornelia touch, except that Henry's fingers were smeared with floating-island pudding.

"Oh!" Mother cried. "My dress!"

"Isn't he sweet?" said Martha Kettleston. "Isn't he just—oh, Nan, don't punish him. It was an accident."

Mother kept trying to pry Henry loose, trying to smile, and trying jerkily to get straight inside the pearl-gray dress. "Oh, it's all right," she snapped. "Henry, let loose! Do come in, Martha—John's had to go downtown but he'll be back, in fact—Henry! In fact—"

"These lawyers." Martha Kettleston smiled. "Nan, it must make you proud—"

From back toward the sewing room, we heard a loud, complaining groan. It startled Martha Kettleston.

"Just John," Mother explained. "I mean, my youngest son. Fell off the henhouse roof—"

"Oh, Nan, don't let me keep you if it's bad."

"It's not. He does it all the time. Henry!"

Henry was pointing shyly at the purple book. "Is that for me?"

Mother snatched at his reaching hand. But Martha Kettleston just smiled. There never was a smile more delicate than that. It had a sort of sphinxlike youth—brittle, and yet forgiving.

"No, dear," she said. "It's just an old keepsake of mine. Something your father—here, Nan, look at this. I know you'll love it—it's such a sentimental little thing."

**WE HEARD** John give another groan. That gave my mother strength. She twisted Henry off her legs, then hastily she seized the book and flipped a page or two.

"Pretty," she snapped. "Poems, aren't they?"

"Elizabethan," Martha Kettleston smiled. "Read the flyleaf, read that, Nan. John was so charming in those days. It used to overwhelm me that a man as big as he was—hammer-throwing, everything like that—oh, read it, Nan!"

"Well, I—Martha, I've got to watch a chicken in the oven!"

"Oh, just read it, Nan—won't take a minute. The way John copied it for me."

We heard that groan back there, this time more stubbornly. Mother's chin set. The book was shaking as she read:

*"Ask me no more where Jove bestows when June is gone the fading rose.*

*For in your beauty's orient deep, these flowers as in their causes sleep."*

Back in the kitchen, something clanged, then hissed, and Mother spun around. "My rice! Martha, if you'll sit down—"

But Martha Kettleston followed her, holding the open book before her. Mother kept going quicker as she neared the stove.

"Listen to this," laughed Martha Kettleston, shaking her head to mean we were to make allowances for the quaintness of it. Then she read:

*"Gentle Mistress Anne, I am plaine by nature;*

*I never was so farre in love with any creature—"*

Well, that did it. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Mother blew up. Cooking to Elizabethan poetry was just too much. She grabbed the double boiler to snatch it off the flame. She snatched too hard. The rice, sticky and hot, came sloshing out, all down the front of the pearl-gray dress. The boiling water shot straight through.

"Oh, damn!" my mother screamed, for she was always sensitive to heat. And then, like popping corn: "Damn, damn, damn!"

We'd never heard her say a thing like that. It certainly wasn't any part of our placid Cornelia. Even my brother John, still looking blue, wobbled excitedly out of the sewing room, and all of us peered apprehensively at Martha Kettleston, expecting to see horror on her face. Mother held out her dress to keep that hot rice off her skin.

"I meant it—damn! And if you little imps don't get away from me—"

There went our home. There went our permanence. We little imps! There went Cornelia! The crumbling process was complete.

**BUT** in that instant Father came tromping through the back porch door.

"Five thousand bail," he shouted, looking absolutely choked. "Five thousand cash! So we can sport a murderess! Now, Nan, get things going! At any moment that infernal woman will be here—"

"Why, John," gasped Martha Kettleston.

Father stopped dead. His mouth opened a little and then closed. It was a crisis calling for the best a courtroom lawyer had, for on a pinnacle like that a life might hang.

But Father had it. He fell back on his simple, rugged dignity.

"Martha, hello," he said, bowing from the hips. And then: "Nan, dear—your dress!"

Mother just wailed. "My dress! Oh, John—"

"Just let me get a rag and rub it off," cried Martha Kettleston, darting toward the sink. But then she stopped. It seemed as if she froze halfway, with one foot hoisted in the air. Old Drunken Mary was coming through the back porch door.

We loved old Drunken Mary. She was the substance of our home, as much as our fumed oak dining table or the pier mirror in the hall. And we could make allowances. But it must have been quite a jolt to Martha Kettleston to see a wire-haired coal-black woman in a maid's cap, weaving uncertainly through that door. Mary was grinning ear-to-ear, immensely proud of Father's skill in getting her out of jail. It was, to her, a moment triumphant.

"Mary!" my mother gasped.

Old Drunken Mary lurched toward the stove. "Whooeee," she whispered, snickering to herself. "Look what you done."

"Mary!" My mother's cry came straight out of her soul. "Mary—"

It was, I think, the nearest to a breakdown Mother ever came. And old Drunken Mary sensed that.

"Miss Nan, Miss Nan, you jest git Bubber out of here—"

Distinctly we heard Mother sob, and Martha Kettleston looked suddenly thin and pinched and rather old. Somehow all those

## THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . . By Rube Goldberg



"I'm a clerk in a meat market and nothing irks me more than to have some biddy with a purse the size of a steamer trunk search through it for a penny to make an even amount. She'll dig into that jungle for a half-hour and bring up knitting and socks and ration books and scented letters while all the other customers wait. And—mind you—she'll always end up by saying, 'Oh, take it out of the dollar.' That's why I carry a pocketful of nails to chew on."—Mr. Chris M. Kroenke, Denver, Colorado.

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**Runners-up:** David H. Pintow, HA 2/c, U.S. Naval Hospital, Corona, Calif.; Bill Treadwell, Phelps, N. Y.; Wesley O. Smith, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ieda Hanle, Long Island City, N. Y.

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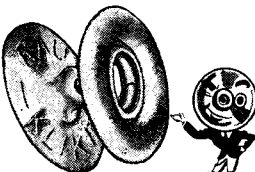
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girlish clothes and curls seemed ridiculous just then. None of us knew what should be done. Then old Drunken Mary spoke again.

"Git on, git on," she said, and clasped her bony fingers to her face. "Lord Almighty! Sho is a mess."

Well, it was wonderful. We actually could feel her taking over, felt the gears slip back in place. It bucked us up. Something that had been gone was back. And then:

"Miss Nan, where 'bouts you put dis chicken's innards at? I got to do de gravery."

"The crock," my mother cried, "the yellow crock!" Its violence was like the way an ice jam breaks. My father snickered nervously.

**S**UDDENLY my mother's tears were gone, and for the first time that week she laughed. Not much at first, but then it got away from her. She made a strangling sound, and fresh tears came down her cheeks, and then she doubled up. And all at once the pack of us were whooping. It was ridiculous. It was hysterical. It was relief.

Somehow, it set the mood for dinner. What happened after that was gay, but just polite. "Goodby," and "It's been awfully nice . . ." and "See you soon." Father walked to the gate with Martha Kettleston and waved at her, but, as he started back, a shadow bulged out from the arborvitae hedge.

"Bubber!"

"What's that? Why, Mary—"

"Jest put dis in yo' pocket," said old Drunken Mary, whispering. "Dis book she dropped, dis foolishness. Tomorrow you been married fifteen years. Act like it, man."

"Great Scott!" my father whispered. "Thanks, Mary." And then he came back.

puffing away on his cigar. The house was placid once again—and permanent. We boys didn't quite realize that something epochal had come to pass. It was not until the following evening, when Father came home from his office, that we discovered it. He had a cardboard box, crammed with American Beauties. He thrust it in my mother's arms. "Sunderland case," he said. "I won."

"Oh, John, you didn't! John, that's marvelous."

"And here's a little thing to go with them," he said, and pulled out a gilt-encrusted book. "Fifteen years, Nan—and very happy ones."

"Oh, John—John, you remembered it!"

Old Drunken Mary shooed us boys back toward the kitchen door. But we saw Mother kiss Father hard. It embarrassed us.

But Father grinned. "Go on," he said. "Look at the book—look at the flyleaf, Nan."

She opened it. Her eyes got misty as she read, aloud:

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows  
When June is gone . . ."

She didn't quite finish. She just kissed him again. And then, over her shoulder, Father looked sternly toward the kitchen door and winked heavily at old Drunken Mary.

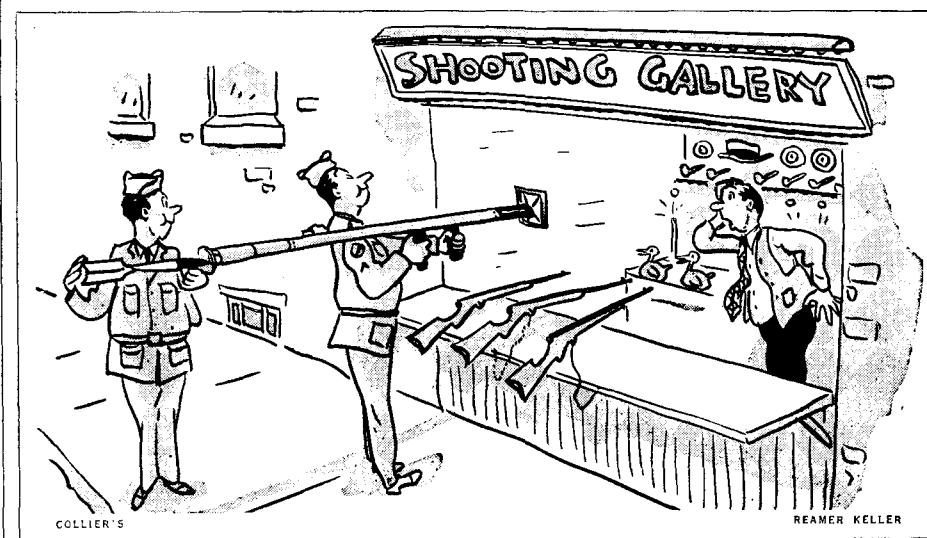
"Mary, I'm starved," he said. "What are we going to have?"

So Mary let him have it right between the eyes: "Spoonbread!"

"Spoonbread!" my father roared. But he was quick. He'd got that way from facing witnesses. "Spoonbread—my favorite! Mary, you're absolutely wonderful!"

My mother giggled.

THE END



## Anthropological Katie

Continued from page 69

concerts. "Her dancing is lively, colorful, humorous, endlessly entertaining and beautifully racial . . ." said John Martin, New York Times dance critic.

"Oh, yes," says Katie, "the critics approved of me then. Now they are putting flowers on my grave. They astonish me. Apparently they look at a regular Broadway show with different eyes. I am right now doing some of the very same dances I did for those Sunday concerts. Only then it was art, and now it's sex. That Barrel House number, the one they say stamps our show as 'hot,' is the same dance we did with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Nobody called it 'hot' then."

Whatever else it is, Katie's current work is better box office. Hers is just about the only self-supporting dance company in the country. The big ballets are subsidized, and the concert dancers have to teach between runs to make finances come out right.

Now that she has reached her present eminence, Katie is terribly conscious of her responsibility to her race. She refused a movie contract calling for a role which, in her opinion, belittled the Negro. "Hollywood still doesn't consider Negroes people," she says. "They don't even use them in ordinary street crowds. Always they want us to be servants, generally comic servants. At the very best, they let us appear as entertainers.

Why don't the movies move with the times?"

Like all Negro artists, Miss Dunham had her difficulties in hotels, on trains and in Jim Crow theaters. In a Louisville theatre which enforced the Jim Crow rule—no orchestra seats for Negroes—she made a speech from the stage after the performance.

"I am happy that you liked us," she said, "but I am sad because this will be our last visit to your city. We will not come back . . . until people like us can sit next to people like you. . . . God bless you! You will need His blessing."

During the run of Cabin in the Sky, Katie was invited to lecture on anthropology at Yale University. Newspaper pictures of her in seductive costume preceded her to New Haven, but it was a sedate, black-garbed Miss Dunham who appeared on the platform and spoke learnedly on West Indian *Rites de Passage*—the ceremonies with which primitive people mark a young man's entrance into manhood, his mating and his death. Dunham dancers demonstrated the rites. She has lectured since at the University of California, Ohio State and the University of Washington.

"What gets me," says Katie, the scholar, "is the way they accuse me of wearing eyeglasses for effect. Honestly, I need glasses to read. I can't help it."

THE END



# The Week's Work

William L. Shirer



CBS

ONLY a few war correspondents can hope that their fame will outlive the war. William L. Shirer, author of *De Gaulle Challenges the Future*, p. 11, may be one of the lucky few.

Shirer, a Chicago boy, decided while he was in high school that he wanted to be a newspaperman. He worked his way through college as sports editor of the *Cedar Rapids Republican*, and soon after came to New York with a borrowed \$200 and the determination to get a big city newspaper job. He was unable to find a newspaper job, and, still following journalistic tradition, he did the next best thing—he took a job tending cattle on a boat bound for Europe. He had \$190 when he landed at Liverpool, and found it sufficient to finance extensive travels through England, Belgium and France. With only \$10 left, he got a job in the Paris office of the *Chicago Tribune*.

From 1929 to 1932, Shirer worked for the *Tribune* in Austria, India and Afghanistan, finding the strange cities glamorous at the pay not so very. When he worked

because, he says, they considered his voice very poor. Long before he left Berlin, however, broadcasts in his same old voice became very popular. He wrote columns for the *New York Herald Tribune*, articles for magazines and lectured extensively. He and his family moved to a bigger house.

Everything, you would say, was going fine. And it was—and is, except, Shirer says, two items of his newspaperman's dream have not come to pass. One, he is not as financially independent as he thought he would be, what with taxes and happy spending. And two, the post-best-seller leisure he envisioned is farther away than ever.

"A newspaperman in Europe works hard when a big story happens," says Shirer, "and then in quiet periods he loafs and has fun. Well, an author, lecturer and broadcaster, I can tell you, works hard all the time. I have had to learn to schedule my time strictly, cutting out all the loafing and most of the fun. It's like this. All day Saturday and Sunday I work on the preparation of my Sunday night broadcast. On Mondays and Wednesdays, when I do short broadcasts, I go to the CBS offices and clear up mail, maybe see people at lunch and so on, and, of course, write the broadcasts. Tuesdays I devote to my Sunday *Tribune* column. Thursdays and Fridays are theoretically free. But on those days I'll talk for some Army or Navy event, perhaps, or at a Bond rally, or for the Red Cross.

"Always I hope to get some writing done on Thursdays and Fridays, and maybe a little reading. I'm trying to revise a play I wrote last year. But there never are any hours left for extracurricular work."

The only time Shirer cuts loose from his New York routine is when he returns to the European War Theater, as he did recently, for two or three months. There he swings into another even more demanding routine of writing and broadcasting. Leisure is for Shirer a faint and far-off postwar dream.

L. W. F. DAWSON of the 82d "All-America" Airborne Division sends us a message from Holland. "I spent two very enjoyable weeks in Nijmegen associated with your very interesting and capable Miss Gellhorn," he writes. "With people like the Hemingways, Reynolds and Courtney, Collier's has spread good will. . . . They've made Collier's Europe's favorite. . . ."

NO STIRRING events have happened to Mosser Mauger, probably our youngest author (*Winter Holiday*, p. 24). Her 20-odd years of life, as she describes them, sound almost unreal in their peacefulness. "We live suburbanly in Knoxville, Tennessee," she writes, "with an enormous yard, a dog called Rooster, a swimming pool and, in summers, a garden. My family consists of my mother (who makes divine chocolate-fudge cakes), my father, The Colonel, and my sister Emily, a student at the University of Tennessee. In grammar school I wrote plays. In college I did plays in Latin for fun, and stories in English for profit. I began having juvenile things published when I was seventeen. . . . I have red-gold hair and freckles across my nose. . . ."

That's all, and very refreshing, too, isn't it? . . . A. P.



Mosser Mauger

in for Universal Service, his pay was lower-bracket, and he and his colleagues used to discuss among themselves, only the rise of Hitler, but also the intimate question of what it would win for a correspondent fame, and financial independence. It would they agreed, the fantastic good luck of a best seller.

Time passed and war swirled around, and he went to work for the Columbia Broadcasting System in Berlin. Even he was back in New York with the pages of a book—his recollections of ten years of newspapering, which he translated into *Berlin Diary*.

*Berlin Diary* was a best seller all right, around a million sales in the United States and thousands more as yet uncounted in countries speaking French, Portuguese, Spanish, Danish.

Shirer had achieved one part of a newspaperman's dream—fame, or at least celebrity. He recalls that CBS at one time would not let him do much broadcasting

## THE PHANTOM CLUE



" . . . 'Deatheredge was five feet, ten and a half inches tall,' continued the detective. 'If he had really been shot while sitting in his library, the bullet—fired by a man six feet, one-quarter inch tall—would have entered his skull at an angle of . . .'"

PITY the poor mystery writer who gets tangled in his figures at this point! But, after all, it will cost him only some midnight oil to straighten the matter out.

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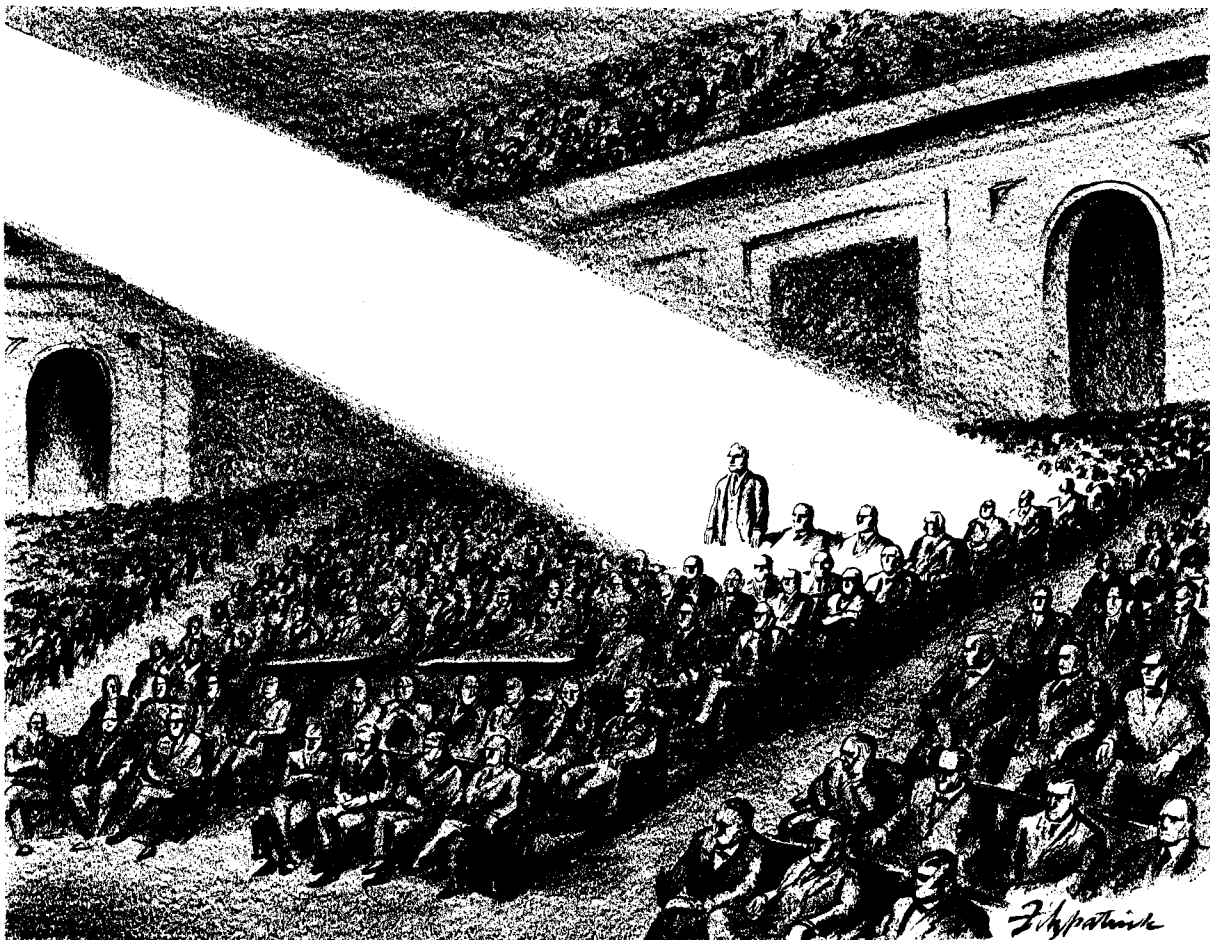
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## CONGRESSIONAL AWARD

**C**OLLIER'S has invited a committee of distinguished Americans under the chairmanship of Owen D. Young to select the member of the House and the member of the Senate who in their judgment have best served their country this year.

To the Representative and to the Senator so chosen, Collier's will award a plaque that records the services rendered and also an honorarium of \$10,000.

The purpose of these awards is to attract public attention to the good work now being done by members of the Congress. We think it will be good for Congress and good for this nation to focus consideration upon the admirable services rendered by so many of our national legislators.

More than any other of the three branches of our national government, Congress is underrated. Congress has the vague and vulnerable personality of a large group. Five hundred and thirty-one Representatives and Senators have the indefinite character of their numbers. The Chief Executive is one man—the President. The Judiciary is nine men—the Supreme Court. When the Congress is in conflict with the Executive or the Court, the first impression (not necessarily the last) is that Congress is wrong and the President or the Court is right.

Yet more than any other of the branches of our government, the Congress is the very symbol and condition of a free people. Through the Congress, the abiding will of the people finally expresses itself. The record of the growth of representative lawmaking bodies is the history of human freedom. As men acquired recognized rights, the power of lawmakers has grown. Wherever liberty flourishes, representative assemblies are strong.

For many years our Congress has been on the defensive. When a popular President is in office—Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt—public favor has inclined to go to the President in any differences of opinion. Sometimes, of course, the President, whoever he happened to be, was right. Five hundred and thirty-one men can be worse than any one of their number acting alone would dare to be. So members of the Congress or any large group may be stimulated to better performance by the knowledge that the eyes of the American people are watching.

Collier's thinks that the very existence of selection for honest and intelligent public service and the hon-

orable recognition that comes from it will arouse members of Congress to more active service and at the same time tend to persuade the voters to pay more discerning attention to the Congress. The awards are, by their very nature, designed to recognize national rather than partisan political activity in behalf of some particular section, group or bloc. Statesmanship, not party loyalty, is the service to be celebrated. We think that a Representative or Senator who has been picked out by a group of disinterested citizens for public recognition will find that his constituents are pleased with his performance, even though he may have kissed few babies and run fewer errands for constituents wanting favors.

To assure impartial awards, Collier's invited a small group of distinguished Americans to select the Senator and Representative whose work during the current year seemed most valuable to the nation. This committee at present consists of:

Owen D. Young, author of the Young Plan, former chairman of the General Electric Company, chairman President Ernest Hopkins, Dartmouth College President Harold Dodds, Princeton University Doctor Alan Gregg, Rockefeller Foundation Paul Hoffman, Committee on Economic Development

Sidney Hillman, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America

President Donald Tresidder, Stanford University Chester Davis, Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis George Meany, secretary, American Federation of Labor

The committee at its own discretion may be enlarged.

Nominations of Representatives and Senators for these awards may be sent by any person or organization at any time to the Congressional Award Secretary, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. This year's award will be based on service rendered from the assembling of this Congress on January 3, 1945, until its adjournment for the Christmas holidays or until December 31, 1945, if no adjournment is taken.

Collier's will not participate in the selection. The Congressional Award Secretary will supply any information available concerning the forms and the records desired by the committee to facilitate its work.

## COLLIER'S

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## THEY CAN "LIVE AGAIN"

**T**HE United States is passing through a valley of grief such as it has not traveled since the Civil War. Our men are being wounded; and of those wounded, some never can be made physically whole again, for all the marvels medical science is achieving in plastic surgery, skin grafting, eye transplanting, artificial limbs, and so on.

There is one consolation, though. It is that more thought than ever before—and better-informed thought—is being devoted to restoring the maimed veteran's normal outlook on life, driving out the despair which grips him at first, and teaching him a skill or a trade or a profession at which he can make a living and from which he can get some satisfaction and fun out of living.

In which connection, we hope that a new and, we believe, a very valuable and heartening book may have wide circulation. The book is *And Now to Live Again*, by Betsey Barton, daughter of the noted writer and advertising man, Bruce Barton (D. Appleton-Century Company, New York, 1944, 155pp., \$1.75).

Miss Barton, now twenty-six, was paralyzed as a result of an automobile accident at the age of sixteen. She has had ten years of fighting the various demons of pain, despair, embarrassment, fear of burdening others, etc., which inevitably assail a badly and permanently injured person. She has made all the usual mistakes, and has had others made with the best intentions in her behalf; and she tells the story in this book.

We'd like to emphasize the fact that the book is not just a piece of onward-and-upward hoopla, not just a rewrite of the Pollyanna yarns. It is a factual, practical and exceedingly well-written outline of what and not to do if one is physically handicapped or is a native or close friend of such a person. There are plenty of things to do, and plenty not to do, in either case.

The book, if widely read, ought to do much to help Americans combat one of the major types of grief distress which this war is bringing on them. We recommend it to all who have run up against this challenge.

## MORE ABOUT HOOD RIVER

**W**E TOOK occasion a few issues back to object strenuously as we could to the Hood River, Oregon, American Legion post's action in forcing off town's honor roll the names of 16 Japanese-Americans in our armed forces. The act was un-American small-minded.

It is now our privilege to tell about the reaction numerous U.S. soldiers on combat duty overseas who they heard of another stunt pulled by this same Legion post. This latest was a piece of "advice" to Americans of Japanese ancestry living in Hood River to sell what property they had and get out of town.

Doughfeet in the 36th and 45th divisions, read this news in *The Stars and Stripes*, were violently angry. Many of them were reported getting set to write protest letters to the President and their Congressmen. hope they wrote plenty.

The reason why these men were so angry was that they knew of superb work which several thousand "Jap-yanks" have done in combat service with our fighting forces in this war. We could use many more them, and the men in the services know it.

Legion National Commander Edward N. Scheibling has called on the Hood River Post to restore names of fifteen of these men to the honor roll, the fifteen having been dishonorably discharged. Scheibling is wise to make this request. Plainly, the servicemen don't like such stuff. There are more than 11,000,000 of them and most of them will be coming home some day. As Scheibling evidently senses, the Hood River Post's antics make only the poorest kind of Legion sales talk.





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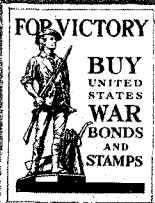
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